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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

L.H.
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A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

A BOOK FOR THE PEOPLE.

VOL. XVII.

JANUARY, 1887, TO JULY, 1887.

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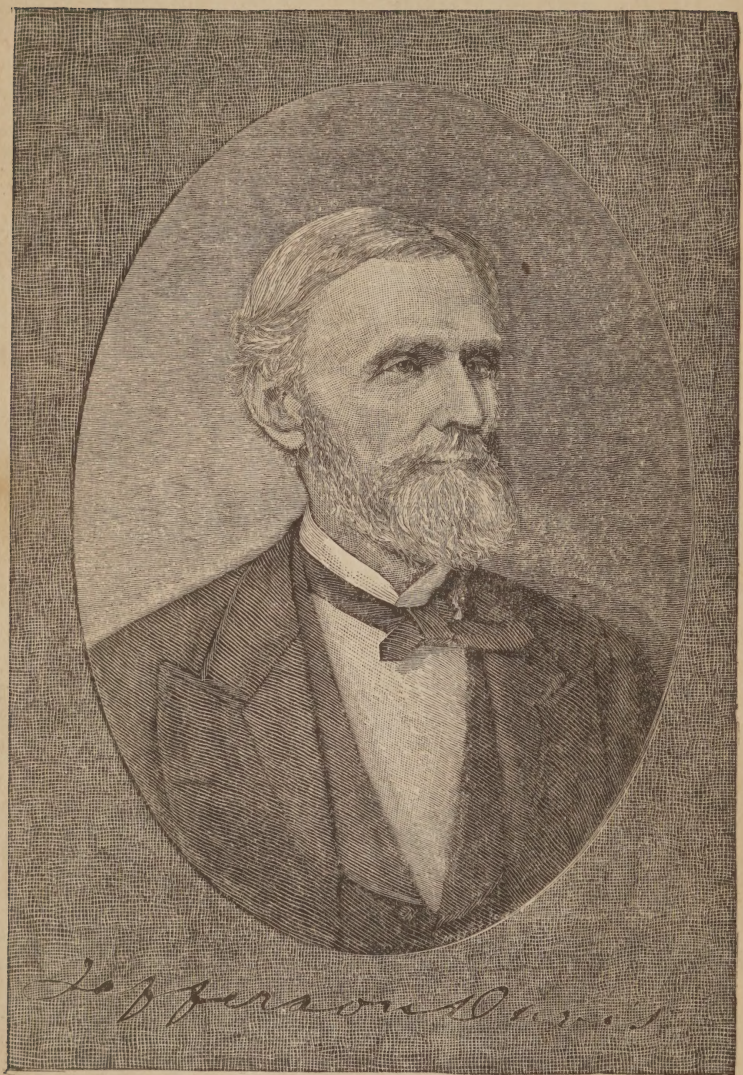

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVII. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1887. No. 1.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Irish Element in the Southern Confederacy.

IRISHMEN the world over have been applauded for their bravery. Nowhere was their characteristic gallantry displayed to the advantage that it was in the late war of the Rebellion. They marched to death or victory under both banners, with superb fearlessness. The history of either army can furnish unstinted testimonials to their excellence as soldiers; and upon every sacrificial battle-ground, from the Virginias to the Gulf, the turf rests lightly above hundreds of Irish hearts that never knew the chill of terror or of cowardice. Perhaps they were no braver than legions of their comrades, native and foreign born; but it cannot be denied that the Irish soldier, no matter for what cause or under what banner he fought, always faced the foe and never shirked a duty or a danger, even when Death rode upon every breeze.

The following letter from the Honorable Jefferson Davis in reply to a request, will be of special interest in this connection: —

BEAUVOIR, MISS., July 6, 1886.

DANIEL E. O'SULLIVAN, ESQ.

Dear Sir: —The letters written to me during the war were all lost or stolen, about, or soon after, the close; the reports made by army commanders were many of them captured among the papers of the Adjutant General. These, and others, are being published by the United States Government in the Official Record of the "War of the Rebellion." From those you will be able to extract information in regard to some of the most eminent Irishmen who served in the Confederate Army. Among the most gallant and distinguished officers in our service was General Pat. Cleburne, who fell while gallantly leading a charge at Franklin, Tenn. Captain Mitchell, a son of the patriot John Mitchell, was killed while serving in the defence of Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor. Captain Atkins, who had served in the army of Garibaldi, came to the Confederacy, and in the first battle of Manassas served in the ranks of Wheat's Louisiana Battalion. For gallantry and good conduct he was

promoted to a vacancy created by the casualties of that battle, and served with great gallantry in subsequent engagements, until he was disabled by wounds and was placed upon special service at Richmond. After a time he was informed of the death of his father, and that the interests of his property and of his family required his return to Ireland. He called upon me to announce the fact, adding that he would not leave were it not that the surgeons had told him he would never again be fit for field service. Before taking his leave, he said when he reached home he would send his younger brother to take his place. Notwithstanding the difficulties which then existed on account of the blockade, in due time his brother arrived and reported for duty.

Of the elder Atkins, who died of his wounds after his return to Ireland, I have vivid remembrance, as he appeared near the close of the battle of first Manassas. He was a man about six feet four inches high, broad-shouldered, gaunt-waisted, big-boned, and with every indication of power and activity. He was serving in the ranks of Louisiana Tigers, as I rode past a spring giving a small supply of water, and around which the men were gathered with cups to catch it as it drained out. I saw Atkins, whom I recognized, because on his arrival he had called upon me at my office, standing with his hands crossed on the muzzle of his rifle with the air of one who defied thirst as he had danger and fatigue, and he so impressed me that I spoke to Major Wheat commanding the battalion and asked him if there was no place to which Atkins could be properly assigned. He told me there was a vacancy of captain, to which he thought the company would willingly elect him. Suffice it to say that he fully justified the impression he had created upon me.

I am sorry I have no records to refresh my memory in regard to the Irishmen who performed gallant and valuable service in our army. They were of two classes: those who were residing in the South before the war, and those who, despite the difficulties of getting transportation, came to us to fight for home rule — came at their own expense, joined the army without bounty, notwithstanding our poverty and destitution in all the material of war, served with patriotic fidelity and Irish gallantry wherever they were tried. At p. 236 and following of Vol. 2 of "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," you will find a report of the battle of Sabine Pass, Texas, where forty-four men, commanded by Lieutenant Dowling, *all* of them Irishmen, achieved the most wonderful victory that I believe is to be found in the annals of military history.

Respectfully and truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The following is the description of the battle referred to in Mr. Davis' letter: —

"The capture of the enemy's fleet in Galveston Harbor, by means so novel as to excite surprise as well as grateful admiration, was followed by another victory on the coast of Texas under circumstances so remarkable as properly to be considered marvellous. To those familiar with the events of that time and section, it is hardly necessary to say that I refer to the battle of Sabine Pass.

"The strategic importance to the enemy of the possession of Sabine River caused the organization of a large expedition of land and naval forces to enter and ascend the river. If successful it gave the enemy short lines for operation against the interior of Texas, and relieved them of the discomfiture resulting from their expulsion from Galveston Harbor.

"The fleet of the enemy numbered twenty-three vessels. The forces were estimated to be ten thousand men. No adequate provision had been made to resist such a force, and under the circumstances none might have been promptly made on which reliance could have been reasonably placed. A few miles above the entrance into Sabine River a small earthwork had been constructed, garrisoned at the time of the action by forty-two men and two lieutenants, with an armament of six guns. The officers and men were all Irishmen and the company was called 'The Davis Guards.' The Captain, F. H. Odlum, was temporarily absent, so that the command devolved upon Lieutenant R. W. Dowling. Wishing to perpetuate the history of an affair in which I believe the brave garrison did more than equal force had ever

elsewhere performed, I asked General Magruder, when I met him after the war, to write out a full account of the event; he agreed to do so but died not long after I saw him, and before complying with my request. From the publications of the day I have obtained the main facts, as they were then printed in the Texas newspapers, and, being unwilling to summarize the reports, give them at length."

Captain F. H. Odlum's Official Report.

HEADQUARTERS, SABINE PASS, September 9, 1863.

CAPTAIN A. N. MILLS, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Sir,—I have the honor to report that we had an engagement with the enemy yesterday and gained a handsome victory. We captured two of their gunboats crippled a third, and drove the rest out of the Pass. We took eighteen fine guns, a quantity of smaller arms, ammunition and stores, killed about fifty, wounded several, and took one hundred and fifty prisoners, without the loss or injury of any one on our side or serious damage to the fort.

Your most obedient servant,

F. H. ODLUM, *Captain, Commanding Sabine Pass.*

Commodore Leon Smith's Official Report.

CAPTAIN E. P. TURNER, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

Sir, — After telegraphing the Major-General before leaving Beaumont, I took a horse and proceeded with all haste to Sabine Pass, from which direction I could distinctly hear a heavy firing. Arriving at the Pass at 3 p. m. I found the enemy off and inside the bar, with nineteen gunboats and steamships and other ships of war, carrying, as well as I could judge, fifteen thousand men. I proceeded with Captain Odlum to the fort, and found Lieutenant Dowling and Lieutenant N. H. Smith, of the engineer corps, with forty-two men, defending the fort. Until 3 p. m. our men did not open on the enemy as the range was too distant. The officers of the fort coolly held their fire until the enemy had approached near enough to reach them. But when the enemy arrived within good range, our batteries were opened and gallantly replied to a galling and most terrific fire from the enemy. As I entered the fort the gunboats *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Sachem* and *Granite State*, with several others, came boldly up to within one thousand yards and opened their batteries, which were gallantly and effectively replied to by the Davis Guards. For one hour and thirty minutes a most terrific bombardment of grape, canister and shell was directed against our heroic and devoted little band within the fort. The shot struck in every direction, but, thanks be to God! not one of the noble Davis Guards was hurt. Too much credit cannot be awarded Lieutenant Dowling, who displayed the utmost heroism in the discharge of the duty assigned him and the defenders of the fort. God bless the Davis Guards, one and all! The honor of the country was in their hands and they nobly sustained it. Every man stood at his post, regardless of the murderous fire that was poured upon them from every direction. The result of the battle which lasted from 3.30 to 5 p. m. was the capture of the *Clifton* and *Sachem*, eighteen heavy guns, one hundred and fifty prisoners, and the killing and wounding of fifty men, and driving outside the bar the enemy's fleet comprising twenty-three vessels in all. I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

LEON SMITH,

Commanding Marine Department of Texas.

Headquarters District of Texas, New Mexico and Arizona, Houston, Texas. Sept. 9, 1863.

[Special Order.]

Another glorious victory has been won by the heroism of Texans. The enemy confident of overpowering the little garrison at Sabine Pass, boldly advanced to the work of capture. After a sharp contest they were entirely defeated, one gunboat hurrying off in a crippled condition while two others the *Clifton* and *Sachem* with

their armaments and crews, including the commander of the fleet, surrendered to the gallant defenders of the fort. The loss of the enemy has been heavy, while not a man upon our side has been killed or wounded. Though the enemy has been repulsed in his naval attacks, his land-forces, reputed as ten thousand strong, are still off the coast waiting an opportunity to land.

The Major-General calls on every man able to bear arms to bring his guns or arms, no matter of what kind, and be prepared to make a sturdy resistance to the foe.

MAJOR-GENERAL J. B. MAGRUDER.

EDMUND P. TURNER, *Assistant Adjutant General.*

The *Daily Post*, Houston, Texas, of August 22, 1880, has the following:

"A few days after the battle, each man that participated in the fight was presented with a silver medal inscribed as follows: on one side 'D. G.,' for Davis Guards, and on the reverse side, 'Sabine Pass, September 8, 1863.' Captain Odlum and Lieutenant R. W. Dowling have gone to that bourn whence no traveller returns; and but few members of the heroic band are in the land of the living, and those few reside in the city of Houston and often meet together and talk about the battle in which they participated on the memorable 8th of September, 1863."

The following are the names of the company who manned the guns in Fort Grigsly, and to whom the credit is due for the glorious victory:—

Lieutenants R. W. Dowling and N. H. Smith; Privates Timothy McDonough, Thomas Dougherty, David Fitzgerald, Michael Monahan, John Hassett, John McKeefer, Jack W. White, Patrick McDonell, William Gleason, Michael Carr, Thomas Haggerty, Timothy Huggins, Alexander McCabe, James Fleming, Patrick Fitzgerald, Thomas McKernor, Edward Pritchard, Charles Rheins, Timothy Hurley, John McGrath, Matthew Walshe, Patrick Sullivan, Michael Sullivan, Thomas Sullivan, Patrick Clare, John Hennessey, Hugh Deagan, Maurice Powers, Abner Carter, Daniel Murray, Patrick Malone, James Corcoran, Patrick Abbott, John McNealis, Michael Egan, Daniel Donovan, John Wesley, John Anderson, John Flood, Peter O'Hare, Michael Delaney, Terence Mulhern.

The inquiry may naturally arise how this small number of men could take charge of so large a body of prisoners. This required that to their valor they should add stratagem. A few men were placed on the parapet as sentinels; the rest were marched out as a guard to receive the prisoners and their arms. Thus was concealed the fact that the fort was empty. The report of the guns bombarding the fort had been heard; and soon after the close of the battle, reenforcements arrived, which relieved the little garrison from its embarrassment.

Official reports of officers in the assaulting column, as published in the "Rebellion Record," Vol. VII., page 425, *et seg.*, refer to another fort and steamers in the river, co-operating in the defence of Fort Grigsly. The success of the single company which garrisoned the earthwork is without parallel in ancient or modern war. It was marvellous; but it is incredible — more than marvellous — that another garrison in another fort, with cruising steamers, aided in checking the advance of the enemy, yet silently permitted the forty-two men and

two officers at Fort Grigsly to receive all the credit for the victory which was won. If this be supposible, how is it possible that Captain Odlum, Commander Smith, General Magruder, and Lieutenant Dowling, who had been advised to abandon the work, and had consulted their men as to their willingness to defend it, should nowhere have mentioned the putative fort and co-operating steamers?

The names of the forty-four must go down to posterity, unshorn of the honor which their contemporaries admiringly accorded.

DANIEL E. O'SULLIVAN.

Good Advice.

THE *Manufacturers' Gazette* relates of a Western railway company which gives the following advice to its employés gratis. It is applicable to employés in all parts of the country: "The servant, man or woman, who begins a negotiation for service by inquiring what privileges are attached to the offered situation, and whose energy is put chiefly in stipulations, reservations, and conditions to 'lessen the burden' of the place, will not be found worth hiring. The clerk whose last place was 'too hard for him' has a poor introduction to a new sphere of duty. There is only one spirit that ever achieves a great success. The man who seeks only how to make himself most useful, whose aim is to render himself indispensable to his employer, whose whole being is animated with the purpose to fill the largest possible place in the work assigned to him, has in the exhibition of that spirit the guarantee of success. He commands the situation, and shall walk in the light of prosperity all his days. On the other hand, the man who accepts the unwholesome advice of the demagogue, and seeks only how little he may do, and how easy he may render his place and not lose his employment altogether, is unfit for service; as soon as there is a supernumerary on the list he becomes disengaged, as least valuable to his employer. The man who is afraid of doing too much is near of kin to him who seeks to do nothing, and was begot in the same family. They are neither of them in the remotest degree a relation to the man whose willingness to do everything possible to his touch places him at the head of the active list."

NO NATIONALISM IN RELIGION.—At the dedication of a church in Cleveland, Ohio, on a recent Sunday, Bishop Gilmour rebuked nationalism in religion. He said: "I have heard of a little objection to the name of the church — St. Edward — because he was an English saint. I object to that line of thought. I object to any line of thought that draws national lines within the Catholic Church. The Catholic religion is not built on nationalities. The Catholic Church is not governed by nationality. The Catholic Church embraces all nationalities, but no nationality is large enough to embrace the Catholic Church.

To an Irish Linnet.

FRIENDS have brought thee caged, sweet linnet, from dear Ireland far away
O'er the wastes of shore and tide;
And thro' Swiss and Gallic vineyards, and o'er Alpine granite gray,
Thou hast hastened to my side!

Here, within my little chamber, twitt'ring thro' the autumn hours,
Fall thy carols on mine ear —
Legend measures, like the music — floating from a dreamland's bowers —
That the angels pause to hear.

Art thou happy, brown-eyed songster, 'neath these blue Italian skies,
'Mid this pomp of flow'r and tree,
Where the mulberry doth blossom, and the vines in clusters rise —
Wreathing coronals for thee?

Here where Nature's gifts are richest — hill and lake, and mount and stream,
Limned with Beauty's purple dyes!
Where the very air breathes balsam, and the heavens divinely gleam
On their rival Paradise!

No! not happy! Why not happy? Why these ditties weird and sad,
And this sorrow in thy voice,
While the gorgeous lights around thee in one harmony rejoice,
And the shades themselves look glad?

Ah, methinks, O skilled songster, thou dost pine in grief and tears
For one shamrock's winning smile —
For the hedgerows and the meadows, and the scenes of other years,
In Iernè's holy isle!

Once again fain would'st thou utter notes of choicest psalmody
Where the great round towers stand,
And the time-worn rocks and castles guard the upland and the lea,
And lone abbeys strew the strand.

Once again fain wouldst thou listen to the milkmaid's melting song
In the glens of Innisfail —
To the honey-laden rhythm — tender, tremulous, yet strong —
Of the immemorial Gael.

Once again fain wouldst thou listen to the mermaid's melting song.
And the Ilen's waters flow;
Or still eastward where the zephers aromatic odors pour
On the fields of Barryroe.

Ah! I know, my little linnet, yes, I know what thou wouldst say,
If thou hadst the gift of speech:
"I would rather, thro' long winters, chant my favorite roundelay
To the waves of Durrus Beach —

"To the cowslips in the valleys, and the lilies in the fells,
Where the skies of Ireland be,
Than to palms and oleanders in the summer-wreathed dells
Of the land of Italy!"

And perhaps thou hast, O songster, down by Carb'ry's shingly shore,
Or by Kenmare's silver sea,
Some dear mate thou once did'st cherish in the hallowed days of yore —
Pining wistfully for thee.

And thou would'st return to greet her, and to tell her that thou'rt still
Hers for ever and a day —
Kissing with thy talismanic and thy gently-wooing bill
All her bitter tears away!

Love and Land — both grand ideals — blent forever one in one,
Still weave 'round this iron age
Lustrous skeins, like diamonds glist'ning thro' those panaramas dun
Seen in visions by the Sage!

Go thou hence, poor exiled songster, hie thee back unto the west
To thine home beyond the sea,
Where thy love-sick mate awaits thee in her drear and lonely nest,
And the skies of Ireland be!

MILAN, ITALY, Sept., 1886. EUGENE DAVIS.

NAPOLEON'S MISTAKE.—O'Connell, a determined opponent of republicanism, because of the excesses he had witnessed in France during the days of the Revolution, says: "It was the deep interest of the British Government to detach the wealth and the intelligence of the Catholics from the Republican movement. The Catholics were therefore conciliated, and the Catholic gentry and other educated classes, almost to a man, separated from the Republican party. That which would have been a revolution became only an unsuccessful rebellion.' Earl Russell, in preface to "Moore's Memoirs," Vol. I., p. 218, says: "The Irish Rebellion of 1798 was wickedly provoked, rashly begun, and cruelly crushed." The French fleet of 43 sail, which set out from Brest in 1798 to aid the United Irishmen, had on board 13,975 picked troops, under Generol Hoche, 45,000 stand of arms, and abundance of artillery and ammunition. Speaking of St. Helena, Napoleon said: "Hoche was the first of the French generals, and had not this splendid fleet been dispersed and disabled by easterly gales, he would have separated England and Ireland, and formed the latter into a republic."

Reading.

"READING maketh a full man," wrote the philosopher Bacon. On these words I purpose to preach a lay sermon. The body requires drink as well as meat; liquids as well as solids. The soul — the other essential element of human nature — craves for a twofold kind of food; both kinds spiritual, one of them supernatural, the other may be either natural or supernatural. The supernatural food of the soul is divine grace. Its natural food, since it is that invisible faculty which thinks, is thought. Thought is supplied to us from many sources. We evolve it from our own inner consciousness, from the world around us, from the worlds above us, from God in His creative act, from God as seen in things created, trees, flowers, fruits, the whole animal and vegetable worlds, from God as seen in the wonderful order of the universe, from the laws of nature always unchanged, though occasionally superseded, or suspended, as, for instances, in the gospel miracles, from the floating knowledge acquired by communication with our fellow-man, etc., etc. But the great and varied and unfailing supply of food for thought comes from reading. *Read, read, read,* is the advice of St. Augustine of Hippo. The saint meant not omnivorous reading. He knew too well the effects of vicious reading, and its appeal to the passions sometimes through the intellect, more frequently through the imagination; he knew from sad experience what effects the reading of the lascivious plays of the Roman poet, Publius Terence, had produced in himself before his conversion, to have made his counsel universal.

Under the head of *reading* we may include newspapers, magazines, or periodicals, and books from the slim Seaside Library edition to the ponderous ten-dollar tome.

The power of the press is mighty for good or evil. Like the tongue, it may work a world of iniquity or a world of good. From it may proceed blessing or cursing. Its influence is recognized by all sorts and conditions of men. The clever business-man, be he a banker or a merchant, the shrewd politician, be he a Democrat or a Republican, knowing the power of the newspaper, and recognizing its influence, tries to be the proprietor of one, or at least to control it, or to affect it for the advancement of his interests. The apostles of infidelity and agnosticism, and the professors of the religion of humanity, have well-regulated and extensively-circulating journals at their disposal. "The children of darkness are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

The newspaper, be it a daily or a weekly, finds its way into many a home. This is well, provided the paper be good in the ethical sense of the word. But if it be not, how has the parent discharged his duty towards his family? how the obligation of training the young minds of his family? how has he governed his household? Let him think on the words of St. Paul to Timothy and they supply the answer: "If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his own house, he hath denied the faith; he is worse than an infidel."

The literary market is stocked with bad or worthless newspapers. Take a look at the news-agents' stand and see how it is weighed down with papers that openly attack or sneer at our religion; or what is still more repulsive, patronize it in one paragraph in order to get in a well-directed thrust in the next. The Catholic paper is placed in the background as something seldom asked for. Should the reader desire an illustrated paper he is supplied with one mainly made up of vile and stupid cartoons of his countrymen; with papers setting forth in their prints deeds of midnight darkness; a robber making his escape on horseback; a female scalding her betrayer with boiling water; a crack-shot dealing death around in some gambling den; and such like, that catch hold of and fire the imagination of the young.

And here let me combat one or two objections that we hear of in connection with Catholic newspapers. We are told that the paper is no good — not worth buying; that it has too much religion in it and not enough politics; that it advocates the cause of this or that party. It is not worth buying, repeats the fastidious critic. Suppose, for a moment, our Catholic papers be not up to the standard of newspaper excellence, the fault is to be attributed in great measure to the apathy of the Catholics themselves. They do not patronize the Catholic press sufficiently well; they do not put the managers of Catholic papers in a position to engage the best talent on our papers. If our papers are not as good as they might be, it is not for lack of talent among Catholic journalists. Many of the leading journalists of this country are Catholics; the leader-writers on most of the London dailies are Catholics; but they are in the hands of non-Catholic employers, and Catholic newspapers have not been able to hold out pecuniary inducements to enlist this talent on their side. In all the vast extent of country, from Chicago to San Francisco, there are few Catholic papers, and these not well supported. I would say in the words of the late Archbishop McHale: "If you wish for an honest press you must give it an honest support."

There is too much religion and not enough politics and news in Catholic papers is a common plaint against them. Catholic newspapers are not and ought not to be *newsy* in the sense of chronicling crimes under sensational and fascinating headings, for it is not the part of such journals to cast a halo of romance around the vices of the people, or to screen with a glamour of language the faults and follies of the multitude. And whilst I admit that a Catholic newspaper without politics is like a man without a back-bone — for politics are the public morals of the nation — I do not think that they should take the first place in any Catholic paper. As Catholics, as believers in God, we must hold that everything else must be made subservent to religion, and I believe our Catholics are not so superlatively instructed in their religion but that they might profitably give a few minutes to the reading of an article on a religious subject. I believe a column or two of a newspaper might well be devoted to a short sermon. Note, for instance, the five-minute sermons of the Paulist Fathers in *The Catholic Review*, or Cardinal Manning's sermons in *The Liverpool Catholic Times*. I well remember what a rush there used to be, even in remote

rural districts in Ireland, for the weekly newspaper containing the report of Father Burke's sermons or lectures in America. Then there are the almost inexhaustable religious scientific questions; those questions where science and religion obviously walk hand in hand; those questions where they are apparently, but only apparently, made to clash, for truth cannot contradict truth; the various similar questions arising from the very innermost recesses of this little planet, onward and upward to the blue arches of heaven. Tell me not that such subjects are unfit for a newspaper and suited only for the pages of a heavy quarterly or philosophical monthly. Those who think so will think differently if they read an admirable article on Evolution that appeared in *The New York Freeman's Journal* of December 6th, 1884. Catholics, as a rûle, are not too well educated that they can afford to overlook such subjects. Even those who are well informed in their own profession, or calling, in life, profit not a little by elementary explanations of dogma or ceremonial. I remember to have heard a priest explaining to a Dublin audience, mainly made up of members of the Medical profession and of the Bar, the simplest truths of our religion in the plainest possible manner, and these men, learned in their own professions, came from church praising the simple instructions and delighted with the amount of religious lore that they thus gathered. Let me take another example from a Western American city. A certain dignitary gave a series of conferences in the city to which I allude, and among others, one on the Real Presence. An obscure, and, as events showed, an illiterate parson undertook to refute the dignified churchman. And he followed this line of argument. After consecration the bread is the same weight, the same width, the same color, the same size, the same to all appearance as it was before. The same may be said with regard to the wine, so that the senses deceive if there be not present bread and wine. Actually this sham reasoning staggered for the moment some Catholics not young and thoughtless, but hoary-headed and given over to dollar-cultus. All these things go to show the utility of a Catholic paper, and should silence those who object, because some of its columns are given over to religious questions.

Whilst some complain that our Catholic papers have not enough politics in them, others think it a grievance that they should discuss political questions at all. Why Catholic papers should close their columns to politics, I cannot understand. The fate and fortunes of Catholicity are not bound to any one party or form of government. A Catholic, as far as Catholicity is concerned, may be a Democrat or a Republican, a Nationalist or a Royalist. Whilst believing in St. Paul's teaching that there is no power except from God, they do not believe in the divine right of kings. The Catholicity of a country should not be so linked with its form of government that with the latter it must stand or fall. And in those countries where the church thus closely bound herself, she has always been the sufferer.

Catholics, as well as other citizens, want to vote, and in some way are bound to do so; and in order to do so intelligently they must need have political instruction. There is no reason why they should blindly

follow the political teaching of their favorite journal; but there in it, and in other papers, they will see the question at issue discussed, the argument *pro* and *con*, and they can draw their own conclusions. Readers of newspapers should learn and practice a little forbearance. A journal advocates the cause of this or that man; at once the reader waxes indignant, stops his subscription, and, in his apparently-virtuous indignation, asks how any Catholic can vote for or solicit votes for such a man. A man who votes according to his lights, be they ever so dim, is fully justified in so doing. A journalist is generally a man of education, and, as a rule, has more opportunities of being conversant with politics than his readers. At the same time I admit there is a limit to forbearance. Few, for instance, will deny that the archbishop of Cashel acted well and wisely when he refused to admit the *London Tablet* to his house, because that paper, whilst depending on Irishmen in England, Scotland, Ireland, America, and Australia, for its support, wantonly insulted their every national aspiration. We now come to a more pretentious literature — the magazine. The newspaper and the periodical, more particularly the former, are fast pushing books out of the market. It is true John Buskin reads not newspapers, but in this he has few disciples. Every home wishing to be conversant with the leading questions of the day should have its magazine. And here again should be exercised the same parental watchfulness, so that nothing defiled can enter the sacred precincts of the family circle. Liberty in reading must not degenerate into license. A man having many kinds of food to select from will not choose that which is poisonous. If the care exercised were proportionate to the excellence of the thing cared for, surely we would be more cautious in providing food for the mind than for the body. The print-paper style engravings may be excellent, but we have to look further. What is the subject-matter? How does it treat religious questions? Does it talk mysteriously about the Unknowable and the religion of Humanity, and dismiss flippantly, if not blasphemously, the most sacred subjects? What is the tone of its historical and scientifico-religious articles? These queries deserve consideration. Select not that magazine which, by its engravings, is suggestive of evil, or by its articles makes moral pitfalls, or raises dogmatic difficulties which your training has not qualified you to solve. Trained theologians are few, and none but these can safely answer the religious difficulties raised in some latter-day magazines. Not that these difficulties are very difficult, for they are generally rehashes of objections, old as the days of the gnostics; but a man may be well versed in law or medicine or business, may know his catechism, may have read religious books, not a few may be a good Christian, and yet be not able to meet such objections. Keep to those magazines that are safe reading. Think not that a man is better informed than you because he happens to have read a magazine article which you may be bound in conscience not to read. I am not advocating the restriction of good reading, but simply the shutting out of that which is bad.

Non-Catholic magazines are gotten up regardless of expense. The highest artistic taste is engaged to render attractive scenes offensive to pious eyes. The best writers that money can buy are obtained.

The workmanship is faultless. There is, or at least there ought to be, as much literary taste and talent among the Catholics of this country as among any of the sects. I believe there is even more artistic taste; and it would, indeed, be strange and sad were it otherwise, when we consider that our church has always been the patron of art. Of course, I extend the comparison to the more wealthy only, and proportionate to the numbers of such from the different denominations. The struggle for existence, and even for a competency, is over in many parts, and Dame Fortune smiles on not a few, and ease and inclination have given an impetus to literature and art. Hence if our magazines be not equal to those of others, it is because we do not extend that patronage which would enable editors to engage the best talent. For this reason, also non-Catholic magazines are enriched with the fruit of Catholic talent. At the same time we may reasonably expect a *quid pro quo*, and not to have to buy the magazine from a sole motive of duty. Give the Catholic periodical a better support, and it in turn will supply better material.

Although papers and periodicals encroach considerably on the domain of books, yet men of higher education and of laudable ambition, people of delicate health, people living in a climate where out-door exercise is somewhat restricted, people wishing to overcome ennui, people desirous of being well-informed, will read books. Desultory reading is not at all desirable; give your reading a certain direction; find out what particular subject you have a taste for; take to it, and you will find pleasure in mastering even its details, and you will know something of kindred subjects, for there is none that stands so severely alone as not to run into other questions. But I am viewing reading from a Catholic stand-point. We are not free to roam at will regardless of the moral tone of the book. There is hardly anything wherein liberty degenerates so easily into license as in reading. We are apt to lose sight of the ethics of reading, quieting or smothering or trying to resist the remonstrances of a good conscience in the light of so-called intellectual culture. Those books that are dangerous to faith or morals are forbidden as well as those that are positively bad. Some books are prohibited by the natural law, that is, by an ordinance imposed on us by Almighty God and made known to us by the light of reason, telling us that some things are bad in themselves and are to be avoided; commanding other things that are good and necessary for the probity of morals. Of the vices opposed to fraternal charity, scandal is one; and of all kinds of scandal there is none to be more execrated than that begotten of impious and obscene books. Here is what the Jesuit Father Gury, one of the first moral theologians of the nineteenth century, teaches concerning bad books. "This is a diabolical invention and of all, the most efficacious for hurling whole troops of souls into the pit of hell. It is a plague the most dreadful and inhuman of all, which infects not only one region or age but extends to all times and places and in all makes fearful havoc. Who can tell what dreaded evils to religion and morals that have arisen from bad books, as from a poisoned fountain, and, indeed, will be propagated and multiplied till the end of the world." Obscene books are not permitted to be read by any one.

There is not and there cannot be any justification for reading them. Nor is it lawful to print or to propagate or to sell such books. It is sadly amusing to see a group of young men in a railway-car evidently acquaintances, perhaps friends, reading books so obscene that for very shame one will not allow another to know what he is reading.

Books opposed to faith are also forbidden. Some men, prudent and learned, may be permitted to read them for the purpose of refutation; but then the number is limited, and is generally confined to those who have received a special training in the theological sciences. Our people as a rule are not allowed to read such books. A desire to know the other side of the question is not a justifying cause for exposing themselves to the danger of suffering shipwreck of the faith. At the same time I must not be understood as implying that we should not read any book written by a non-Catholic. Perhaps some of the most successful defences of Christianity have been written in these latter days by non-Catholics. I do not say the most learned or the most logical, but the most successful. In this convocation I might mention "Is Life Worth Living?" by W. H. Mallock, a book in which the author shows that life for its own sake, and without reference to a future state, is not worth living; or "The New Paul and Virginia," by the same author, wherein he shows the utter absurdity of positivism by a *reductio ad absurdum* argument done in the most fascinating style. Or, there is "Ben-Hur," good as gold, readable as a romance, sparkling with the purest Christianity.

Education among English-speaking Catholics was for a long time proscribed, and they were insulted because of the faults and follies of their foes. They were deprived of the means of education, and then called ignorant. One may as justly call a man a pauper after having robbed him. Now, that those times have passed away, and, in fact, never existed in this country, it is our duty, and it ought to be our pride, to be leaders in intellectual culture, as well as in faith, morality, and social reform. How are we to know whether or not a book is fit to be read? There is little difficulty in answering the question as far as Catholic publications are concerned. Should it treat of some theological or quasi-theological subject, it bears the imprimatur of the Ordinary who has examined the book, either personally or by deputy. This is a sufficient guarantee of the orthodoxy of the book, though not always of its literary excellence. Young men sometimes desire, and very laudably, too, a more elaborate and lengthened explanation and proof of Catholic doctrine than that contained in our catechisms. There are books, not a few, and periodicals many, that contain such admirable explanations of questions and defences of doctrine, and answers to objections; but since they are for the most part professional, they are known generally only to priests. The pastor, then, or the spiritual director, is the person to be consulted on this point. The main difficulty arises with that class of books known as novels; not those professedly immoral, for they carry with them their own condemnation. Some few prudish people speak as though all novels were bad and should be ostracized. It would be a sad day and lonely to lovers of letters if "Fabiola," "Callista," "Loss and Gain," the charming historical novels of Walter Scott, the delightful pen-pictures of human life by

William M. Thackeray, and such similar productions, were set aside by this sweeping denunciation of all books denominated novels. The fact is, outside those books that are intrinsically evil, no general rule can be laid down. Some people may read sentimental books as much unmoved as though they were reading the Abbe Darre's treatise on "Trigonometry," or Darwin's work on "Worms." To others of a different temperament and a more vivid imagination such books may be positively dangerous. Many cases require individual decision. And though universal or even general rules cannot be laid down, yet we can find some convenient formulas that will apply to a considerable number of cases. Charles Sante Foi advises never to read a book descriptive of scenes that you would not look at, nor containing words that you would not utter. People sometimes read descriptions of scenes and circumstances that they would blush to look at, and peruse without remorse words that they would resent if orally addressed to them. As it is as sinful to tell a lie on paper as by word of mouth, so it is as sinful to listen to double-meaning and wickedly-suggestive language through the medium of books as to the spoken word. Some may think the following advice of Charles Sante Foi quite too rigid; however, it is worth noting. "If you would place the moral merit of a book beyond question, ask yourself if you would like to have its author for your spiritual director; do not think that this precaution is exaggerated or uncalled for, for between the author of a book and the reader there are relations established so intimate that they beget a kind of intellectual paternity, which produces deeper and more durable effects than you may be aware of." The animus of the church, in reference to the discretion that ought to be exercised with regard to reading, we know from her legislation and the particular attention she has given to this matter. The severest penalties she decrees against those who read certain books. Even the sword of excommunication, which she herself directs should be used with great and sober circumspection, she deems not too severe to unsheathe in this matter. Theologians may discuss whether and how far the law of the Index of prohibited books binds in different countries; one thing is obvious, that the great law of nature, imprinted by Almighty God on the tablets of the heart of each one, forbids us to read books that are the proximate occasion of sin. Not even the Sovereign Pontiff himself can give a dispensation to read such books. Do not follow Carlyle's advice of reading that which will give you most pleasure, for this is to pander to the inferior appetite. Read not for the sake of frittering away your time, for life is too short to be thus spent, and for each day you can, if you will, find a noble act to perform.

"Clara, Clara Vere de Vere,
If time be heavy on your hands,
Are there no beggars at your gate,
Nor any poor about your lands?
Oh! teach the orphan boy to read,
Or teach the orphan girl to sew;
Pray Heaven for a human heart,
And let the foolish yeoman go."

Read for the sake of instruction, and with instruction is always united intellectual pleasure.

AVOCA, MINN. REV. JOHN CONWAY.

Beer and Its Profits.

DUBLIN is fairly surprised by the announcement that the great concern of Guinness's Brewery, famous all over the world, was about to be turned into a Limited Liability Company. It has been in operation for 135 years, giving an ever-increasing amount of employment to the benefit of the owners and of all concerned. The prospectus gives an account of the brewery, which is astonishing, showing it to be by far the largest in the whole world. What is thought of it may be inferred from the fact that its owner has set its value at £6,000,000 sterling, and that the demand for shares in the new company amounted to £127,000,000. We must go back to the reports of the early days of the South Sea Company for anything to compare with this. But the prospectus seems to justify the most sanguine hopes of investors. The statement of accounts go to show that, judging by last year's profits, an interest might be expected, even on the six millions, much beyond what is to be had from ordinary investments. Sir Edward Guinness acted, no doubt, on sound business grounds when he selected a London house to be the financial agents for launching his proposals. But his conduct, in this respect, has caused some bitter feeling here. They are a Dublin house manufacturing here, and developing their concern here for nearly a century and a half. Why not afford Dublin people, both wealthy and those of moderate means, an opportunity of becoming shareholders in the concern? A ready answer is forthcoming in the fact that, by far the greater proportion of the Guinness's trade was English and foreign. For all that the Guinnesses always called themselves Dublin people; they claimed a leading position among Dublin merchants; and their conservative friends certainly considered that they had eminently a claim to represent the city in parliament. But so little real weight did they attach to these circumstances, that now, when about to transfer their business, they handed over the whole of the arrangements to a London house, and positively not a man in Dublin had any means of making an application for an allotment of shares during the first day, at least, in which they were for sale. There are many ways in which the transaction can be viewed. It is remarkable that at this moment crowds of people are forthcoming who are quite willing to embark the enormous sum of £127,000,000 in a vast manufactory of intoxicating drink.

A Substitute for Beer.

It augurs well for the progress of temperance in England when even the brewers themselves consider it necessary to find a substitute for the stupefying and intoxicating beers now so freely indulged in by, unfortunately, too many of all classes. If one were to believe the opinions expressed by some of the brewers at their conference, which has been held this week in London, a "cheap drink" would seem to be

considered one of the necessaries, or at least one of the luxuries of life by the English working-man. The brewers, therefore, consider that they would be failing in their duty, not to themselves, but to all members of the community, particularly the working classes, if they did not take this step. What is to be the beer of the future, was the question which was eagerly discussed by these benefactors of humankind at the conference mentioned. The English people will drink a much lighter liquor than the "Burton" and "Bitter Ale" so popular with past generations. Such is the opinion of the most intelligent brewers. They will not consent to see the working-man without an article with which he may quench his thirst, and so they think it necessary to provide him with beer which will have no discomforting consequences, and which will at the same time produce the desired effect. This decision of the brewers will, no doubt, be considered extremely generous by those for whose comfort it has been arrived at; but if total abstinence continues to progress, as it has for the past few years, we may confidently hope that even for such a beer as that which it is proposed to manufacture, there will be a limited demand.

How a Blasphemer was Struck Dumb.

A BROOKLYN divine (Talmadge) alluded recently in a sermon to the death of an unfortunate individual, because of his shocking profanity. This man cursed his Maker because the drought had ruined his crops. In presence of his friends and neighbors fire and smoke was seen to issue from his mouth and nose, and before anything could be done for his relief, he died a miserable death.

In this same connection, allow me to relate an incident in my army life, which may interest your readers. It came under the writer's observation, and I can vouch for its truth.

During the winter of 1862 the gallant army of the Potomac lay in camp along the northern bank of the Rappahanock River in Virginia. It was slowly regaining its strength after the Peninsula, second Bull Run and Maryland campaigns, having lost in repeated battles, sickness, and the casualties of the service, in the neighborhood of fifty thousand men. From November 21 to the middle of December the troops were kept busy on guard duty, incessant drill, and regularly going on picket, north of the village of Falmouth, to a mile below Fredericksburg, on the opposite bank.

In the Sixty-Third New York Regiment, to which the writer was attached as adjutant and captain, there was a soldier named Sergeant T——, who saw service in the British Army. Like nearly all ex-British soldiers who served in the Federal Army, he was full of his own importance — there were no troops in the world like the British; were better drilled; braver and could endure more hardships than all others. T——, notwithstanding his braggadocia, was a model soldier — neat in his

person, prompt when duty called, and was seldom on the sick list. He was an ideal volunteer. But the ex-British infantryman had one bad fault: he was terribly profane! It made one's blood run cold to hear his blasphemy. And it was so uncalled for. The denunciations of Chaplain James M. Dillon had but little effect on the Orderly of Company D.

"Sergeant, I wouldn't wonder if some day you were struck dumb, in consequence of your fearful oaths; and you deserve it," said a namesake of mine, Sergeant D——, (of I Company), addressing T——. The remark was called out at the guard house (made of logs) in presence of a dozen men of the guard. The blasphemer's response was a fresh volley of oaths, which drove the unwilling listners from the guard house on to the parade ground, leaving T——, in possession of the field.

Two weeks of the month of December were drawing to a close, when a general order of the commander of the army (Burnside) broke up the camp, with a view to the capture of the city of Fredericksburg and the frowning heights beyond, held by the army of Northern Virginia, led by Robert E. Lee and his able lieutenants.

On the 11th, a pontoon bridge was attempted by a New York Engineer Regiment, in front of the city, supported by over one hundred guns; but the myriad of sharp-shooters in the houses along the city's front shot down the troops as fast as they appeared on the other side. Reluctantly the effort was abandoned. Boats filled with infantry were then pushed across, and in this way a foothold was secured on the southern bank. When a sufficient number were across, they drove the enemy from the houses lining the river bank, and subsequently from the city. Two pontoon bridges were then laid in front of the city, and the Right Grand Division of Sumner bivouacked in the streets, consisting of fifty thousand men.

On the 13th, the famous assault was made on Mayre's Heights directly back of the city, held by the flower of Lee's army. These Heights consisted of natural mountains, shaped like a crescent, extending above and below the town, thickly wooded. Every place a battery could be placed it was taken advantage of. The slopes were crowded with infantry lying behind entrenchments. In front of all, at the base of the hill, in the centre, was the famous "stone wall," breast high, behind which securely lay the veterans of many battles, waiting for the Federal advance.

As soon as the Union troops debouched from the city the guns of Colonel Walton raked the ranks from the right, left, and centre. Three lines of troops were swept away like chaff, until Meagher's Irish Brigade, to which the writer belonged, rushed to certain death. This corps got within musketry range, and one hundred paces from the stone wall. Although the dead and wounded lay in piles, the men held fast, raking that stone wall with a withering fire from their smooth bores. Flesh and blood could not stand it, and before the order to retire came, the brigade was annihilated, but the survivors never turned their backs on the foe until the order came to march to the rear. Burying parties, a few days later, found the dead of Meagher's brigade (some of them) within a few paces of the wall — Adjutant Young of the Eighty-Eighth

New York lay dead almost at its base. These were the only soldiers of the Union Army in that terrible battle that came so near the enemy, although charges without number had been tried later.*

Sergeant T——was there. The fire from the rebel infantry, Cobb's Legion, was so incessant and deadly, the men of the Sixty-Third were directed to lie down. They did so, loading their muskets on their backs, turning over and firing. During the hottest of the fire, while men were being killed and wounded every moment, I was leaning on my elbow looking towards the right of the line, giving orders to the men. At that instant my attention was attracted to the frantic movements of a soldier, who was struck on the right cheek with a bullet, not more than a few paces from me. As he turned his face towards where I lay, I distinctly saw the ragged hole in his cheek, and his mouth filled with gore. He tried to speak, but was unable to make himself understood. His tongue was cut in twain, and his jaw shot away! It was Sergeant T——.

The last I ever saw of him he was running down the slope, back to the city (a third of a mile), which he reached in safety. He never returned to his regiment again.† I learned subsequently, after suffering for many weary months in hospital, he was discharged, *deprived forever of the power of speech!*

And thus the prophecy of Sergeant D—— was literally fulfilled. This was how the blasphemer was struck dumb!

God and Man's Worst Enemy.— We do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against liquor. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases love, blots out filial attachment, blights paternal hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends.

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* The London *Times* correspondent, who witnessed the desperate valor of the Irish Brigade from Stafford Heights, on the north bank of the Rappahanock, writes as follows: "Never at Fontenoy, Alluera, nor at Waterloo, was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin than during these six frantic dashes which they directed against the almost impregnable position of their foe. That any mortal man could have carried the position, defended as it was, it seems idle for a moment to believe. But the bodies which lie in such dense masses within forty-eight yards of the muzzles of Colonel Walton's guns, are the best evidence what manner of men they were who pressed on to death with the dauntlessness of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battlefields, and never more richly deserved it than at the foot of Mayre's Heights, on the 13th of December, 1862."

† In truth there was no Sixty-Third Regiment in existence after Fredericksburg. The morning after the terrific struggle in front of the Heights, my report as adjutant found *fifty* rank and file able to answer roll call. The other regiments of the brigade were, perhaps, reduced equally. Before the summer campaign opened in 1863, the Sixty-Third, Sixty-Ninth, and Eighty-Eighth Regiments were consolidated into a small battalion, and that saw the end of the famous brigade as a distinctly Irish-American corps. Previous to Grant's campaign against Richmond, these regiments were filled with recruits, made up, like all other regiments, of every nationality. But their former glory had departed.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

I.

IRELAND.

It was a glorious morning towards the close of May, 1886, when the good ship *Albania* set forth on her transatlantic voyage from New York to the "Isle of Destiny." The last bell had sounded, and the crowds who thronged the decks, either of sight-seers or of friends who had come on board to give a parting farewell, hastened ashore,— these last leaving behind, as memorials, masses of flowers of every odor and hue, and shaped in all manner of beautiful devices.

Amid cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs from those on shore, the *Albania* slowly and majestically moved away from her moorings, and soon left far behind the highlands of the Hudson and the spires and turrets of the great metropolis. The sky was a deep, cloudless blue; and the surface of the ocean, shining like a silver mirror, was calm and unruffled as the bosom of an inland lake. After a few hours' sail the masts of the *Oregon* were sighted, apparently three in number, protruding from the water some fifteen or twenty feet, with a guard-ship close by to mark the spot and warn off approaching vessels.

Now that the bustle and confusion of embarking have ceased, and the trunks and baggage are stowed away, the tourist has leisure to look about him and survey his surroundings. If he has never been on board a steamship before, he surveys, with no slight interest, the noble vessel, freighted, as she is, with the hopes, the fears, the destinies of so many human beings. He admires first of all her size and beautiful proportions; the order and cleanliness which everywhere prevail. He notes her lungs of painted bronze, fronting the direction from which the wind blows, inhaling and circulating through every nook and cranny draughts of pure sea-air. He finds that in his cabin the lamps are lighted and quenched at certain hours by some invisible agency. In the dining-room, ablaze with electric lights, so slight is the jarring motion of the vessel, he easily fancies himself in some Broadway hotel; nor would he be surprised for the moment, so complete is the illusion, to see street-cars passing by and hear the jingle of their bells. Promenading the hurricane deck at night, or reclining in his chair, he forgets at times that he is not on the piazza of some seaside hotel, as he gazes on the numberless lights, and listens to the sound of music and song, with the waves breaking against the side of the vessel as on some distant shore.

Types of various races and nationalities are to be seen among the passengers on board. The Celt, with a genial human sparkle in his eye, somewhat over-ready to fraternize with every one he meets. The Englishman is there, too, with his vacant face and distant, reserved air, shrunk into the husk of his insular exclusiveness. He cannot be

expected to make new acquaintances among his fellow-voyagers, not being able to determine to his satisfaction their social status. The ubiquitous Jew has a place, hook-nosed, keen-eyed, ensconced in the snuggest spots, and most assiduous in ministering to the wants of his brood. And though last, not least, the American girl of the period is not without her representatives,— self-poised, with pale, clear cut features, and wholly devoid of any trace of *mauvaise haute.*

The ship in which we sail is of English build, manned by English sailors, while the passengers are nearly all Americans,— rather a sad commentary on our boasted spirit of enterprise. It struck the writer as a noteworthy fact that the more loudly and imperiously one spoke to the English servants on board, the more prompt and satisfactory was the service rendered. To address them in a mild way is apparently to leave on their minds the impression that you are on the same level, socially, or perhaps on a lower level than themselves; and no matter how urgent your need, you will have to wait, "like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief." The average Englishman, however, makes no such mistake, his manners towards his social inferiors being invariably those of a bully. So that one comes to regard the saying as true, uttered by one of themselves, that every Englishman is at heart a lackey, and must needs have somebody to *kotow* to.

Along the banks of Newfoundland the inevitable fog appears, gathering thickly around us and wrapping us in its chill embrace; again folding its tents like the Arab and silently stealing away, but still in sight, encamped on the verge of the distant horizon. While it lasts the steam-whistle is booming continuously, and a weird sound it is when heard in the stillness of the night. As a precaution against danger of collision, the captain paces continuously up and down on the bridge, and the lookout peers steadily into the gloom. The storm-winds, meanwhile, slumber quietly in their caves, as if conscious of the futility of their attacks against such a noble vessel.

Notwithstanding all the resources at our command, leaden-footed time lags slowly enough. We feel the spell of the Union Jack, and come to regard dinner as the great event of the day, and getting up an appetite therefor, as the most serious business of life. The ever-changing aspect of the great deep in sunshine and in shadow ceases to interest us. We watch languidly the waves dashing against the sides of the ship, and breaking away into long stretches of green glassy water, the hue of Connemara marble, reined with white streaks of foam. A sister ship passing a few miles off, and walking the waters with a disdainful air, as if conscious of her strength and beauty, excites only a momentary interest, which speedily subsides into the prevailing dulness and apathy. The memorial flowers have long since faded away, and we feel their loss as of familiar friends. A longing has set in for the sight of grassy fields and waving trees once more. How truly the German poet, Auersperg, interprets the feelings of landsmen, wearied by the monotony of a long sea-voyage:

"O How pure the blue of heaven
Gleaming bends above my head,
Radiant strong as Truth eternal,
Changeless and unlimited!

Like to Peace eternal glimmers,
  Restful, clear, and green the sea;
And the Sun like Love all-holy
  Shineth o'er us gorgeously.

Light and free the proud ship glideth
  O'er the free waves on her way,
And her white sails proudly float as
  Freedom's banners in the fray.

Save the sea, the sky, the azure,
  Nought the ship surrounds hangs o'er;
Peace and Truth and Love and Freedom,
  Say, what canst thou wish for more?

Ah! if now some kindly zephyr
  Would a green leaf from the tree,
Or a blossom from the garden,
  Waft across the wave to me!"

Now that we have crossed the banks, and are within a few days' voyage of our destination, a change comes over the face of sky and ocean. The sea is furrowed into dark, ink-colored hollows, with foam-crested hills between; and the black masses of water, like blood-hounds on the trail, fling themselves on the vessel and seize and shake it, only to recoil speedily in confusion and defeat. The aspect of the sky has undergone a change. Dark, over-hanging clouds, which in America would portend storm and disaster, dissolve now into a few drops of scintillating rain, and breaking away reveal glimpses of deep blue sky, in which the sun is shining, like a peacemaker, that deserves to be called "a child of God." Irish skies, indeed they are, with the tear and the smile, side by side.

It is night, and lights are flashing along the verge of the horizon,—heralds of the welcome tidings that land is near: morning — and lo! standing forth clearly defined in the virginal dawn appear the "green hills of Holy Ireland."

The sun was standing tiptoe on their summits, and pouring a flood of saffron glory over the bosom of the noble bay which reflected, as in a mirror, all the delicate tintings of the auroral sky. As regards natural beauty at least, the spectacle transcended that which greets the beholder looking down from the slopes of Vesuvius on the Bay of Naples. Cannon crouched on the crests of the hills, strangely out of keeping with such a scene of loveliness and peace. Fitting symbols they were of English domination,—embodiments of that history of rapine, bloodshed, and treachery, which has made of the island a world's wonder. At the foot of the hills low, straw-thatched huts lay enveloped in shadow, telling their own sad tale of misery and privation, of patient, all too patient, endurance.

At the landing-place bustle and confusion reigned supreme. Porters and hackmen filled the air with their shrill cries, tumbling over each other in their fierce endeavors to seize on the unfortunate traveller's baggage. The stores were still closed, though it was now seven or eight in the morning; indeed, a general air of sleepiness seemed to pervade the place. Compared with an American crowd, the people

appeared more demonstrative in their manner, pitching their voice rather high, and accompanying their words with profuse gestures and much facial expression. An elderly man was peddling papers, and calling out his wares in a deep bass voice which sounded strange when one recalled the shrill piping treble of the American newsboy. A policeman who drew nigh, note-book in hand, requiring to know the writer's name, passed on quietly on his way, though no answer was vouchsafed to his questions.

By this time the jarvey had captured us. The reader who has never seen an Irish jaunting car may form some idea of the conveyance by being informed that it resembles a dog-cart turned inside out. It seems specially made for the enjoyment of fun and jollity,— the fun consisting in the immediate risk of being pitched head foremost, and in the conviction that even in such a contingency one will not be much hurt.

Having entered the hotel, you are congratulating yourself on having escaped alive from the cluches of porters and car-drivers, when lo ! you are again confronted by a fresh flock of harpies in blue coats and brass buttons. Between these and their brother harpies out of doors a bitter rivalry exists, which often finds vent in blows,— the question at issue being the sole and exclusive right to prey on the hapless tourist. Not the wretched mendicants who hang around street-corners are the traveller's greatest pest; these often excite the beholder's sympathy, who looks on them as the lowermost stratum in the social formation of country, or, as in Ireland, the victims of human greed and selfishness. Nay, to one who believes in the following extract from Sir Thomas Browne, is there not a delicate flattery in their appeals ? —

"And truly I have observed that those professed desmosynaries, though in a crowd or multitude, do yet direct and place their petitions on a few and selected persons; there is surely a physiognomy which these experienced and master mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a merciful aspect, and will single out a face, wherein they spy the signatures and marks of mercy."—*Religio Medici.*

Most disgusting of all are the liveried beggars in hotels and places of public resort, who waylay the tourist at every corner, standing like Goldsmith's typical Englishman, "with pride in their post and defiance in their eye." In many of the hotels charges for service are set down in the bill. These one gladly pays, hoping to purchase immunity from the assaults of the sturdy beggars. In vain; on your departure they range themselves in regular order; the gauntlet has to be run; and you go away with a clinging sense of being victimized which does not leave you for many days. What tourists does not recall, while inspecting the old abbeys and churches of England, the long-gowned mortal who plays the part of cicerone, who drops his *h's* and pockets your shillings with the same calm assumption of superiority. Still when one bears in mind that in many instances these creatures not only receive nothing for their services, but actually pay the proprietors a certain sum for the privilege of pocketing the gratuities offered, the traveller must reserve some share of his contempt for the said proprietors.

The train is now speeding through the heart of the country, and

we have leisure to survey our surroundings. It was early summer, and the hillsides were aglow with yellow gorse. The grass was of a vivid intense green, the like of which is seen nowhere else in the world, and the ivy had flung over every crumbling wall and ruin its scarf of beauty. To left and right, far as eye could see, over a level tract of country stretched vast tracts of grass land, with little or no tillage; the straw-thatched huts, few and far between, apparently in such a state of decay that they must soon crumble out of existence, never to be built again, let us hope, after a similar fashion. Nor can one well regret their disappearance did it not imply the flight and destruction of the human beings who dwelt in them.

The country, for the most part, is bare of trees, save when at times large clusters of them are seen, and through the openings glimpses are caught of mansions in which dwell, or are supposed to dwell, the lords of the soil. This discription of the general appearance of the country is applicable not merely to any particular section, but to all of it, as the writer, travelling through its entire extent, beheld it from the train windows and from the top of stage coaches. Such an air of loneliness and desolation brooded over these vast plains of grass land as reminded one of the Roman Campagna. Nor will the comparison seem far-fetched when it is borne in mind that in early times when the Campagna was tilled by freemen, it was a well-peopled region, blooming like a garden, and the seat of numerous cities. Later on, in the third and fourth centuries B. C., it fell into the hands of the Roman aristocracy, who turned most of the district into huge estates, leaving it to be tilled by slaves, and driving away the agricultural population. What it is now every one knows: a pestilential marsh, reeking with miasma and death, over which roam uncontrolled herds of oxen and flocks of sheep and goats.

But the question which constantly rises to one's lips when travelling through the country districts of Ireland is, "Where are the people?" While waiting for a train at Limerick Junction, the writer happened to ask this question of a very intelligent man with whom he had entered into conversation. "The people," was the answer, "have been, as you see, hunted off the lands; some have fled to America and Australia; a large number are in the workhouse down yonder; many more have flocked into the towns, filling them with rags and beggary, there being no work for them to do." It was even so. While the country districts appear as if they had recently been overrun by a destroying army, many of the provincial towns look as if they had passed through a siege and been shelled; ruined houses, with only the roofless, windowless walls standing everywhere, meet the eye. Revisited after an absence of a score of years, one sees no change in these towns save what decay had wrought in the meantime. Business is at a stand-still; mechanics find little or no employment, while a general air of hopelessness and decay seems to pervade everything. A remarkably well-informed Englishman, resident in Ireland, computed that in 1882 there were nine hundred thousand young persons growing up in the "proclaimed districts" without employment, without land, and without the prospect of getting either. If these numbers have de-

creased since then, it is only because the population has diminished within the last four years. Except that famine does not now prevail, the picture which the German poet, Freiligrath, drew of Ireland (1847–1848) is, in its main features, true at this hour:

The tie-chain's coated o'er with rust,
The boat rocks idly in the water;
The fisher and his boy are dust,
Both victims in fell Famine's slaughter;
For Ireland's fish are landlords' fish,
Their board luxurious fare rejoices,
While empty is the angler's dish —
To starve and die his only choice is.

Of sheep and kine, lo! what a throng!
What noise of bleating and of lowing!
A ragged lad them drives along
Unto the nearest sea-port going;
For Ireland's herds are landlords' herds,
The food that would the wolf, starvation,
Keep from men's doors, they seize and sell
In markets of a foreign nation.

The ox-stall serves them well, I wis,
It fills their purse, it loads their table;
For them, indeed, each cow's horn is
The horn of plenty famed in fable.
The gold wrung from the toiling poor,
In London gambling dens they squander,
While thick as snow-flakes fall at home
Their people famine's death-stroke under.

"My time is up, I must away."
"Why not await the hunting season?"
"'Tis vain to ask, I cannot stay,
You know I might be jailed for treason;"
For Ireland's game is landlords' game,
It gluts their maw, it fills their coffers;
To snare a single hare for food,
Not once the starving peasant offers.

And ever thus from year to year,
They on the people's substance batten,
Their only care is that their ox,
That is themselves, may greatly fatten;
Vast tracts of land they leave untilled
Which harvests might more fitly cover —
The heathery haunts, well stocked and filled,
Of wild duck, partridge, grouse, and plover.

Corrupt and rotten to the core,
Ye landlords are; your sole aim pleasure;
Your death-knell sounds, your reign is o'er,
Your crimes have overflown their measure.
O Irish land is landlords' land;
The mother there — ah! woe to say it —
Her dead babe folds in threadbare gown
And begs for a grave wherein to lay it!

By night and day, unceasingly,
From north and south the wail is pealing;
The west hath brought the sound to me,
From far I hear it faintly stealing;
Like to the cry of wounded bird,
O'er mount and vale, o'er spire and steeple,
It sweeps the saddest ever heard,
The death-cry of a stricken people.

Erin, she kneels a discrowned queen,
O'er her dead children ever weeping.
And strews the shamrock's fadeless green
Above the graves where they are sleeping;
She kneels 'neath heaven's azure dome,
Tugs at her chain in wild impatience,
More fitly named than Byron's Rome,
The "Niobe of nations."

Should the reader deem the picture we have given of Ireland's present condition over-drawn, we might point in confirmation to the words of Dr. Gregg, Anglican bishop of Cork, which occur in an address to his clergy at the close of the past year: "Every industry," he writes, "languishes; business is depressed; neglect, carelessness, despair, seem to be settling down on the people."

Indeed, a mere glance at the appearance which the country presents, suffices to impress on the mind the belief that no one takes any interest in its well-being, in the development of its resources; not the government holding sway there, which notoriously never regarded as its *raison d'etre* the wellfare of the governed; not the landlords, who *hate* the people on religious and political grounds, and whose sole aim is to get as much as possible and give nothing; not the people who are comparatively powerless, and who have lived too long under a system in which to have made any improvement, was to have imposed on them a higher rental, and to have made life more intolerable. As a consequence the land is fast relapsing into its natural condition. Landlord greed has pared the country to the quick. From the landlord point of view, cattle are more profitable and therefore more desirable than human beings. Cattle have no sense of human rights or human duties. No such pestiferous maxim as, that the tiller of the soil should own the soil, is apt to find a lodgment in their brain. They form no unholy combinations; and, so far as one can judge, are content to live and die, if only they conduce thereby to the well-being of their owners' stomach and pocket. Their only drawback is that they need a limited number of human beings to herd and care for them.

If the successive stages of human developement in the social order are the pastoral, the agricultural, and the industrial, landlordism and the English Government between them have pushed Ireland back to the first of these stages,—the government by strangling Irish industries; landlordism by effecting wholesale "clearances" of the agricultural population for the purpose of turning the country into vast grazing farms.

How strangely history repeats itself: "*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*," says Pliny,—"large estates have proved the ruin of Italy."

The parks, gardens, promenades of the aristocracy absorbed the lands which should be devoted to agriculture. The owners of these lands found them easier to manage and more profitable when given over to pasture rather than to tillage. Mommseu, in his history of Rome, tells us that foreign competition proved fatal to agriculture in Italy. Ships laden with grain from the vast wheat-fields of Sicily and Egypt, sailed with every tide into the port of Ostea, at the mouth of the Tiber. As a consequence the price of wheat fell so low, that Italian husbandmen could not compete with foreign markets, and the fields remained untiled. Rome depended for subsistence on imports of grain from other countries ; so that, to use the indignant language of Tacitey, "the life of the Roman people from day to day lay at the mercy of the winds and waves." It is a remark of Montesquieu, that political revolutions in modern times depend full as much on economic causes as on the result of great battles. The same remark would appear to apply to ancient times as well.

Edmund Burke's description of the penal laws is equally applicable to Irish landlordism,— "a machine of wise and deliberate contrivance as well fitted for the impoverishment and degradation in them (the people) of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." Themselves regarding labor as disgraceful, as the appanage of serfs, the Irish landlords have done what they could to impress on the minds of the people, not only the uselessness, but the positive injuriousness of labor, by levying a penal tax on all improvements, in the shape of increased rent. An aristocracy which regards idleness, not work, as the very patent of man's nobility, which not only disbelieves the doctrine of the innate worth and dignity of labor, but has made the people feel that work is not the first condition of progress and prosperity, but of increased wretchedness, is an accursed thing, to be swept from off the earth which it cumbers. Such is the character, and such should be the doom of Irish landlordism.

Forty years ago Frederick Lucas wrote thus of Irish landlords :

"There is always a *locus penitentiæ* for individuals; institutions that have fallen into transient disorder may resume their pristine health ; clases of men whom an occasional laxity of practice has disgraced, may retrieve their honor and position; but a class so thoroughly corrupted and depraved as the Irish landlords, so full of bad qualities, so empty of all good ones, thriftless extortioners, mean and proud, profuse and avaricious, incapable and arrogant, wordly and yet not wordly-wise, careless about their own faith, yet hating that of their neighbors, with not one principal of order in their composition; the spawn of chaos and night, thoughtless, reckless, hopeless, helpless,— if they are susceptible of reformation, we may live to see the devil kneeling at the footstool of God. They are utterly incorrigible."

The specimens of the class which the writer encountered in railroad trains and in the coffee-rooms of hotels, did not belie the description. A brutal, domineering, selfish herd they invariably showed themselves to be. One marked feature of their character is a hatred of America and its institutions. This they showed clearly enough during the Civil War by sympathizing with the slave-holding class. And at the present day America is leavening the minds of the people with the spirit of democracy ; it is the base of operations from which

the war is carried on against landlordism in Ireland, while American competition is steadily depreciating the value of their lands. Accordingly they rarely let pass an opportunity of throwing out slurs against America and its institutions; especially when Americans are present. On one occasion, while waiting for the train to start at Galway, one of them got into the railroad carriage. It was a fair-day in the town, and a poor slave (hat in hand; despite the teachings of the Land League) came up to the car-window, and began to detail the circumstances of some greivance he had to suffer: "Well, Tom," quoth the lord of the soil, "I'm very sorry for you, but there is no redress. If you had only a *sentimental* greivance the government might do something for you; but your grievance is a *real* one, and nothing can be done. You've been tricked, my poor fellow,—that's what they call 'cleverness' in America." Then addressing an occupant of the car: "You're from America, sir? How are times there? You're having some trouble about aldermen over in New York, sir. Bribery, isn't it? Now isn't that disgraceful for a free country like America!" From the fellow's point of view, the depletion of the population in the country was the sentimental grievance; the depletion of cash in his pocket, the real grievance.

Their favorite theme is the laziness and the improvidence of the Irish people. An American finds it hard to believe this: he sees his country covered with the monuments of Irish labor. He knows that many of those whom, in the famine years, the English Government shot like so much rubbish on American shores, went with only the axe on their shoulder into the primeval forest, hewed down the trees, built for themselves log-huts, and now possess valuable farms unencumbered by debt, dwell in frame houses, with carpets on the floor, and all the comforts and conveniences of life,—the fruit of the hard, unremitting toil of these same lazy and improvident Irish. They rarely fail to inform the tourist, in quest of information, that the Land League has debauched the conscience of the people; though in truth, the mass of the people seem too poor to afford to keep a conscience at all. If the land through which you are travelling is rich and fertile, your landlord travelling-companion will inform you that it was landlord capital made it so; though you cannot help thinking that human labor had something to do with the matter. If the land is barren and stony, he will tell you that such land is fit only for hunting; and you make up your mind that it is excellent land for hunting—landlords. It is quite comical to witness the expression of rage and despair on a landlord's face as he stands at a hotel door and sees one of his tenants, a peasant girl, perhaps, pass by in all the pride of new shoes and a new shawl. The money which purchased these articles should, by all the laws of conscience, be in his own pocket. On such occassions he has no resource left but to hasten inside, and, with muttered curses, gulp down sundry glasses of brandy and soda.

It would be idle, as it is unneccessary, to gloss over the fact that the poorer classes of the people who have lived for centuries under the lash of a selfish, foreign landlordism have not escaped unscathed through the terrible ordeal. Sordid poverty and oppression operating for cen-

turies, though far from having depraved, have, to some extent at least enfeebled the national character. Their religion alone it was which, during all these centuries, stood between the people and complete demoralization. Their standard of morality is still of the highest, and the same cheerful temperament is still theirs, though toned down of late years to a marked seriousness of speech and demeanor.

In the towns among the shop-keepers traces of the *bourgeois* spirit are discernible, which in every country resolves the national aspirations into a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. Sign-boards on which the owners blazon themselves as drapers, stationers, purveyors, etc., etc., to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales or the Duke of Edinburgh, are not uncommon, nor confined exclusively to the Protestant element in the community.* Indeed, the writer chanced to meet with a singular old fossil in Dublin — a Catholic Whig — an intense loyalist, who professed his readiness to die for the queen. He was advised to set about doing so as speedily as possible.

In times not very remote, the "nobility and gentry" were looked up to as the great factors in the social and political life of the country. This, to a great extent, has passed away; though it cannot be said that the modern idea of the supremacy of the people is as widely diffused as one would wish. Nor is that spirit of class distinction wholly extinct which Clarence Mangan satirizes in his poem, "The Woman of Three Cows," and which, in popular parlance, is laughed at, as "Mrs. Tuppence-Ha'penny looking down on Mrs. Tuppence."

On the other hand, among the young men and women of the middle class, full of energy and talent as many of them are, the democratic spirit prevails; and they have learned to scoff at the notion of a man basing his claims for respect, not on what he is in himself, but on what his great-grandfather was before him. Unhappily for such as these, Ireland offers but poor prospect of advancement in any calling they may adopt. Accordingly their hopes of a future career are not centred in their native land, but are ever turned in the direction of America or Australia,— the latter country having the preference.

A constant source of admiration and delight to the tourist in Ireland is the mild, religious expression of loveliness in the faces of the gentler sex. So, too, as he strolls about among the streets and byways of the towns and cities, he is deeply impressed by the varied and exquisite types of beauty among the children, notwithstanding the poverty and squalor of their surroundings. And though he has seen much to dishearten and depress, he still departs with the conviction, that neither England nor the world at large has yet heard the last of the Celtic race in Ireland.

J. C

"CHARMS strike the sight, but merit wins the soul." — *Pope.*

*For the benefit of the "Innocent Abroad," it may be necessary to state that the initals "H. R H." are not intended to signify "His Royal Humbug."

The Inauguration of the Statue of Liberty.

About the year 1870, the French sculptor, Bartholdi, having conceived the idea of executing a colossal statue, to be presented by his nation to the people of America, consulted with his friends, and arranged a scheme for carrying out his ideas. Four years later the plan was made public. By subscriptions from the people of France, it was proposed to raise sufficient money to pay for the expense of the work. A popular subscription was set on foot, and with the aid of entertainments the necessary sum was raised, and in 1876 the work was well under way. A part of the statue was sent to this country. Visitors to the Centennial in 1876 will remember the hand holding the torch, that was erected in the grounds near the main building. Subsequently it was placed in Madison Square in New York. The design selected was, "Liberty enlightening the World," and this was her hand holding aloft the flaming torch.

In 1877 the necessary Act of Congress was passed, accepting the statue and assigning Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, as the place for its erection. In 1883, the statue being completed, the pedestal was commenced. This was erected by subscriptions and by the proceeds of entertainments in this country. The pedestal represents America's contribution to the design. Its situation on Bedloe's, now named Liberty Island, brings it close to the side of every vessel entering or leaving the port, while the isolation of the place prevents it from being interfered with by any other structure. It must always be visible from base to summit.

On October 28 the statue was formally presented to the people of the United States, and the public ceremonies in connection therewith constituted one of the greatest pageants of the day. In the city a grand parade from the upper streets down to the Battery, at the southerly end of the city, took place, in which the militia, the old volunteer fire department, and many societies were represented. This was a splendid affair.

The naval demonstration was also very fine. A large number of steamers, formed in order of naval parade, came down the Hudson River and gathered around the base of the great statue, which towers above Liberty Island. Near this point, the United States men-of-war *Tennessee*, *Minnesota*, *Yantic*, *Jamestown*, and *Saratoga*, were anchored in line. The United States steamer *Dispatch* carried President Cleveland. As she steamed up and down the line of war vessels to review them, their yards and bowsprits were manned by the sailors, standing hand in hand high in air, and forming a most impressive spectacle. The display of bunting on all sides was profuse.

The ceremonies at the base of the statue included an address in French by Count Senator Ferdinand de Lesseps. His concluding words, which we give here, we may hope are a true prophecy: "Soon, gentlemen, we will find ourselves reunited again to celebrate a new

Pacific conquest. Farewell, until we meet at Panama, where the thirty-eight stars of North America will come to float by the side of the banners of the independent States of South America, and will form in the New World, for the good of humanity, the peaceful and fruitful alliance of the Anglo-Saxon and the Franco-Latin races."

The presentation address followed; it was given by the Hon. William M. Evarts, as chairman of the American committee, and was addressed to the President. In a short speech the latter accepted the statue in the name of the American people, and he was followed by Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, who delivered the oration of the day.

To the spectators on the many steamers, the manning of the yards and the naval salutes were the most interesting parts of the ceremony. In addition to the firing, the great fleet of steamers blew their whistles continually during these times. In the grand salute a battery of the Gatling guns joined, and the effect of the artillery fired at rapid intervals, with the continuous roll of the Gatling guns as a background for their intermittent rounds, was very fine.

Science of Drinking.

ACCORDING to a recent report by the Hon. George C. Tanner, United States Consul at Chemnitz, Germany, the citizens of this country have as yet no adequate idea of the real science of drinking. He gives the total beer production of the German empire for the year 1885 at 1,100,000,000, or one billion one hundred millions of gallons; and of wines and other alcoholic liquors, nine hundred millions of gallons; making a total of two thousand millions of gallons. This, the consul states, was the actual consumption in the empire, as the importations are equal to the exportations. The aggregate production for Germany he gives at forty gallons a year per capita, estimating the population at fifty millions. He gives the consumption in this country at ten gallons per capita. Consul Tanner further says: "I have given this subject careful attention, and have stated the entire beer production of Germany, including Alsace-Loraine, and am sure of the accuracy of my figures. One can, then, form some idea of the enormous quantity of beer produced, when it would form a lake more than one mile square and six and a half feet deep, or it would make a running stream as large as some of our rivers.

"This is only taking into account one item in the economy of drinking in Germany. Wines and all kinds of spirituous liquors are freely used; wines to a much greater extent than stronger liquors. It may be safely stated that the consumption of all intoxicants in this empire would reach nearly two billions of gallons per annum. This being the case, some faint conception of the enormous drinking capacity of the Germans can be formed. The hops, barley, rye, potatoes, and other ingredients that enter into the manufacture of this enormous

quantity of liquors, would be more than two billions of pounds, and would form a good-sized mountain if placed in one heap. Beer is the national beverage, and is used as such, if not to a greater extent than water, then assuredly equally so.

"Wines are used by the wealthier classes at meals, and very extensively used; but beer is never absent from a German table of the rich or poor, and it is a decided favorite with all true Germans.

"Since my arrival in Germany, I have to see the first glass of water drunk. Beer must be furnished servants for their repasts. I have seen children hardly weaned given beer without any apparent bad effect. . . .

"Science may be carried into everything. The science of drinking has been known and practiced in Europe for ages, and this is a science, simple as it may appear, when compared with the blind, irrational, and suicidal manner of drinking in the United States. This science consists simply in the tardiness of drinking. All drinks are taken sip by sip, a half or three-quarters of an hour being consumed for a glass of beer. This is so simple that one is liable to ridicule for laying stress upon it, and yet on this one point hinges, in my opinion, a question of vast importance to Americans. By this manner of drinking the blood is aroused to a greater activity in so gradual a manner that there is no violent derangement of the animal economy. By slow drinking the German accomplishes the object of drinking, and gives his animal economy a chance to say, 'Hold, enough!' which only slow drinking will do. . . .

"Woman, unquestionably, carries a purifying influence with her wherever she goes, and her presence in the drinking-places of Europe drives from them that class of low vagabonds that hang around American drinking-places. Hence, one never sees a drunken man in a café, and rarely, even, on the street. Perhaps no better possible illustration of the purifying influence of woman could be found.

"Cafés are open to all classes, but the lower classes seldom visit them; they would be abashed by doing so as much as they would by entering a parlor where they would meet refinement and elegant manners. There are some exceptions to this rule in the larger cities, but this is confined to cafés that are well known and ladies avoid them; but there are no drinking-places in Germany but what a lady may enter with all propriety.

"Drunkenness is rare, and if so, it rarely manifests itself in a boisterous or belligerent manner, but more frequently takes the shape of song, fun, and a general pleasurable feeling of warmth, energy, and self-command; and hence those horrid crimes that sometimes shock us in the United States are rarely heard of here. Then, why should there exist such a difference in the evils of drinking in Europe and in the United States? It is manifestly the result of the manner of drinking in vogue in the two hemispheres."

Some curious inferences might be drawn from Consul Tanner's report. Figuratively regarded, the time wasted by the Germans in swilling beer at half or three-quarters of an hour per glass must be enormous; but then it is alleged to save them from intoxication. Can

it be true the trouble of the Americans is they do not drink enough? and if they would only follow the German science in the matter, namely, quadruple their drinks and sit longer over their cups, they would, like the Teutons, become a quiet, sober, and happy people?

The Apostle of the Lepers.

THROUGH the courtesy of the Rev. H. B. Chapman, Protestant Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, England, we are able to publish the following touching letter from Father Damien: —

KALAMAO, MOLOKAI, SANDWICH ISLES, August 26th, 1886.

Rev. Sir,— Your highly-appreciative letter of June 4th is to hand. Thanks to our Divine Saviour for having fired up in you, by the example of a humble priest fulfilling simply the duties of his vocation, that noble spirit of the sweet life of self-sacrifice. As you say in your letter the Blessed Sacrament is indeed the stimulus for us all, for me as it should be for you, to forsake all worldly ambitions. Without the constant presence of our Divine Master upon the altar in my poor chapels, I never could have persevered casting my lot with the lepers of Molokai, the foreseen consequences of which begins now to appear on my skin, and is felt throughout the body. The Holy Communion being the daily bread of a priest, I feel myself happy, well pleased, and resigned in the rather exceptional circumstance in which it has pleased Divine Providence to put me.

Your statement regarding your connections with the church of England leads me to say a few words of what a middle-aged, well-educated man has done, who, until a few years ago, belonged to the Episcopalian Church in America. He became not only a convert to the Catholic faith, but shortly after his abjuration he made a long retreat in a Trappist Convent, and following the Divine inspiration of self-sacrifice, came a few weeks ago to this far-distant and poor country, resolved to spend his remaining days at Molokai, asking the authorities that he might be permitted to come and work here with me, without salary, for the relief of the distressed lepers. He now resides here with the leper priest, and, as a true sympathizing brother, helps me caring for the sick. He, too, though not a priest, finds his comfort in the Blessed Sacrament. Without doubt you will admire with me the almighty power of God's grace in favor of my new companion; and please allow me to pray daily for you and your brethren that we may all have one faith, belong all to the same *one true* Apostolic Church, and become all one in Christ Jesus, and thus obtain the same eternal crown in heaven.

In regard to your intended collection in favor of the unfortunate lepers under my care, I would say that any amount, however small, will be gladly received for the relief of over six hundred poor unfortunate lepers. Be it understood that I personally having made vow of poverty, my wants are few. A draft from the Bank of England, on Bishop & Co., bankers in Honolulu, will be the simplest and the safest way for remittance. May the eternal blessing of God be with you, your family, and those who may contribute in any way to the relief of my poor sick people.

Yours affectionately in our Lord,

J. DAMIEN DE VENSTER,
Catholic Priest for the Lepers.

REV. H. B. CHAPMAN, *Vicar of St. Luke's.*

Remarks the *London Tablet:* "What poor stuff is all the 'gunpowder and glory business' when compared with heroism such as this!"

The Protestant League and Father Damien.

The following fatuous letter has been addressed by the secretary of the Working Men's Protestant League to the Rev. H. B. Chapman:

OCTOBER 21, 1886.

Rev. Sir,—I am desired to express astonishment that you, a clergyman of the Church of England, should endeavor to create sympathy for an idolatrous priest of that abominable system, against which you are especially pledged to labor, both as a minister of the gospel and also as a liberty-loving Englishman.

The self-denial and devotion of Father Damien are no more worthy of admiration than that of the devotees of Baal, who cut themselves with knives "till the blood gushed out upon them" (1 Kings xviii. 28), or those who cast their bodies beneath the car of Juggernaut. All that Father Damien can achieve as the priest of antichrist is to make his proselytes "twofold more children of hell than he is himself" (Matt. xxiii. 15).

It is also especially to be condemned that you give to Dr. Manning his full title as representative of the Papacy; and thus, as a minister of Christ, you would assist the minions of antichrist to obtain a social and illegal status from which England has already suffered terribly, and you are laboring to rivet the chains of terrible idolatry and priestly imposture upon her again.

Instead of making the boundaries clear, distinct, and insurmountable between us and Rome, so that they who would pass from hence to her cannot, you take away the ancient landmarks, remove the gospel warning-lights, and with the feeble glimmering *ignis fatuus* of false charity, you entice people into dreaming that we and antichrist are brethren.

I am, Rev. Sir, yours truly,

THOMAS MCCLURE, *Hon. Sec.*

THE REV. H. B. CHAPMAN, B.A., *St. Luke's, Camberwell, S.E.*

Mr. Chapman's reply is very brief, and to the point:

177 CAMDEN-GROVE NORTH,
October 22, 1886.

Dear Sir,—Your letter is a very wicked one, though I excuse it on the ground of its utter folly. Go and do thou likewise.

Yours truly,

H. B. CHAPMAN.

THOMAS MCCLURE, ESQ.

Later, Mr. McClure addressed the following effusion to the Rev. H. B. Chapman:—

NOVEMBER 2, 1886.

Dear Sir,—Your reply to my letter of October 21st does not admit of further comment on the ground I advanced, but confirms my inference as to, and my structures upon, your tendencies.

I should not have replied at all, had it not been brought under my notice that not only worldly but Popish journals had copies of our correspondence sent them. It has thus been widely circulated.

You say my "letter is a very wicked one," though you "excuse it on the ground of its utter folly." The assertions you make neither prove your knowledge of the Word of God or my foolishness. I grant there are so few who search the Word of God that your sympathy with Father Damien may be viewed as humane; still, it is not in accord with your ministerial position.

If you understand the teaching contained in the Bible, you will perceive that leprosy was a prominent mark of God's displeasure. He visited Miriam with this plague in anger, though afterwards He displayed His mercy in healing her. Lepers were to be kept apart, and "several" houses were erected that they might not mix with men. They were to pass by on the other side of the streets and cry, "Unclean, unclean!" All these things are, doubtless, as an idle tale to many. God gives us life to glorify Him, but in no case is it enjoined by Him that our lives should be sacrificed, as all men were born for His glory. Life is given us to preserve to that end.

I certainly decline your counsel, "Go and do thou likewise," because I believe it to be utterly at variance alike with any man's moral or religious obligation; though it is our duty to do good unto all men,—a precept but too much neglected

by those who profess most in our day and generation.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

THOMAS MCCLURE, *Hon. Sec.*

THE REV. H. B. CHAPMAN, B.A.

Letters Sustaining Rev. Mr. Chapman.

TO THE EDITOR OF *The Tablet: Sir*,—I am an Anglican, and having been a regular communicant of the Church of England for more than fifty years, I trust I may have imbibed something of her spirit. I cannot find words sufficiently strong to express the grief and humiliation I feel that any one professing to belong to any sect bearing the name of Christ could have written such a letter as that of Mr. Thomas McClure to the Rev. H. B. Chapman.

I enclose you the small sum of ten shillings for Father Damien's fund,—first as an act of reparation for the gross and outrageous manner in which the Rev. Father was attacked in that letter; and, secondly, as an act of thankfulness to the Almighty for having shown in the person of that eminent servant of God that His power and grace, as exhibited in the life and sufferings of the early confessors and martyrs of the church, is not less now in the nineteenth than in the first six centuries of the Christian era. I think we have tried ill-will, hatred, and all uncharitableness long enough; let us now try what a little Christian charity will do to heal or mitigate our grievances, and I pray that such men as the unhappy writer of that epistle, if there be any more such, would rather learn from St. Paul: "Charitas patiens est, benigna est, charitas non æmulatur, non agit *perperam* non *inflatur*" (Cor. xiii. 4).

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LAICUS ANGLICANUS.

Feast of All Saints, 1886.

Sir,—Will you allow me to express the disgust and contempt with which I, and I believe all Anglican Churchmen, read the uncharitable effusion that you published in the *Tablet* last Saturday? Many allowances must necessarily be made for a person who considers that brawling in church is a reputable way of forcing himself into notoriety; but one might surely be pardoned for concluding that before such a noble and saintly heroism as that of Father Damen, every feeling but admiration would be silent. The discovery that this idea was mistaken, brings us to the recognition of this mournful fact, that there exists at least one mind that is incapable of appreciating the exercise of the highest Christian virtues in one of a different creed. But the inability of a narrow mind to realize the splendor of such a sacrifice, must be but a tribute to its magnitude.

I trust that Mr. Chapman will not be deterred from his work of love by the dread of the inference "that Mr. McClure and antichrist are brethren."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

CHARLES E. TAYLOR.

Constitutional Club, Nov. 2, 1886.

£700 ($3,500) were collected in London through the efforts of Rev. Mr. Chapman. God bless him!

The Home of Orangeism.

AN official return is published of the religious denominations and the salaries of the officers employed by the Belfast Corporation. The return has been compiled by order of the Riots Commission. There are seven officers in the town clerk's office, including himself, and not one of them is a Catholic. Total paid in salaries, £2,775. In the accounts' office there are five officers, not one being a Catholic. Total paid in salaries, £815. In the cashier's there are two, both Protestants. Total paid in salaries, £220. There are five rate-collectors, Protestants, the commission for collection being 1½ per cent. In the surveyor's office and department there are twenty-two, four of these being Roman Catholics. Total paid in salaries, £2,701, of which sum the four Catholics receive £280 among them. The sanitary staff consists of

eight officers, all Protestants except one, who disclaims connection with any denomination. Among them they draw from the rates £964 10*s.* annually. The officials in the gasworks are all Protestants except the engineer and manager, who is a free lance, not being connected with any denomination. They are six in all, and lift annually £1,695 out of the rates. The gas offices employ twenty-four men, all Protestants, and drawing in salaries £3,380 annually. Of the three market officials, one is a Catholic. Their total salaries are £542, of which the Catholic takes £117. The car inspectors are both Protestants, and take £190 between them. There are four street inspectors, all Protestants, and taking annually in salaries £413. There are three functionaries, all Protestants, in connection with the cemetery and parks, and they draw paid on commission, we find that the amount paid annually to its annually in salaries £345. Dropping out the rate collectors, who are officials by the Belfast Corporation amounts to £14,040 10*s.*, and that of this grand total the sum that falls to the lot of Roman Catholics is £397! Comment is needless.

The Casualties at the Riots.

The parliamentary returns moved for by Mr. Sexton, on the 9th of September, giving a list of the officers and men of the military and constabulary forces killed and wounded in disturbances at Belfast, during the months of June and July and August, has been issued. Its contents are horrifying. They form, perhaps, the most disgraceful record of Orange brutality ever published. Private Hughes is the only soldier returned in the list of killed, while of the police the name of Head-Constable Gardiner figures alone in the column recording the deaths. The list of wounded police covers six large pages, the number being 301. One hundred and ninety of these were cases in which the injured men were incapacitated from duty for periods ranging from four to sixty days, while a considerable number are still on the non-effective list or in hospital. I give at random some extracts from the columns detailing the nature of the injuries sustained by the police: "Severe wound on the head from blow of a stone" (Mr. Stritch, D. I.); "contusions on chest caused by a kick;" "severe cuts on forehead from blow of a stone" (Mr. Carr); "bullet wound in face;" "gunshot wound on shoulder;" "shot through hip with revolver;" "contusions on right temple and left thigh;" "severe blow on head with a piece of iron;" "scalp wound;" "severe wound on nostril;" "wound on hip, and loosened teeth;" "scalp wound and contused eyebrow," etc., etc. Ninety-nine members of the police force were wounded in the June riots, including District-Inspectors Greene, Stritch (not yet fit for duty), Taylor, Supple, and Town-Inspector Carr. One hundred and six officers and men were wounded in July, forty-four of these cases being on the thirty-first of that month. They included District-Inspectors Townsend (still non-effective), Greene, and Bull. Ninety-six cases occurred in the month of August, including that of Inspector Greene, who was this time incapacitated for forty-six days, and District-Inspector Bull.

The Truth About the Riots.

The *Dublin Nation* has the following remarks on the doings of the Government Commission appointed to investigate the origin and cause of the late riots: —

"At last the truth about the origin of the Belfast riots is known. The conspiracy is laid bare; and now we have it clearly proved that the passions of the unfortunate people who were shot down by the police were deliberately excited by their 'well-to-do' leaders, in order to demonstrate up to the level of Lord Randolph Churchill's desires. There was no attack made on a Protestant by Catholics, because of his Protestantism. There was no threat made against any Protestant of persecution in the event of the Home Rule Bill passing. But the Belfast *Evening Telegraph*—the Orange *War-Cry*—said there was, and the Belfast braves immediately took to the field. Robert Blakely's evidence makes all this clear. Robert Blakely was the Orangeman whose reported sufferings stirred his brethren to riot and plunder. According to his sworn evidence there was not a single statement made about him by the *Evening Telegraph* true. The opponent with whom he had the squabble was not an overseer, but a common laborer earning fifteen shillings a week. The gaffer in charge of the works was an Englishman and a Protestant. All the quarrel arose over the making of a drain, and it was when the fighting was over that Murphy made the remark "that neither Blakely nor any of his sort should get leave to work there or earn a livelihood there or any other place." There was not a single mention of religion or politics, or any reference to a 'time coming' when the threat would take effect. The whole row was about the making of a drain; and it was only the firebrand journalists, clergymen, and chaplains of the forces, who loosed the devil in Belfast. Blakely told no one but the policemen about the attack that was made upon him. But the reporters of the *Evening Telegraph* got hold of the story and noted their opportunity. They were equal to the occasion, and the intelligent constituency they write for was soon in arms against the Belfast Papists.

"That the action of the *Evening Telegraph* was only part of a larger plan, is amply shown by the Rev. Dr. Hanna's own evidence. The doctor's 'jokes' had the very same moral as the lies of the newspaper, and were calculated to lead to the same results. According to the veracious peacemaker of the Shankhill-road, Mr. Perry, manager of the Queen's Island ship-building, was to be deposed and a Catholic manager substituted, in the event of home rule. The same amiable gentleman circulated among his intelligent auditory—'for what it was worth'—the outrageous concoction about Catholics applying for Protestant farms. The care with which the eloquent divine edited his fierce diatribes against the police for the benefit of the readers of the *Telegraph*, was one other evidence of his participation in the plot. The whole proceedings were worthy of Titus Oates; and we have no doubt that it is not for want of a will that the plot was not developed to greater proportions. Were it not for the sturdiness of the resident magistrates and the police, a bloody massacre would have been the result of this unloosing of the Orange dogs of war.

"The country knows now what unhesitating scoundrelism the managers of the Orange Society can be guilty of. For the gaining of a political object they are ready by deliberate lying to excite to murderous outrage the ignorant hordes that in their pitiable blindness are duped by the landlords and the bigots. As long as these men find that the legislature can be cowed, or English public opinion influenced by such villanies, they will not desist from their work. But the meaning of Belfast loyalty and Belfast outrage is now plain. The people who are supposed to be the monopolizers of all the wealth and intelligence of the country are now shown to be divided into a miserable, prejudiced, ignorant mob, and a set of debased bigots and tricksters, who use the fury of the mob to preserve a wretched religious ascendancy, and give the semblance of truth to the lies by which they bolster up their political claims. No more need be said of the pretensions and professions of the leaders of the Belfast Tories. Like the firebrand that found in them congenial and convenient instruments to raise himself into office, they prostitute their dignities and callings, outrage truth and decency, and even barter human life, for purposes that are as mean as Lord Randolph Churchill's ambitions, and as despicable as the perquisites of his little office."

Not Father Talton.

The First Colored Priest was Ordained by Bishop England.

WHILE Dr. England, bishop of Charleston, S. C., was on a visit to his native city, Cork, he became acquainted with an intelligent negro, an Irishman by birth. After a few interviews with the young man, he conceived the idea of educating him for the priesthood, believing that he would be serviceable in that capacity among the negroes in South Carolina, many of whom were Catholics. Consequently he sent him to France to prepare for holy orders. After spending several years in the seminaries, having completed his studies, the young man came to Charleston, and the bishop ordained him, gave him faculties, and sent him on the mission among his brethren,—so that Father Talton is really not the first colored priest. Strange to say, his people received him very coldly, and in fact gave him to understand that they did not want him—that they preferred white shepherds. This greatly discouraged him, but he labored earnestly for a time, till, finding he could do no good, he resolved to leave them and go to Europe, where he could be better received. Accordingly he started to New York, to take passage to France. Arriving early on a Sunday morning, he concluded to say Mass as usual. St. Peter's being the nearest church, he directed his steps thither. The pastor, Dr. P——, was a native of Cork, like our friend. Having come to the pastoral residence, our friend ascended the steps, rang the bell and inquired for the pastor.

The servant informed him that the Doctor was at breakfast, and, pointing to the basement, said:

"If you wish to see the Doctor, go down there."

Having closed the hall door, the servant ran down to the Doctor, and told him that a "very conceity-looking black man" was coming down to see him on important business.

"Tell him to come in here," said the Doctor.

When our friend entered the room, the Doctor, without rising from the table, bowed politely to the man and said, with a rich Cork accent, "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning kindly," replied our friend, with just as rich a brogue

The Doctor, surprised at the accent, looked carefully at the man, and said to him very inquiringly, "What countryman are you, sir?"

"I'm an Irishman, sir."

"An Irishman!" said the Doctor, still more surprised.

"Yes, sir, an Irishman."

"Then what part of Ireland are you from?"

"I'm from Cork, sir."

"Were you born there?" said the Doctor, perfectly astonished.

"I was, sir," replied our friend.

"What is your occupation?" said the Doctor.

"I have the honor of being a clergyman — a priest."

"A priest!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes, sir," was the answer.

"Who in the name of God, tell me, ordained you?"

"Bishop England, sir," said our friend.

This was too much for the Doctor, so he called the servant to show the man the door. A black priest was, in his opinion, bad enough; but he thought it was carrying the joke too far for the man to try to pass for a Cork man and a priest, ordained by Bishop England, so he motioned towards the door, and said, "Clear off; you are a base impostor!"

"Allow me to show you my credentials," replied our friend, proceeding to unlock his valise. So, having produced the documents, together with some letters of recommendation and his *exeat* from Bishop England, he was permitted to sit down and explain matters.

Even then the Doctor was not altogether convinced till he had questioned him in Latin and on certain theological points. Having received correct answers, in classical Latin, to his questions, he excused himself for his incredulity; "but," said he, "I'm afraid to allow you to say Mass in the church; these New Yorkers are very unruly people, and I'm afraid they would do some damage to you, as they are not at all friendly to the black men. However, I have no objections to allow you to say Mass privately in the basement of the church, or in the house here, whichever you choose."

Our friend, seeing the great prejudice that existed, and having had experience among men of his own color, thought his best policy would be to keep "dark"; so he thanked the Doctor for the privilege, and proceeded very quietly to the chapel in the basement, the Doctor

having told him that he would send over two or three boys to serve his Mass.

When our friend had left, the Doctor called the servant and told her to send for boys to serve that man's Mass.

"What!" exclaimed the girl, "is that colored man a priest?"

"Yes, indeed he is," said the Doctor; "he showed me his papers, and I questioned him. He's all right."

"Oh, glory be to God! wonders will never cease. Well, well, what is it you won't see in America. But did you spake Latin to him, Doctor?"

"Yes, I did, and he speaks Latin very correctly."

So off she went on her message to the altar-boys. After allowing the man sufficient time to vest and get on the altar, her curiosity was so excited she resolved to hear the Mass. She heard the poor man saying Mass as devoutly, and in tones as sweet and correct, as any priest she had heard in the "ould dart." She did not pray much, however, for she kept eyes, mouth, and ears open till the very end of the Mass, and then hastened back to the house to prepare breakfast for him; and she did it willingly, after hearing him say Mass.

It is reported this priest is still living in France, where he received a warm welcome.

Contemptuous Britons: Divorced Actresses.

It is to be hoped that the theatrical trick of advertising the bad reputation of an actress, in order to draw people to see a play, is done with. The female who came here under the "protection" of an English lord, and was expected to empty American pockets, because of her unequivocal position, is about to go home. It will not do for the advocates of the theatre to talk of the morality of actors. An actress, who has been divorced and "re-married," defends the acting profession in the *Brooklyn Magazine*. Madame Patti, who has also been divorced and very lately "re-married," has become the object of attention on the part of nearly all the Mrs. Leo Hunters in New York. Another actress, a "professional beauty," derives prestige from having, it is said, received very particular attention from the Prince of Wales.

Taking the acting profession in the higher ranks, it is hard to find one actor or actress who is living with his or her first conjugal partner. Madame Modjeska is a brilliant exception to a rule that covers a great many cases.

But it must be said that these divorced and "re-married" persons do not advertise their inconstancy as a means of drawing crowds. It remained for the English theatrical emigrant to supplement a limited ability by a breach of the Sixth Commandment, publicly announced. The English complain that Americans in London are a "bad lot." Probably some of them are. But the specimens of English morals and

manners we see here seem to show that a "bad lot" is very much at home in London.

A nobleman comes over here and accepts an invitation to a wedding, appearing with a female who could not be allowed to enter a decent house in London. Then we have the Rev. Mr. Heweis, moral, but very disagreeable and contemptuous of his hosts, and Miss Florence Marryatt, who says boldly that American women must drink brandy in private, because she has not seen them drink it in public. And yet we can hardly blame the "lordly Britisher" for his contempt for the Americans, shown recently by the appearance of the variety actress, heralded (cablegrams) by the enticing announcement that a noble lord had kicked her husband down stairs! A very clever American, one of the editors of our brilliant contemporary, the *Critic*, says Americans are popular in London, but popular after the manner of clowns! They amuse the sleepy British lion; they play the banjo beneath his paws, and stimulate him with mixed jokes and very mixed slang. And they come back, like the lady elocutionist who boasted that the Prince of Wales gave her a button, or some other trifling souvenir, and pose forever afterwards. No wonder the English despise their "kin across the sea."

New York Freeman's Journal.

Boston Herald on the School Question.

THE high ground taken by the archbishop of New York in his pastoral letter, just published, makes the question of sectarian schools one of imminence. The substance of the letter is that, wherever there is a Catholic Church and resident pastor, it is ordered that within two years, except only in cases of extreme difficulty, of which the bishop shall be the judge, a Catholic school shall be established. "All Catholic parents are bound to send their children to the parochial schools." The effect of carrying out this order would be a practical division of the public schools in nearly all the eastern cities and manufacturing towns. We should have schools, carried on at the public cost, for the children of those who believe in secular education, and schools. maintained at private cost, for the children of Roman Catholics. The natural sequence would be a demand, not without reason, on the part of the Roman Catholics, for a division of the school money. The question will then rise whether it is not the course of wisdom, as well as of justice, to make such division of the school money under conditions of public supervision of all schools, with certain standards of secular education to be insisted upon. This is likely to be one of the most important issues in the near future. We believe in public schools for all, limited to secular education, including good morals, leaving religious or sectarian education to the church, the Sunday-school, and the home. But that does not meet the demand of the Roman Catholic Church, though it is satisfactory to a large proportion of the people in that communion. The question should be met fairly, liberally, and without prejudice.

A Christmas Carol.

WHERE was now the young Prince born?
In a stable, bleak and lorn!
Through the broken roof, the sky
Glimmered soft and duskily;
And the Baby's first sweet cry
Moon and stars bent low to hear;
The frost was glittering silver clear.
Baby Prince, what place was this for Thee?
Palace-halls Thine eyes should ope to see.

Was the Prince's cradle-bed,
With fair cunning fashionèd,
Gold of crocus for its hue,
Or like snowdrop clear as dew,
Pearl and emerald gleaming through,
Rainbow draperies falling o'er,
Drifting on a marble floor?
In a manger Baby-limbs were chill;
But the Cross should spread all harder still.

Was a circlet small and brave,
Such as baby brows might have
Laid all glittering, fairy fine,
On a silk-bed hued like wine?
Soft the Baby's locks did shine:
Never gold in all the world
Like the sun-threads twined and curled
In small rings above clear brows of morn;
These shall have one day a crown of thorn,

Were the Prince's baby clothes,
Cloth of silver flushed with rose,
Lustrous purple shot with gold?
Swaddling rags did Him enfold —
Shivered He, and wailed with cold;
And his mother paled, and pressed
Closer to her tender breast
This King's Son, who held His baby-state
In so strange a place and desolate.

Did His Father's courtiers stand
Silken-clad, a shining band,
Bright with jewelled bravery,
And pay the Prince their fealty?
There, no courtier bent the knee,
But the angels in the sky
Sang their pæans, clear and high —
Troop on troop of shining seraphim,
Whose great wings made all the gold stars dim.

Lovely was the Prince's court,
Shepherd lads did there resort
In poor garments and unmeet;
Saw the mother, pale and sweet,
Kiss the Baby's little feet,—
He was all and all to her;
Came three kings, with gold and myrrh,
Guided by a strange star in the air;
Likewise dwelt the meek St. Joseph there.

Ass and oxen gazed all mild
On the mother and the Child
Who had dispossessed them so;
Gazed with great eyes, soft and slow,
Wistful with some patient woe
Yearning on the Baby's face,
On the mother's full of grace.
Love all dumb things better for His sake,
Who with these His first sojourn did make!

Was the Baby fair to see?
Fairer than all flowers that be —
Lovely were the blue, blue eyes,
Large and deep and gravely-wise,
Violets grown in paradise:
Little dimpled hands and feet,
Rosebuds when the June is sweet.
On the silken head the sunset's sheen,
Tenderest lips the world hath ever seen.

Oh, I know His Father's halls —
Golden floor and crystal walls —
Rose all stately far away!
Why did'st leave them, Baby, say!
For the manger filled with hay?
Leave the palace, fair and warm,
For the stable in the storm,
For the earth whose welcome was so poor,
Even the inns 'gainst Thee had closed their door?

In the rapture and the bliss
Where Thy Father's presence is,
Baby mine! Thy heart was sore
For the pain that evermore
Wailed upon the sad earth's shore —
Hearts that broke, and hearts that bled,
Hearts that went uncomforted;
And Thy crown and royal robes did'st doff —
Yea, Thy kingly state Thou did'st put off!

Did'st take pain and poverty,
This Thy birth-place that I see;
Did'st take for Thine own mother
Spouse of a poor carpenter —
Thou did'st cling and cleave to her,
Hid Thy youth in lowliness,
Healed all woe and all distress
For Thy Christship's guerdon and Its fame,
Died upon the Cross, the death of shame!

By the Babe who cried with cold
Ere His first hour waxèd old:
By the Babe who shed His blood
The ninth day of babyhood;
By the Boy so fair and good
On his father's business bent;
By the lovely manhood spent
For all pain and sin and care and loss;
By the broken heart upon the Cross!

To the Christ all love and praise!
In the holy Christmas days;
In the summer and the spring,
In the autumn's long dying.
Alleluia! Christ the King!
Sad hearts, glad hearts, hear the call —
He hath tenderness for all.
Alleluia! chant the praiseful word
For the Babe and Boy and Man and Lord!

KATHARINE TYNAN.

The "Adeste Fideles."

ONCE more the echoes of the angels' song are dying away. The glad music of Christmas and Epiphany has already been subdued by the more solemn strains of Septuagesima, which lead the way to the "feast of penance," when the organ is silent in our churches. If there is one hymn more than another which is associated with Christmas-tide, it is the *Adeste Fideles*. Christmas would hardly be Christmas without it. From the cathedral, where its melody is underlaid with rich harmony, to the little mission chapel with its tiny choir of school-children, the *Adeste* is an indispensable accompaniment of the Christmas Masses and Benedictions. The melody, apart from the words, has a popularity of its own. We hear it in military bands at a soldier's funeral, and in the village Protestant Church, where the "barrel-organ" still holds sway — if such church still remain in these days of "restoration" — we find it among the limited selection of tunes: not, indeed, set to its own proper words, but to a metrical version of the ninety-fourth Psalm, which begins: "O come, loud anthems let us sing." Ask a performer in the band, or him who turns the handle of the barrel-organ, the name of the tune, and the answer will be "The Portuguese Hymn."

Now comes the curious part of the matter. The origin of this deservedly-popular melody is, so far as I can ascertain, unknown; and of the source whence the words come we are equally ignorant. I venture to think, therefore, that it may interest some readers of *The Irish Monthly*" if I put before them the state of our knowledge with regard to the *Adeste;* and if the result is to clear up a mystery — or a pair of mysteries — which has baffled wiser heads than mine, my display of ignorance will, I hope, be condoned on account of the benefit which has accrued therefrom.

The only point on which we can be clear is, how the name "The Portuguese Hymn" originated. This is explained by Vincent Novello, in a note added to his printed copy (1843), which runs thus:

"This piece obtained its name of 'The Potuguese Hymn' from the accidental circumstance of the Duke of Leeds, who was a director of the Concerts of Ancient Music many years since (about 1785), having heard the hymn first performed at the Portuguese Chapel, and who, supposing it to be peculiar to the service in Portugal, introduced the melody to the Ancient Concerts, giving it the title of 'The Portuguese Hymn,' by which appellation the favorite and popular tune has ever since been distinguished; but it is by no means confined to the choir of the Portuguese chapel, being the regular Christmas hymn that is sung in every Catholic chapel throughout England."

The tune is often attributed, as by Novello, to John Reading, and supposed to date from about 1680. There were two John Readings,—one a pupil of Dr. Blow; the other known as Reading of Winchester, the composer of *Dulce Domum*, and of graces with Latin words. As the first was not born until 1677, his claims may be set aside, if the date 1680 is of any value. Mr. W. H. Cummings is inclined to think that Reading of Winchester (who died in 1692) was the composer, but there is no direct evidence of this. The idea that the tune is of Plain Chant origin may be set aside at once. It does not seem to exist in any of the older *paroissiens;* nor can I find it in any foreign books, save such as are of recent date. But if Reading composed the tune, did he compose it for the words to which it is now all but universally sung; and if so, where did he find the words?

For this brings us to our second difficulty. Whence come the words — the Latin originals, I mean, for we will speak of translations afterwards. There has been, from time to time, a good deal of correspondence in "Notes and Queries" about the *Adeste*, from which I glean some of my facts; but the two questions, "Who composed the tune?" "What is the origin of the words?" still remain unanswered. The "Appendix to the Hymnal Noted," says, "fifteenth or sixteenth century." In the "Thesaurus Animæ Christianæ" (London: 1857), it is headed: "*Alia Sequentia in Nativitate Domini* (Ex Graduali Cisterciensi);" but no investigation has brought the said Gradual to light.

The *Adeste* occurs in modern French *paroissiens* and German hymn-books, but not as we sing it in England and Ireland. When M. Gounod gave a series of concerts at the Albert Hall, some twelve years or so back, the *Adeste* was performed, but the version sung was that current in France and Germany, and three out of the four verses were new to Englishmen. It is to be noted that these verses fit well with those we all know, and form a harmonious whole. This is how it runs in the "Thesaurus" above cited:

1 Adeste fideles, læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem!
Natum videte Regem Angelorum,
Venite adoremus Dominum!

2 Deum de Deo, Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera;
Deum verum, genitum non factum!
Venite adoremus Dominum!

3 En, grege relicto, humiles ad cunas
Vocati pastores adproperant;
Et nos ovanti gradu festinemus:
Venite adoremus Dominum!

4 Æterni Parentis splendorem æternum,
Velatum sub carne videbimus
Deum infantem, pannis involutum,
Venite adoremus Dominum!

5 Pro nobis egenum et fœno cubantem
Piis foveamus amplexibus:
Sic nos amantem, quis non redamaret?
Venite adoremus Dominum!

6 Cantet nunc hymos* chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium:
Gloria in excelsis Deo!
Venite adoremus Dominum!

7 Ergo, qui natus es die hodierno,
Jesu, tibi sit gloria:
Patris æterni Verbum caro factum:
Venite adoremus Dominum!

In English Catholic prayer-books, verses 1, 2, 6, and 7 are those universally printed; in French † and German books, verses 1, 3, 4, and 5 are usually given, though not always. A writer in "Notes and Queries" (5th Series, xi., 331, April 26, 1879), gives another verse, which I have not myself seen elsewhere. It runs:

Stella duce, Magi Christum adorantes,
Aurum thus et myrrham dant munera;
Jesu infanti corda præbeamus:
Venite adoremus Dominum!

In Catholic churches the words are almost, if not quite always, sung in Latin; the hymn being often sung as a motet at Benediction. In the Protestant churches the most usual rendering is that given in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," of which this is the first verse:

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him, born the King of angels;
O come let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

This version is based on the translation made by the Very Rev. Canon Oakley, then the Protestant minister of Margaret Chapel, London, of which the first verse was as follows:

Ye faithful, approach ye, joyfully triumphing,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem;
Come and behold ye, born the King of Angels;
O come let us worship Christ the Lord.

The date of this would be about 1844, and it has been commonly thought to be the earliest English version; but a correspondent of "Notes and Queries," for August 30, 1879 (5th Series, xi., 173), writes:

* In most versions "Io."

† In the *Office Paroissial* of the diocese of Orleans the four verses run as in the version used in England.

"The hymn was very commonly sung in the Lancashire churches certainly in 1820 (as my hymn-books show) to the following words:

Ye faithful, triumphant enter into Bethlehem,
Enter, oh, enter with joy of heart:
Tidings, glad tidings, sent from heavenly angels:
Oh, come let us adore the Lord.

We need not give the whole of this version. There is yet another, however, which we learn from "Notes and Queries" (5th Series, xi., 418) was "used in a (Protestant) church in Guernsey, about the year 1820, certainly not later than 1823," of which the first verse is:

Exulting, triumphing come from every nation,
Come hither to Bethlehem, your offerings bring;
Come and behold One born for your salvation—
Oh, come let us adore Him, Christ our King.

This is, I believe, about all that is known of the history of the *Adeste*. It will be seen that it amounts to very little; and I am not without hope that by thus drawing attention to the fact, further light may be thrown upon it.

JAMES BRITTEN, F. L. S., in *Irish Monthly*.

George Chester's Ghost: A Christmas Story.

IT was Christmas Eve. The night was fine, with a shining moon and clear, bestar-spangled sky; fresh and frosty, as a fine Christmas should be, and just a half inch of recently-fallen snow on the streets and pavement. The footsteps of the passers-by had that peculiar ring only heard on a frosty night, though it was somewhat deadened by the snow. A few vehicles were passing by, taking pleasure-seekers home to bed, for it was late, and now and then a cheery greeting and answer rang through the still air.

Inside, at Cheshire Lodge—a small but comfortable-looking house in one of the manufacturing towns of the north—everything was bright and cosy. The curtains were drawn in the dining-room, a bright fire was blazing, and Brian Chester was standing before it, leaning against the mantel-piece, his hands in his pockets, his legs stretched out, and his eyes fixed moodily on his toes. However bright it might be outside, however warm and comfortable inside, the master of the house was "out of sorts," and there was every promise that his Christmas would be the reverse of a happy one.

Brian Chester was some fifty years of age. He was of middle height, square-shouldered, and rather thick-set. His dark, crisp hair matched well his close, round beard just beginning to grizzle, and the black, quick eye, which, together with the firm, thin lips, bespoke a sharpness of understanding, and a steadiness, almost obstinacy, of purpose. He was a man of some importance at Blissborough, for, by his

persevering efforts and straightforward dealing, he had not only won the good-will of his fellow-citizens, but also had acquired considerable wealth; and he was now a well-to-do merchant, with well-stocked warehouses and a large connection. George, his brother, had died some five years back, leaving his wife and four children — of whom the eldest, also named George, was then in his nineteenth year — partly, though not wholly, dependent on Brian. Brian had acted nobly towards the fatherless children. The younger ones he educated; the eldest was taken into his own business, and on this same Christmas Eve he held a post which many would have considered too high and of too great responsibility for one of his age.

Even now, as he was standing before the fire, Brian Chester's thoughts went back five years. He was again at his brother's bedside, holding the thin, white hand, listening to the weak, low voice as it gasped out its last words before the fast-fleeting breath left the body. Again he caught his brother's dying request: "You'll be a father to him, Brian?" and he almost heard his reply, "I will, George; believe me, I will." But there was apparently little or no affection in his heart to-night; to judge from his looks, he was as cold and hard as the iron palings outside his window. What had put him out?

Brian had been absent from Blissborough some months on business and had returned that very afternoon. During his absence affairs had been in charge of a confidential manager, who sent constant and full reports of everything connected with the business; and in reply to his inquiries, Chester received very satisfactory accounts of his nephew's conduct and attention to his duties. On arriving in London, however, he met with an acquaintance from Blissborough, and from him he learned that George had fallen into evil ways, that on a certain night he had disgraced himself, and that he had taken up with some wild young fellows, and, likely enough, was by this time as bad as any of them. "It was known all over Blissborough," the informant said. Then Chester gave way to one of those harsh, fitful moods which occasionally came over him, contrary to his usually generous and noble disposition. "The boy shall pay for it," he said; and he determined to cast him off completely and irrevocably, not only from his care and from the expectations to which he had given him cause to look forward, but even from his place in the office. "He has disgraced himself, and he shall pay for it, though he is my brother's son. I'll not have a young drunkard hanging about after me." So, on arriving at Blissborough, Chester called at his lawyer's. Mr. Wiles was out, and would not be in till late — very late. "No matter," said Chester; "let him come to me to-night — however late it may be — and let him bring two witnesses."

This, then, is the secret of Brian Chester's ill-humor to-night: his nephew's dissipation and his lawyer's delay.

"Plague on him!" said Chester, stamping with impatience; "why doesn't he come? — close on eleven," he added, looking at his watch. Then he sat himself at the table, and, taking up one of the sheets of blue foolscap paper lying on it, began to read. These papers were legal documents. One was evidently of some years' standing, for it had been folded, and was slightly discolored, and the envelope in which

it had been close and sealed was lying by. The other paper was neither creased nor discolored, and the writing was quite fresh. The first document began: "The will of me, Brian Chester, of Cheshire Lodge, Blissborough, in the county of ——." Then, after a statement of his property, came the "I will and bequeath," by which he left several sensible legacies to his parish church, schools, and poor, to some of the charities with which he was connected, to a few of his assistants in the warehouses and office, and to his "faithful servants Bridget and Agnes Ryan;" and finally, "I appoint my dear nephew and godson, George Brian Chester, son of my late brother, George Chester, to be residuary legatee." It had been signed and witnessed in due form five years previously. The new will was very different. After "I will and bequeath" came all the hospitals and charities in Blissborough, not forgetting the Dogs' Hospital and the Asylum for Stray Cats, each institution coming in for a driblet; the "faithful servants" were omitted; while "to my nephew, George Brian Chester, I leave the sum of one shilling,— an equivalent for the value which he has set upon my advice and affection."

Brian Chester read these words over to himself, and was pleased with them; and "He shall pay for it," he said, "he shall surely pay for it." But still, as he looked through the long list of legacies, and thought of the many good works to which his money should go, something whispered to him, "Be just before you are generous, Brian Chester."

Just then the door opened, and Bridget, the housemaid, came in, smiling and looking her best; for she had determined to lay siege to "the master's" goodwill, and get leave for herself and her sister Agnes, or at all events for one of them, to spend to-morrow afternoon and evening with their parents at the "Gardens," a row of cottages some couple of miles from Cheshire Lodge. But she soon saw that "the master" was in no mood for granting favors, so she put off her request to a more seasonable time. As she entered, Chester looked up, and, forgetting that he had not rung for her, ordered whiskey and hot water. When it came, he poured himself out a glass and went on with his reading.

After a while the sound of wheels was heard, and a cab drove up to the door, and then Bridget brought in Mr. Wiles. First making an apology for being so late, and stating that two clerks of his who lived close by were in the hall, waiting to act as witnesses, the lawyer proceeded to business. Chester handed him the new will, and desired him to look through it and see if all was according to law. Wiles read it through, and when he had done so he said, "But surely, Chester, you'll never sign that will?" "I *will* sign it," replied the other. "But it's cruel, perhaps unjust! If anything is wrong, give him a chance of mending; consider——" "It's no use talking, Wiles; I've made up my mind, and there's an end of it." Seeing that it was useless to argue with him, for the lawyer knew well the man with whom he was dealing, Wiles called in the two witnesses.

The room was a good-sized one, taking up the whole depth of the house. Chester was seated at the table facing the window; the fireplace was on the right, the door in the farther corner, on the left.

Wiles was sitting at Chester's right hand, the two clerks standing near on the other side, looking on. All was ready, and Chester dipped his pen into the ink and prepared to sign his name to the will. At that moment the clock struck twelve, and the chimes from St. Mary's close by set up a merry peal. "Christmas Day," said one of the clerks.

This exclamation caused Chester to look up. As he did so, his eye fell upon the indistinct figure of a man in front of him between the table and the window. It was his brother George! Indistinct at first, but as he gazed at it spellbound, it became clearer and clearer, till he could recognize every feature and distinguish almost every hair and vein. It was George just as he saw him on the night of his death. The body was a little thrown forward, in an attitude of attention; the collar of his shirt loose, as it was that night, showing the protruding collar-bones and the wasted chest. One hand, white and almost transparent, rested on the table, the other hung by his side. The high forehead, from which the brown hair was brushed back, was pale as marble, and so were the hollow cheeks and temples, and the pinched nose. The eyes were staring fixedly, in a ghastly manner, and there was no light in the sunken eyeballs. The mouth was half-open, as though speaking, yet the white lips did not move; but Chester felt rather than heard: "You'll be a father to him, Brian?" Then the figure gradually faded away.

"Mr. Chester, sir! Gracious heavens, Chester. What's the matter with you? Are you ill?"

Thus recalled, Chester felt that the color had left his cheeks, and that a cold sweat was on his forehead. But he roused himself. "Its nothing," he said,— "a little faint; I shall be all right presently." Then he added, "I'll not sign it to-night. In a day or two I'll see you. Good-night." So they left; and later on Chester went to bed.

He rose late next morning, after a restless night, much disturbed by what had taken place. But still he had not changed his mind towards his nephew. George was to be disinherited in punishment for his misdeeds. He would put off for a day or two signing the new will, but the scapegrace should be cut off with a shilling, and he would have nothing more to do with any of the family.

As he went along to Mass everything was in contrast with his state of mind. People were greeting each other in the streets, and stopping to wish each other "A Happy Christmas;" the bells were ringing joyfully, and the bright sun and blue sky added to the general gladness. At Mass everything spoke of peace. The flowers and candles on the altar, the decorations on the walls, the singing, all had one theme —"Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra *pax;*" peace on earth. The sermon told of peace, of peace between God and man, through the coming of the Prince of Peace. The *Adeste* sang of joy through peace.

Mass over, he went to the crib, and as he knelt there, offering a welcome, unworthy, as he felt himself, to the Infant Saviour, and looking upon the face of the Child in the manger, it came to his mind how George, his nephew, was once a little innocent child, with round rosy face and little dimpled arms; how he had delighted in his smile, and how he had welcomed every sign of recognition. He thought, too, how

he had once stood at that very font on which his eyes rested — for his brother lived in Blissborough at that time — and held little George while the waters of baptism were poured over him. Then his heart softened. "I have been too hard," he said, "and too hasty." After a while he got up, went into the sacristy, and asked to see one of the Fathers; when he came out again he had found peace.

"I shall not dine at home to-day," he said to Bridget, as she opened the door to him on his return.

"Not dine at home, sir?"

"No; I am going to Skipley. You and Agnes can go to the Gardens, and take the dinner with you.

Skipley, where Chester's sister-in-law and her children lived, was five miles from Blissborough, and was reached by train. Chester arrived just as his relatives were sitting down to table. They were much surprised at his coming, for, as George had gone to meet him the previous day, and had not seen him, they concluded that he had not yet arrived from abroad. But the welcome given him was hearty, for "Uncle Brian" was naturally a great favorite. As the dinner went on, Eileen, his sister-in-law, was sending the servant for wine, excusing herself for not having provided any. "We have all joined the League," she said. Chester would not allow any wine to be brought, saying that he would be quite satisfied with whatever the others took. As the meal advanced he noticed that there was no reserve about young George; his evident pleasure at his uncle's presence seemed to show that he had nothing to be ashamed of. "How like his father he is getting!" thought Chester, while once or twice, as the young man bent forward, listening attentively to something being said, Chester started, for he was painfully reminded of what he had seen on the previous night.

Some neighbors were expected in after dinner, and while the young people were getting everything ready Chester took the opportunity of having a talk with Eileen about George, and questioning her about his misconduct. She told him that shortly after Chester had started on his journey abroad George had joined in some festivities with his college friends, that he had taken too much to drink, and had acted very foolishly in consequence, but the next day, regretting his fault most bitterly, he resolved that, as far as was in his power, he would never again put himself in the like danger, and he had taken the pledge. The rest of the family soon after joined him, as well to encourage George as fearing lest they themselves might be found weak in time of temptation. "Well done, Eileen," said Chester. "I think I must join you in the good work; I will see Father John about it to-morrow."

With that one exception — and that was, perhaps, a fault of weakness rather than of malice — George was everything that could be wished, his mother said. "And, Brian," she continued, "you cannot think how thankful I am that you have come. A dread feeling came over me last night, and I have been in fear and trembling that some misfortune was going to happen."

The guests arrived and everything went well. Chester was in

good spirits, and made himself exceedingly agreeable to every one. He chatted pleasantly with the elders, romped with the younger ones, joined heartily in the round games, and seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. He contrived to have a little private talk with two or three whom he knew best, and for whose opinion he had esteem, and discussed George's future and the likelihood of his following the steady ways of his father; and he was pleased to find that all spoke highly of his nephew, and gave him an excellent character.

So Chester returned home a happier man than he had been in the morning. Alone in his room, he went to the writing-table, and unlocking a drawer, took out one of the sheets of blue paper, looked at it, folded it, thew it into the fire, and watched it burning. It was the new will. When it was consumed he took the other sheet of paper and placed it in a large envelope; this he sealed with red wax, and wrote outside in large letters, "My will," and then locked it in the drawer. Then taking out his cheque-book, he wrote out a cheque payable to "George B. Chester," which, with a short note, he placed in an envelope stamped and directed, ready to go to the post in the morning; and now, lighting his candle, he went up to bed. As he opened the door to leave the room, his eyes instinctively glanced to where he had seen his brother's form last night. Nothing was there; but he muttered, as though addressing some one: "*I will* be a father to him, George; believe me, I will." And then he went on more gayly, "After all, it has been a happy Christmas."

REV. W. H. COLOGAN, in *Irish Monthly*.

Christmas on the Plantation.

How pleasant were those Christmas times on the plantation! writes a Southern lady. When I close my eyes the sights and sounds of those dear, dead days come back, like ghosts that will not be laid. Long before day we were awakened by singing under the windows:

"It's Christmiss Day, it's Christmiss Day, it's Christmiss in de mornin',
And you and me we'll tuk a round afore de early dawnin',
De dawnin', de dawnin',
De star shine in de mornin',
My Christ was borned, and that you knows, dis blessed Christmiss mornin'."

There were many other verses, but I remember them imperfectly. They used to get the "Apostles" and "Wise Men of the East" terribly mixed up in those Christmas chants. Peter, James, and John were brought to the manger.

"And dar dey sees de blessed babe a-sleepin' in de manger,
My Christ wot comed to sabe de world and snatch your soul from danger."

Then when the master came to the door he was hoisted in triumph on the shoulders of the men, and marched around until he was very tired of his perch. Present-making was next in order, and no one was neglected. However sad the memories of slave times must be to the freedman, I think Christmas Day must always stand out in bright relief from the surrounding darkness.

Death's Secret.

Grim warder of the sightless clay,
That crumbles 'neath thy granite gray,
What vainly would your ruin say
Of dust and death,
Of one who was, and passed away,—
A fitful breath?

I see thy stone corroded lie
Where grasses dank and nettles vie
To seal thy secret from the eye
Of prying wonder:
Is it thus the deeds of time must die?
Who sleepeth under?

What Crichton of the days of yore
Wrought thy legend from his lore,
And traced thy mimic crypt and door
With crook and crotchet,
Till Time with fingers deft slid o'er,
And blurred and blotched it?

Ah! would thy stony tongue might tell
What thoughts in sleeping ashes dwell;
Then he who sought this little cell,
When Life proved faithless,
Might warn us how to spend it well,
To make it deathless.

Who knows?—Some warring soul that led
His minions to their gory bed;
Who hoped by blood in battle shed
To live in story,
Till Death tore from his victor head
The bays of glory.

A hunter, speeding swift at morn,
To catch the early echoes borne
Of horse and hound and fox forlorn;
Poor reckless rover!
Ere eve, he knew what Elfin horn
Bade him to cover.

Some poet-seer, who would inspire
To ecstacy of bardic fire,

The raptures of his lyric lyre,
And win a name
Plinlimmon Modred might desire,
Or Hoel claim.*

Mayhap some Capulet — the pride
And prude of the far country side,
Whose love was sworn but to deride
The wound it made
And be a plighted blushing bride —
In masquerade.

Surmise is vain when none may know!
To me this wreck and ruin show
That Death in Death is still a foe
That gives no quarter,
E'en from our urns with toothful crow
He thieves the mortar.

J. H. GAVIN.

Smoking and Heart Disease.

IN a report by Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, on immoderate smoking and its effects upon the heart, it is stated that the latter show themselves chiefly by rapid, irregular palpitation of the heart, disturbances in the region of the heart, short breath, languor, sleeplessness, etc. Dr. Frantzel says that, if the causes of these complaints are inquired into, it is generally found that the patients are great smokers. They may not smoke cigars rich in nicotine, but full-flavored cigars imported from the Havanas. Smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years, perhaps for twenty years and longer, although by degrees cigars of a finer flavor are chosen. But all at once, without any assignable cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which rapidly increase, and compel the sufferer to call in the help of the medical man. It is strange that persons consuming cigars of ordinary quality, even if they smoke them very largely, rarely are attacked in that way. The excessive use of cigarettes has not been known to give rise to similar troubles, although it is the cause of complaints of a different nature. The age at which disturbances of the heart become pronounced varies very much. It is but rare that patients are under thirty years of age; they are mostly between forty and sixty years old. Persons who are able to smoke full-flavored Havanas continue to do so up to their death. If we look around among the better classes of society, who, it is well known,

* "Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped-head,
Vocal no more,
To high-born Hoel's harp"—*The Bard.*

are the principal consumers of such cigars, it is astonishing to find how many persons with advancing years discontinue smoking. As a rule, affection of the heart has caused them to abjure the weed. In such cases, the patient has found the best cure without consulting the medical man. If he makes up his mind to discontinue smoking at once, the complaint frequently ceases at once; in other instances, it takes some time before the action of the heart is restored to its normal state. In such cases, besides discontinuing smoking, relief must be sought also by regulating the diet, taking only easily digestible food, light beer and wine in moderate quantities, abjuring coffee, as well as by short walks, residence among mountains of moderate elevation, and suitable interior treatment. By taking this course, all symptoms disappear in the course of a year, and do not reappear if the patient does not recommence smoking. In a third category of cases, the more acute disturbances leave the patient; he feels well and hearty, but an irregularity of the heart, more or less pronounced, is left behind. It has not yet been determined what it is that makes smoking injurious; but this much appears certain, that it does not depend upon the amount of nicotine which cigars may contain.

Scientific American.

Christmas in New England.

THE readiness with which the South has adopted the New England Thanksgiving Day as a custom leads the Atlanta *Constitution* to say that that "should induce the North to take hold of the Southern Christmas." "The New Englanders," it says, "have never made Christmas a very festive holiday." The Puritans and their descendants for many years did not, it is true, look upon Christmas as did their Southern neighbors, the Cavaliers. But the growth of the Catholic and Episcopalian churches in this section long since introduced the custom of Christian observances, and the beautiful festival is now celebrated here in as hearty a fashion as anywhere in the country. The Calvinistic and other orthodox churches, which formerly frowned upon the observance as savoring too much of "Papacy," now vie with their sister churches in Christmas decorations and services. Even the Unitarian churches, that look upon the Christ-child with different eyes than their co-workers, recognize His natal day as a time of rejoicing over the "glad tidings" that proclaimed His birth. The churches, the shops, the streets, the homes, and chimney corners of New England bear as unmistakable evidence of the approach and advent of Christmas as do those of the South. It has come to be the most joyous and universal festival of the year, as it deserves to be. And it is already in the air that "Christmas is coming."

STYLE is the dress of thoughts. — *Chesterfield.*

Important Pastoral Letter.

The Church on the Rights of Property.

THE important synod of the clergy of the archdiocese of New York, held in that city, is likely to have, in its reflex action, a commanding influence over the whole country; and no more timely or weighty document has ever been issued, than the pastoral letter, which his Grace, Archbishop Corrigan, has written to the faithful of his charge. The letter is very long, and states that —

On the 17th and 18th of November, the Fifth Diocesan Synod of New York was held, in which the Decrees not only of the Provincial Council, but also of the late Plenary Council of Baltimore, were solemnly promulgated in the accustomed form of the Church; and that he has thought it advisable to bring to the notice of the people such portions of this legislation as it may be useful to know, in order that, knowing the law, the ymay labor all the more earnestly for its observance, and that the end proposed in convoking the Synod — the glory of God and the welfare of souls — may be more abundantly and efficaciously attained. For the sake of clearness and convenience, the points to which attention is specially directed may be grouped under the following heads: Faith, Christian Education, Means of Promoting Piety, Ecclesiastical Discipline.

In the section on Faith, the letter says: —

Like the sentinel on the ramparts of a city under siege, a highly important duty of a bishop's office is to be quick in discerning dangerous movements and prompt in sounding timely alarm. Therefore, we commend you, brethren, to be zealously on your guard against certain unsound principles and theories which assail the rights of property. Thev are loudly proclaimed in our day, and are espoused by many who would not wilfully advocate what is wrong. It is the fair-seeming of those theories which captivate the minds of many, inasmuch as they abound in promise of large benefit to those who are in sorest need The distress of the poor is to be relieved, and the burden of the toiler lightened,— results which the Church, with a true mother's love, would most gladly see accomplished whenever and wherever just means are used to reach the desired end. But the Church is not the fickle creature of a day, apt to be caught by specious theories, or ready to change her course with capricious unsteadiness. She is the guardian of God's unchanging truth, and the dispenser of the treasures of His wisdom; and her office, in her long and glorious march down the ages, has always been — in spite of fierce attack from without or base treachery from within — to save the true from all alliance with the false—gathering the one to her loving embrace, and smiting the other with her malediction. Hers is the noble task not only of directing the actions of mankind, but also of guiding their very thoughts; because she never is unmindful that thought is the parent of action, and that sound principles are the only solid foundation for pure morality. Hence, when any thought finds a welcome abode in the mind, and becomes so clear to him who harbors it as to shape itself into a principle, it is a duty to scan closely its character and its bearing, and to trace its possible course, from the quiet haven of the mind to the open main of public fact. However fair or shapely or attractive it may seem to the unwary, it should not be accepted by the prudent unless it is formed of elements that are altogether sound and pure. A flaw in its foundation represents a proportionate insecurity in the building raised upon it.

Starting from these premises, which no sane man can deny, we invite you to consider in their light the principles about the rights of property against which we deem it our solemn duty to give you some words of warning.

First of all, you must understand in its true sense the statement that "all men are born equal." It does not mean that one man may not even surpass others in power

of mind, or strength of body, or beauty of form; since it is a well-established fact that no two men are exactly alike in all respects. All men are, indeed, equal in that they are all destined to the same ultimate end, have the same essence, endowed with the same faculties wherewith to attain that end. Each one has the faculties of sensation and understanding, for the purposes of animal and intellectual life. Each one has the grand endowment of free-will, with the power to raise both animal and intellectual life to the dignity of the moral order, by directing his whole being and his deeds towards his supreme end—which is God. This power and freedom in directing his actions towards their last end are the essential *rights* of man.

Now, just as by training, a man may bring the faculties of sense and understanding to higher stages of excellence, whilst in essence they remain the same, so, too, may a man, by care and industry, bring his moral faculties to a wider range and a fuller development of power and activity, without their ceasing to be his rights. For right may be defined as "the moral faculty which each one has for what is his or what is due to him." And, beyond all doubt, every man has a perfect right to all the means necessary for him to reach his last end. Besides, as everything else in the world has for its end to subserve the uses of man,—he is in consequence entitled to their use in pursuing their destiny. Wherefore to prove that man has a right to any particular object in God's universe, we need only to prove that such object is necessary to him in his last end, or even useful, provided the rights of others are respected. This truth once established, the rest of mankind must acknowledge that right, and are bound in conscience to pay it the duty of respect. Hence, although it is hotly debated, now-a-days, whether or not a man can have the right of property or ownership of land, you must not be led by abuses, however flagrant, or by theories, however specious, to run the risk of embracing falsehood for truth. Aim, first of all, at having a clear idea of what is meant by the right of property. It is, then, the moral faculty of claiming an object as one's own, and of disposing, both of the object and its utility, according to one's will, without any rightful interference on the part of others. It is universally admitted that man has the right to the use of certain things; but that any man can acquire the right to possess a thing as his own, to the seclusion of others, is sometimes vehemently denied. And among the plausible reasons brought forward in support of this denial is the allegation that, all being equal, no man has a right to exclude others, who have rights as strong as his; not from the free air of heaven, not from the clear light of day, not (they add) from the earth and its farm-lands.

Undoubtedly, God made the earth for the use of all mankind; but whether the possession thereof was to be in common, or by individual ownership, was left for reason to determine. Such determination — judging from the facts of history, the sanction of law, from the teaching of the wisest and the actions of the best and bravest of mankind — has been, and is, that man can, by lawful acts, become possessed of the right of ownership in property, and not merely in its use. The reason is because a man is strictly entitled to that of which he is the producing cause to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both. But it is clear that, in a farm, for instance, which one has, by patient toil, improved in value; in a block of marble out of which one has chiselled a perfect statue; he cannot fully enjoy the improvement he has caused, unless he have also the right to own the object thus improved. He has a strict right—and evil are the laws and systems which ignore it—either to ownership and enjoyment, or to a full compensation for the improvement which is his. To strive to base an argument against ownership in land, by reasoning on the universal distribution of air and light, is only a freak of the imagination. Human industry cannot scatter a cloud from before the face of the sun, nor lift a fog that may be freighted with damaging vapors. We take the air and the light as God gives them; and we owe Him thanks for His bounty. It was only the earth which fell under the primeval curse when man had sinned, and only the earth, not the air or light, which man's industrious toil can coax back to something like its original fruitfulness. When he has done so, his just reward is to enjoy the result without hindrance from others. Even in such a necessary, abundant, and free commodity as water, if a man, by artificial means, congeals a portion of it into ice, is he not entitled to enjoy its exclusive ownership? Can he not demand for it, with justice, a compensation equivalent to his industry? Once deny the right of ownership, and

you sow the seed of stagnation in human enterprise. Who would burrow the earth to draw forth its buried treasures, if the very mine he was working were at the mercy of the passer-by whom its riches might attract? Who would watch with eagerness the season when to sow and to reap, and to gather the harvest, which is the very fruit of his labors, if he is told that those who stand by the wayside idle are equally entitled to its enjoyment? True, indeed, in many painful instances, the rights of the toiler are trampled on, and the fruits of his labor are snatched from his grasp. True, this is done too frequently, with the concurrence, or at least the connivance, of law. This is the evil that needs redress, but such redress can never be brought about by denying a fundamental right or by perpetrating a radical wrong. Seek rather for redress of such irksome grievances by the wise methods which the Church of Christ is forever teaching, though her voice may pass unheeded by the great ones of the earth. How wisely does our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., touch with a master hand the dangerous theories against which we warn you! In his Encyclical *Quod Apostolici muneris*, the Vicar of Christ says of those whose errors he condems: —

"They assail *the right of property which is sanctioned by the natural law*, and by a stupendous crime, while they seem to provide for the wants of men and to satisfy their wishes, they strive to seize and hold in common whatever has been acquired either by lawful inheritance, or by labor of brain and hands, or by one's own economy. They do not, indeed, cease to repeat, as we have intimated, that all men are by nature equal, one with another. According, on the contrary, to the teaching of the Gospel, the equality of men is this: that, having all of them received the same nature, they are all called to the same exalted dignity of the sons of God; as also that one and same end being appointed to all, each is to be judged by the seme law, receiving reward or punishment according to his desert. But inequality in authority and power flows from the very Author of nature, "of whom all paternity is named in Heaven and on earth." . . . But Catholic wisdom, based on the precepts of natural and Divine law, provides most carefully for public and domestic tranquility by which she holds and teaches regarding the right of ownership and the division of goods required for the needs and uses of life. For while Socialists traduce the law of property as a human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of men, and—desiring a community of goods—hold that poverty should not be endured with a contented mind, the Church much better and usefully, recognizes the inequality that exists among men, who differ by nature in strength of mind and body (as they do in wordly possessions), and commands that the right of property and ownership, derived from nature itself, be held intact by all, and inviolate. . . . Yet not on that account does their loving Mother neglect the case of the poor, or cease to take thought for their necessities; nay, embracing them with maternal affection, and knowing well that they bear the likeness of Christ Himself, who considers a kindness done to the least of His poor as done to Himself, she holds them in great honor, assists them in every way she can, provides homes and hospitals, in all parts of the earth, for their reception, nourishment, and care, and takes them under her own loving guardianship With the very strongest precepts she urges the rich to give of their superabundance to the poor, and holds over them the Divine judgment, that unless they succor the wants of the needy they shall be punished with everlasting tortures. Finally, she vehemently comforts and consoles the minds of the poor, whether by putting before them the example of Christ, who, *although he was rich, for our sake became poor*; or by recalling His words in which He proclaimed the poor blessed, and bade them hope for the reward of eternal happiness."

Now, who does not see that this is the best way of settling this struggle of long standing between the poor and the rich? For — as the very evidence of thought and facts proves to demonstration, — if this basis of settlement be set aside or rejected, one of the two things must happen: either the greater part of the human race will fall back into the basest condition of slavery, which long prevailed among the Pagans, or human society is to be shaken by continual disturbances, afflicted by thefts and robberies, such as we grieve to have occurred even in our own days.

The luminous words of the Holy Father need no comment. Accept his supreme teaching, dear brethren, with the loving docility that becomes dutiful children, and give no ear to those, whoever they may be, who preach a different gospel.

The pastoral next treats of Christian education, and commands that, within two years every Catholic church where there is a resident pastor must have an efficient Catholic school.

The third section speaks of the "Means of Promoting Piety."

The fourth head deals with "Ecclesiastical Discipline," and abolishes the system of entrance fees to Masses at the churches on Sunday, and makes regulations for the celebration of the marriage ceremony, and funerals and interments.

Rev. Dr. Moriarty on Capital and Labor.

REV. Dr. J. J. MORIARTY, pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, Syracuse, N. Y., spoke freely and strongly of the widespread corruption existing in every station of political life. Bribery seems to hold almost uninterrupted sway from top to bottom. Those holding the lowest position have to bribe those but one step higher than themselves. The very "ashmen" in our large cities have to conciliate the sub-inspectors; the saloon keepers have to be more than friendly to the police; and hence this magnificent republic is being surely undermined by those who ought to be willing to sacrifice anything in order to sustain it. "I have known the purchase of votes to have been shamelessly carried on in public. The man who sells his vote is worthy of contempt, it is true, but far more contemptible is the moneyed wretch who leads into temptation the miserably poor. Honest and intelligent laborers are beginning to feel their power, and to show it to the world. It is time they should. The great struggle of the near future, and even of the present, is the conflict of capital and labor. There is too much oppression on the side of capital—the rich are becoming richer and the poor are becoming poorer. There are in New York City 200,000 women, and oftentimes many others depending on these, who have to depend on their needle for a miserable pittance while the contractors are becoming enormously rich. I do not coincide with the views of Mr. George, for they are, to a certain extent, European; but the question will be more and more agitated, and it certainly deserves great attention. Mr. George has an able supporter in the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, one of the ablest, most zealous, charitable, and broad-minded clergymen in America. Although I do not coincide with many of his views, yet I hold him in the highest esteem. There is one thing certain, that as long as the world lasts there must necessarily be, considering the vast differences among men in their physical, moral, and mental strength, inequalities as to the position, rank, wealth, and influence; yet a vast deal can be done, and should be done, to remove oppression, to ameliorate the condition of the workingmen, and to remove all manifest injustice. *Suum cuique.* Give every man his due, or, in other words, while giving to God our highest worship and obedience, we should give to Cæsar, i. e., to the state, the family, our neighbors, all that strict justice demands we should render unto them, and we shall thus be fulfilling one of the first and greatest principles of Christianity.

New Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia.

THE translation of the able and patriotic bishop of Galway to the archiepiscopal see of Melbourne must naturally turn the attention of the Irish people to the city that is to be the scene of Dr. Carr's future labors. The Melbourne of to-day, alive with the din and bustle which spring from the commercial relations of its wealthy and enterprising inhabitants with nearly all the nations of the world, is but of yesterday. Now it has a population larger than that of Dublin, and a trade like that of Chicago. As the capital of the gold-producing colony of Victoria, its rise and prosperity form a marvellous chapter in the history of an age of marvels. Half a century ago the emu and the kangaroo roamed in undisputed possession over the spot where the lovely city of Melbourne now stands. Gorgeous palaces, solemn temples, busy warehouses, and magnificent public buildings have taken the place of the shaggy gum trees where the songless birds of Australia for ages found a home. In 1837 a few settlers gave the name of the then premier to the district about the mouth of the murky and unpicturesque river which creeps sluggishly into the splendid harbor of Port Phillip. The little town grew rapidly, and its people were ambitious enough to get plans of a great city drawn out. Fourteen years after Melbourne had received its name gold was struck at Bendigo and at Ballarat. Fabulous fortunes were made at the diggings, and every ship entering the port of Melbourne brought swarms of greedy adventurers hastening to share in the rich treasures which the modern El Dorado yielded in abundance. Sooner or later the wealth of the Ballarat and Sandhurst gold fields found its way into the gay city, which soon became the capital of the new colony of Victoria. Tradesmen, merchants, innkeepers, business men of every kind, as well as physicians and players, netted enormous gains from the lucky adventurers,—the diggers,—who knew how to seek and find, but not how to husband their good fortune. Shops and warehouses, worthy of Broadway or the Strand, soon lined the wide streets of the new capital. Churches, colleges, schools, hospitals, art galleries, public libraries, theatres, and lecture halls sprang up on all sides, and a lavish expenditure of money procured the erection of public buildings, which for taste, skill in construction, beauty, and magnificence rivalled those of the famous cities of the Old World. Parks, gardens, and recreation grounds both in and around the city were laid out in a truly royal style, and are to-day an object of admiration to strangers and a source of pride and pleasure to the inhabitants. To the advantages which Melbourne derived from being the capital of the riches gold-producing country in the world we must add those of a mild and delightful climate, and those due to a charming and beautiful situation. It is with no small degree of satisfaction that Irishmen may look at the growth of the capital of Victoria. To its success and prosperity they have contributed no small share, and the splendid monuments of piety which the exiled children of St. Patrick have reared aloft in the queen

city of the South are also standing monuments of the undying devotion to their faith of the Irish race. The cathedral church of Melbourne, from its superb site, overlooking the entire city and harbor, bears the name of Ireland's patron saint, and is, besides, the finest ecclesiastical building in the Southern hemisphere. This is henceforth to be the seat from which Dr. Carr is to watch over his new flock. The good bishop must regret the severance of the connection between himself and the faithful people of the West; but in the fair city where his lot is now cast he will find a people as true, as faithful, and as warm-hearted as ever patriotic or saintly prelate governed. We feel certain that the presence of Dr. Carr among our countrymen beneath the Southern Cross will draw closer the bonds that bind the Australian Irish to their motherland; and we have no doubt but they will soon learn to appreciate those high qualities and that sterling worth which have won for the new archbishop the love and veneration of his countrymen at home.

Dublin Nation.

Distinguished Honor.*

It gives us pleasure to notice that our esteemed fellow citizen, D. A. O'Sullivan, Esq., Barrister, has been honored by Laval University with the degree of Doctor of Laws. Laval is one of the oldest seats of learning in America, and bestows its favors very sparingly. Looking over its "Annual" for the current year, we find the names with which Mr. O'Sullivan's has been associated to be those principally of judges and others learned in the law. To be thus classed is indeed a proud distinction; and Mr. O'Sullivan is to be congratulated on his fresh honors, conferred, as we learn, in acknowledgment of his efforts in clearing up some disputed points in the history of the Church in Canada, for the different law books written by him, and for certain miscellaneous writing. The authorities of Laval doubtless also took into account that Mr. O'Sullivan was eligible for the degree of Doctor of Laws in the University of Toronto, and that he was one of its senators, representing the Catholics of this province. Mr. O'Sullivan's career has certainly been brilliant. He graduated in 1872 in arts as B. A., and in law in 1876, taking the degree of M. A. in 1877. He was scholar in law — that is, he stood first every year during the course, with a prize of $120 each year, — a position that any student might feel proud of. He has written three law books, on "Wills," on "Conveyancing," and on "Canadian Government;" and is the author of papers published in the *Canadian Institute Journal*, in Donahoe's and other magazines. Mr. O'Sullivan is also a regular contributor to the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, in which appeared those researches into ecclesiastical affairs which have won for him his latest honor. Again let us congratulate Mr. O'Sullivan, and wish him long life in its enjoyment, and a still more brilliant and prosperous career.

* We copy, with much pleasure, the above article from the *Irish Canadian* newspaper of Toronto, Canada, and cheerfully join our congratulations with those of our contemporary. An article from the pen of Mr. O'Sullivna was given in our issue of December.

The Irish Prospering in South America.

A SCOTCH settler in the Banda Oriental has contributed to the *Daily News* an account of the husbandry and prospects of that portion of South America. In the course of it he pays a high compliment to Irish colonists. He says: "Singularly enough, the Irish, of whom the are upwards of 30,000 in the country, are the most successful settlers. To them is due the great development of sheep farming, which is making the country rival Australia and New Zealand in the production of wool. The Irish "Estancieros" are estimated to posess about 50,000,000 sheep, besides great herds of cattle; and they are the chief landed proprietors in the province of Buenos Ayres, where the most flourishing English educational establishments are maintained by them; and they are noted for their hospitality to strangers. In short, they are admirable in all the relations of life; and Irish housemaids, who abound in the city, are remarkable for their uniform morality, honesty, and good temper. But this, by the way, and in vindication of the Irish race, which partisan politicians during the late electoral campaign at home slandered in the most shameless manner." The explanation of the prosperity of the Irish is not far to seek. They get fair play out there. The climate suits them, as do the religion and form of the government. The first is pleasant and healthy, the second is Roman Catholicism, — the faith of our fathers, — and the third is an easy republican yoke. The old denizens of these regions are of Iberian descent, and the Spaniards and the Irish always get along well together. A clear stage and no favor is all that the Irish emigrant demands. Of course, he cannot thrive if he is met on landing in any place by an inclement temperature, a glutted market, and a grudging and anti-Irish population.

About Marriage.

THERE are multitudes of young people who toss their heads and say that it is nobody's business besides their own whom they marry. We are in love, they cry, and of course we shall marry. But it is by no means true that simply because a man and a woman are in love they ought to get married. It is a foolish and a dangerous step for them to venture upon matrimony without love, but it may be equally rash and imprudent for them to go into matrimony for no other reason than that they are fond of each other. The love may have no sufficient basis of respect to assure its permanence, and difference of training, disposition, and association may cause them to be unequally yoked together. Inherited disease, mental, moral, or physical, may make the lives of their children a curse to themselves and the community. And

they may not be ready to marry because of other and prudential reasons. The bars to marriage are many.

A marriage, too, is the business of other people besides the two who propose to get married. There are two families to be consulted, for is not a new member to be brought into each of them? A daughter is to be given up to the keeping of another than her parents, and is not that a transfer in which they have an interest so deep that they should be consulted as to it? The community also has its rights, and it takes care to enforce them by law, for the title to property and the maintenance of the offspring of the union are involved. Last, the children to come of the marriage are possible and probable parties whose right must be guarded in the contract.

So, you see, young people, that marriage is a very serious business, in which many others besides yourselves have a right to be considered. Therefore, when you propose to marry, take all the steps openly and with due regard to everybody who is now or who is likely to be affected by the contract. Then the chances that you will repent of the step will be reduced to a minimum. Matrimony is an honorable state; therefore, take care to go into it honorably.

The Grattan Parliament.

Sir Thomas Esmonde lectured recently in Dublin. He said the subject of his lecture was not a new one by any means. It had been dealt with over and over again by historians and statesmen, and had formed a favorite theme for poets and patriots, and there were nowadays but few of their countrymen to whom it was not a thrice-told tale (hear, hear). There was no country where patriotism was held in greater honor than in Ireland, and there was no people that clung more affectionately or tenaciously to the memory of past glories than did the Irish race (cheers). There was, he contended, no history more calculated to excite the noblest sentiments of human nature and to more profoundly move the human heart than did the checkered, romantic, and sorrowful history of Ireland (loud applause). There they found recorded sacrifices and struggles made by an ancient people in defence of the great principle and idea of nationality. That principle now asserted itself to-day as then unconquered and unconquerable (hear, hear). Well, there was perhaps no epoch of their checkered history which appealed more forcibly to the national sentiment than that sanctified by the patriotism and genius of Henry Grattan (loud cheers). In dealing with this subject he would refer to the antiquity of Irish legislative institutions, of which they found evidences recorded from the earliest times; for when Saint Patrick brought the light of the Gospel to Ireland he found the kings, the chieftains, and the sages of Ireland in solemn conclave on the hill of Tara. There were many other instances recorded previous to the Norman invasion which went to prove the

antiquity of Irish legislative assemblies, and he might there refer to the Parliament of 574, which was held at Drumkeith, and which was attended by the lords spiritual and temporal and the wise men of Ireland, who met to consider "the claim of Scotland to Home Rule." The southern portion of that country was at the time a dependency of Ireland, and had not only to pay tribute to this country, but it was governed according to Irish ideas, to which the people of Scotland, to the lecturer's mind very justly, objected. They found records of numerous other parliaments during the succeeding six hundred years, of which he might mention the Parliaments held in 1173 at Lismore, in 1316 at Kilkenny, at which a law was passed making it high treason for an Englishman to marry an Irishwoman (laughter). But that act of the Irish legislature did not appear to have been very implicitly obeyed (laughter). There were Parliaments held in 1409, 1451, 1541, 1614, and the celebrated Confederation of Kilkenny was held in 1641 (applause). The lecturer then dwelt at considerable length on the events preceding legislative independence.

Purgatory: Doctrinal, Historical and Poetical,

Is the title of a new work by Mrs. James Sadlier, the well-known Catholic authoress. It introduces a new feature into purgatorial literature, by the gathering together and reproducing the poems, legends, and, so to say, romances, which have grown out of this beautiful doctrine of intercession for the dead. So that while the doctrinal portion gives us many an illustrious authority among the living and the dead, from Suarez to Cardinal Gibbons,—embracing such familar names as Father Müller, Brother Azarias, Father Moriarty, Archbishop Lynch, Archbishop Hughes, Archbishop Spaulding; while it offers extracts from the Fathers, cases from St. Catherine of Genoa, and many another saint; while the historical portion goes in and out among the nations, catching here the echo of a requiem, and there the voice of prayer for the departed; while the anecdotal department gives us occurrences, so to say, of daily life, authentic instances where, in some way, the communion with the church suffering was made manifest; while the department entitled "Opinions of Various Authors" gives us a whole galaxy of distinguished writers, such as Cardinals Newman, Manning, and Wiseman, Chateaubriand and de Maistre, Dr. Johnson and Jeremy Taylor, William Hurrell Mallock and Reginald Heber, Mrs. Sadlier herself, and our own Mrs. Mary E. Blake;—while all this is passing in quick succession before the reader's eyes, the poetical department is gethering up the gleanings, so to say, of this particular field of thought; culling from Dante and from Calderon, and from Shakespeare and from Tennyson; snatching weird old myths from Sir Walter Scott and from the Border Legends, wherein the prevalent belief of an intermediate state is more or less accurately presented. Sweet songs from the

golden pen of Father Faber, from Eliza Allen Starr, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Marion Muir, and Harriet Skidmore, — stealing from the French, from the English, from the old, from the new. The collection is, indeed, a valuable and an interesting one. There is scarcely any taste which cannot be gratified in its perusal. While assuredly devotion to the dead, and a desire to render them effectual help, must of necessity be promoted by its circulation. It is evident from the author's introduction that this is her chief design in the publication of the work. The mechanical portion of this important book is highly creditable to the publishers, D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

"The Grand Old Man."

At a recent banquet in England, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in proposing "Long life and prosperity to Mr. Gladstone," said that anybody who had to speak of the life and achievements of Mr. Gladstone suffered from a great quantity rather than a lack of material. At the present moment he had to bear all the slings and arrows which were always the portion of men in the midst of a political struggle. He believed, however, that when the present generation had passed away there would not be a single class of Englishmen or of Irishmen or of any nationality that would not regard Mr. Gladstone as an ornament and a figure of the age in which he lived (loud cheers). He attributed to Mr. Gladstone more than to any other man of this generation the fact that for the first time the classes of this country had been brought into something like community one with the other. He attributed to him the fact that the rights and claims of humanity had found recognition among all classes of politicians (cheers). What great wrong had Mr. Gladstone ever attacked without destroying it? (Hear, hear.) He attacked religious ascendency in Ireland, one of the most powerful institutions and wrongs that ever existed, a wrong kept up by racial feeling, a wrong sustained by religious bigotry, and the Irish Church was swept away so completely that it was only by an effort of memory that they could even recall its existence (laughter). He attacked Irish landlordism, and in doing so he attacked an institution as firmly founded as ever an institution appeared to be, an institution that had at its back the House of Lords, a large portion of the House of Commons, all the aristocratic classes of all the four countries, and the terrible power of eviction; and yet Irish landlordism went down before him (applause), and now they were only discussing the question where they should shoot the rubbish that remained (laughter and applause). He need scarcely say that he used the word "shoot" (laughter) in the sense of the scavenger, not of the assassin (laughter).

A Voice.— Be careful (renewed laughter).

Mr. T. P. O'Connor.— He attacked the domination of the Turk over the Christian provinces, and the tyranny of Turkey disappeared

as though it were a dream. In fact the single voice of Mr. Gladstone had done more in the world than millions of armed men or thousands of ironclads could accomplish (hear, hear). But the might of intellect had often existed in the world in great poverty of heart. Some of the ablest had also been some of the most ignoble of mankind (hear, hear). The qualities of Mr. Gladestone's mind, however, were only surpassed by the qualities of his heart (hear, hear). He stood as a statesman as well as an orator among the Englishmen of his time, and it was his spirit and his heart that had given him the hold he had on the hearts of the English people (cheers). Had they not a right to conclude that when Mr. Gladstone's path was strewed with the ruins of the unsightly institutions which he had destroyed, he was also going to completely succeed in the last and noblest cause he had undertaken? (Cheers.) He would like to know how long England would have to be governed by Churchill (groans), how long the public convenience and the public patience of this country would endure the sight of the tom-tit sitting in the eyrie of the eagle? (Loud laughter and cheers). He was sure there was scarcely an inhabitant of Ireland who did not love the name of Gladstone, and with the break and close of day prayed in the words of the toast, "Long life and prosperity to Mr. Gladstone!" (Loud cheers.)

Brides of Christ.

INTERESTING RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES.

THE Feast of St. Teresa de Jesus was rendered peculiarly interesting this year at the monastery of the Discalced Carmelites, on Barracks Street, New Orleans, by the religious reception of three young ladies into the Third Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and St. Teresa: Miss Mary Stanton of New York; Miss Josephine Haeffner of Baltimore, Md., and Miss Susie Kerr of Augusta, Ga.; in religion, Sister Nicholas of the Mother of God, Sister Josephine of the Infant Jesus, and Sister Simon of St. Teresa. The three postulants, holding beautifully ornamented wax candles in their hands, knelt before the altar (three ladies as godmothers standing behind), received the holy habit and blessed beads of the Order from the hands of Rev. Father Gautrelet, S. J., especially delegated by the Very Rev. Father General in Rome to perform the ceremony. The Rev. Father delivered a most touching exhortation on the nature of their future obligations in the holy state they had freely embraced, showing the many spiritual advantages they shared in thus becoming members of an Order so justly renowned for the great saints it had given to the Church of Christ. Citing the glorious saint whose feast it was, he earnestly told the novices to take her as their model, and one they were particularly called upon to imitate.

At the conclusion, the Reverend Celebrant, in virtue of his

authority, declared them religious of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, participants in all its merits, good works, indulgences, etc. The dear Sisters' faces beamed with smiles as they retired from the chapel, the choir singing in festive tone *Jesus Corona Virginum.* Immediately after Rev. Father Gautrelet, S. J., celebrated Mass and placed the Blessed Sacrament under the canopy for exposition throughout the day. At a previous Mass, celebrated at six o'clock, by Rev. Father Gore, S. J., the community and the newly received approached the holy table, as did also throngs of pious faithful. In the afternoon, Father O'Callaghan, S. J., delivered a magnificent panegyric on the saint, on the conclusion of which Father Gore, S. J., gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

On Thursday afternoon, October 21st, five more generous souls were added to the militia of Carmel; bidding adieu to parents, homes, and friends, trampling on the vanities of the world, they have courageously taken up the Cross of Christ, aspiring to wear the livery of Mary, have enrolled themselves under the emblazoned banner of St. Teresa de Jesus, glorious reformatrix of this venerable order: Miss Sarah Whitston of Quebec, Canada, in religion, Sister Francesca of the Five Wounds; Miss Leila Sanford of Washington, D. C., Sister Magdalen of the Angels; Miss Anna McCann of Dubuque, Ia., Sister Veronica of the Holy Face; Miss Annie B. Lancaster of New Orleans, La., Sister St. Pierre of the Blessed Sacrament; Miss Mary Agnes Macy of Mobile, Ala., St. Baptista of the Immaculate Conception.

Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony the small chapel and every available space adjoining were crowded to their utmost capacity. Promptly at four P. M., the five future Carmelites, elegantly attired in the richest bridal array,— shining satin, tulle, and orange flowers,— accompanied by their honored godmothers, entered the chapel and took their allotted places before the altar, which was tastefully decorated with artificial flowers, interspersed with numerous lights. A few minutes after, the Very Rev. Father G. A. Rouxel, V. G., representing His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop Leray, entered the sanctuary, accompanied by Rev. Fathers Gautrelet, Miles, and Gerlach of the Society of Jesus, and Rev. L. A. Chasse, chancellor; Rev. A. Doutre and Father Martin of the Archbishopric. The efficient choir of young ladies intoned the opening stanzas of inspiring *Veni Creator,* preparatory to the beautiful explanatory sermon on the evening's ceremony, delivered by the Rev. Father Miles, S. J. His discourse was affecting and beautiful. He said that those assembled had come to witness the retirement of these young women into a voluntary prison, to which they had not been brought by persecutors, but to which they had come wishing to harass and punish by penance and mortifications their natures. Not even the joys and ties of home had been sweet enough to keep them away from this convent, and when they entered its doors it was in the belief that in leaving the world they are set free. They had placed a barrier between themselves and sin, had taken refuge in a place where sin could not obtain the mastery over them, and where they could make themselves stronger than sin — stronger than their passions. The reverend speaker explained the difference between the idea of

liberty as expressed by men and the idea of liberty as expressed by the act of these young women. He said there were some very good Catholics who think it is all very well to belong to sisterhoods of mercy and charity, but who speak of a Carmelite as shut up behind spike and bars doing nothing; and to such he would say that the Carmelite keeps silence for all the many sins of gossip and slander that are prated in the world; she chastens her body that those in the world may be forgiven when they pamper themselves; her prayer and her penance save evil and punishment and harm from those in the world. She is the lightning rod between the people and God, forever interceding, forever praying for them.

After the sermon the most solemn part of the ceremony began. The five fair Brides of the Heavenly King, in all the freshness and bloom of their youthful beauty, now knelt while the Rev. Celebrant asked each the following questions and received the corresponding replies. Their clear, earnest voices well expressed to all present the liberty of their choice and the ardor with which they were bidding farewell to the world to follow the Lamb and be clothed in the habit of Mary, the coarse brown serge of Carmel: —

"What do you demand, my child?" he asked. "The mercy of God, the poverty of the Order, and the company of the Sisters," each one replied.

"Is it of your own free will and inclination that you desire to take the habit of religion?" "Yes," was promptly answered.

"Do you persist in saying that you have no canonical impediments, conformably to the demands which have been previously made you?" "Yes, I persist in it," each one answered.

"Will you constantly persevere in the Order until death?" "Yes," they each replied, with heroic determination.

"Will you observe these things for the love alone of our Lord?" Earnestly came from each the response: "Yes, with the grace of God and the prayers of the Sisters." After which the Celebrant added, "May God, who has commenced in you a work so great, perfect it! May the Lord divest you of the Old Man and of all his works!" Rising, they passed out of the chapel, accompanied by their godmothers, to the enclosure door, at whose open portal stood waiting to receive them the Rev. Mother Prioress with the community of cloistered nuns, holding lighted candles in their hands. To get a glimpse of the nuns heavily shrouded in black veils falling over white mantles had special interest for the spectators outside, for it is only on such rare occasions a scene of such weird interest can be witnessed. The postulants gave a farewell embrace to their sponsors, who, in the name of parents and dear friends, presented God these favored souls grace had called from the church garden; still more, Jesus Christ, their waiting bridegroom presents them himself to his Eternal Father as new victims of immolation for the sins of the world, who now pass from the shadow of death to a sojourn of light and peace.

Thus these budding flowers are transplanted to the *portierre* of lilies, where the Spouse takes His repose and delight. No marvel they are happy in joining the white-robed throng who follow the Lamb,

and experience no regret in passing the cloistered threshold, before which advanced a veiled nun holding in her hand a large crucifix, which the postulants kissed with tender devotion, realizing, no doubt, they were henceforth to take Christ and Him crucified for their eternal portion in the austere rule of Carmel. While the choir was singing *In Exitu Israel* the brides of a few moments ago entered the choir or community chapel with lighted candles, clothed in the brown serge tunic of the Order, the white veil and close-fitting headdress of the novice, and their feet encased in rough alporgates, knelt at the Communion window, while the Rev. Celebrant with solemn prayers blessed the scapulars, mantles, and girdles, which were then arranged on the novices by the Mother Prioress, assisted by the Mistress of Novices. Fully clothed in the habiliments of the Carmelite Order, the newly received prostrated on a carpet of serge, and around them stood the veiled nuns, while the choir solemnly chanted the *Veni Creator Spiritus* and the convent bells rang in dirge-like peal. Before rising from their crucifixed posture, which impressively typified their state of death to the world, the Very Rev. Celebrant sprinkled them with holy water, praying that, truly dead to the world, they may arise to the life of grace and glory. As it is believed all prayers asked by novices at this solemn moment are generally granted, they were well freighted with the intentions of friends and benefactors of the convent. At a signal from the Novice Mistress, all arose from the carpet, lighted candles were given them, and each one led to the altar, which they devoutly kissed, then embraced the Mother Prioress and the other nuns, saying to each, "Sister, pray to God for me," symbol of the mutual charity which binds the happy spouses of Christ by an indissoluble bond scarcely else met with in this world of joy and discord.

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded this impressive ceremony, which visibly affected a large portion of the fortunate spectators, after which the novices, wearing their wreaths of bridal flowers, sole vestige of all the rich apparel of an hour before, received in the visitors' reception-room of the convent the enthusiastic congratulations of parents, relatives, and friends, who had gathered to witness their heroic sacrifice of all the world holds dear.

Society Loses a Star and the Church Gains a Nun.

Baltimore society circles were astonished when it was learned that among the passengers on the steamer *Umbric*, which left New York on the 20th November, was Miss May McTavish, a young and well-known member of Baltimore society, and a daughter of the late Charles Carroll McTavish. She has gone to Europe to enter the convent of Carmelite nuns at Brussels. Though Miss McTavish had considered the matter of entering a convent for some time, it was not until a few weeks ago that she determined to forsake the world. She corresponded with the prioresses of the convents of the Order in Baltimore and St. Louis, there being but three of them in this country, the third being at New Orleans, and finding that the convents were

full, the number of nuns at each convent being limited, she communicated with the prioress of the convent at Brussels, and the result is her departure for that city. Her sister, Miss Virginia McTavish, went with her from Baltimore to New York, and bade her good-by at the steamer. A seamstress accompanied Miss McTavish on the voyage. When Miss McTavish entered society, a few years ago, she gained a position as one of its brightest leaders, and held a place in the esteem of her many friends, to which she was entitled by her beauty, many graces and acquirements. As a descendant of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, on her father's side, and of Gen. Winfield Scott on her mother's, she inherits many of the qualities which have characterized both families for several generations in this country. Though Miss McTavish had become of rather a retiring disposition since forming her resolution to enter upon conventual life, her many friends will no doubt be surprised at her intention, which was known to but few persons outside her immediate family. She will enter the convent immediately upon her arrival in Brussels.

A younger sister, Miss Emily McTavish, took the black veil Oct. 7, 1883, at the convent of the Visitation, Mount de Sales, near Catonsville, Md., and is known as Sister Mary Agnes. Both young ladies are very beautiful, and Miss May, who now renounces the world, has had many suitors for her hand. She was a splendid horsewoman, and frequently won the brush in the hunts of the Elkridge Club. Their family is very wealthy.

Some Characteristics of the Russian People.

MR. JAMES J. O'KELLY, M. P., recently delivered at Boyle, in the county Roscommon, a very interesting lecture on Russia, from which we subjoin an extract. The Russians are a very remarkable people. They are people of simple and kindly habits of life, and the one prevailing characteristic of the people is their piety. Unquestionably the Russians are the most pious people that I have come into contact with. In every Russian house, no matter how humble, no matter how grand, at the entrance there is in every house what they call an icon — a sacred image before which a lamp is always kept burning, and whoever enters that house, whether the greatest noble in the land, emperor or grand duke, enters into the house of the peasant, he enters with his hat off, and he enters and salutes in the first place the sacred image, and in the next the people who dwell in it. One of the most striking features in Russia, wherever you travel, is the number of people you will see travelling along the roads, travelling into the towns — poor people very often — travelling to make pilgrimages to some holy shrine, perhaps beyond Russia. I have met Russians from Archangel away in the north on the Artic Sea — I have met them travelling on the road to Jerusalem, staff in hand, with their scrip and bag, being travelling for

years in order that they should visit the tomb of the Saviour. This characteristic of the people is, perhaps, the most striking feature of their character. But they are distinguished by another characteristic, and that is their

Attachment to Old Ideas,

to old forms, to old associations. I have been very much amused sometimes in Russia by listening to the laments of the old peasants, who regretted the time when they were serfs, and who could not possibly console themselves for the change that had taken place in the form of society, although that change had made them free men. That form, that tendency of mind, is not by any means confined to the poor or to the ignorant, for I found it existing among the nobles of the land. I well remember one distinguished Russian whom I met, and during a few hours' conversation I had with him I thought I was listening to an Irish landlord lamenting the passage of the land act. He had the same kind of complaint to make of the people — their ingratitude, their idleness — they would not work — he had never worked any himself, you know. But he deeply regretted that other men would not work hard enough, and I remember very well — I don't think I shall ever forget it — the words with which he concluded his review of the situation in Russia. He said, "the peasants, only the peasants, are free in Russia." His mind carried him back to the good days when none but the nobles were free in Russia, and he seemed to think that because his brother man had been lifted up that he had in some way been pulled down, although I think those who will succeed him — his children — will come to the conclusion that in lifting up the peasants of Russia the Russian government lifted up the Russian nobles as well. I would like to say a few words of

The Russian Nobles.

I am glad to say that the noble to whom I have referred cannot be taken as a fair sample of the class. He is an exceptional old fogy. Of course, there were plenty like him; but my experience about Russia is that they are by no means in the majority amongst the Russian nobles. My experience of that class of men is that they are extremely sympathetic in their character, that they are endued with a brotherly feeling towards their fellow-countrymen, and certainly in no country in the world will the stranger receive more courtesy than he will in Russia from the Russian noblemen. Their education is very often made little of in English newspapers; but I must say from my experience of the Russian noblemen, that in point of education they are far superior to the Irish or English noblemen, as a class. Their education has a great defect. Their education is of the character which in the last century would have been known as "polite education." They are learned in languages, learned in history, learned in the polity of the nations; but in the practical affairs of life, in the technical education which is necessary for success in this nineteenth century, I am sorry to say that, like ourselves, they are deficient. Now, having said this of the Russian nobles, I want to say a few words about them and

About the Evil Effects

of their government of Russia. I think what I have said to you in reference to them is a guarantee that I am not animated by any dislike of them as a class, and that what I will say against them and against their system of government is not antagonistic, or caused by any feeling of hostility towards them. These nobles ruled Russia for centuries. They were educated; they had absolute power in their hands, and under their government Russia continued to be behind the rest of Europe in its progress and in its civilization. They had in their hands the power of developing the resources of Russia; they had the power of making roads and of opening up the country to trade and to commerce, and they neglected to do it. They passed their time as the good old Irish gentleman was supposed to pass his time, in hunting and shooting and amusing himself, and, I fear, sometimes in drinking. However, I do not like to be too hard on that point, because we all do a little of that. But it was a curious fact that, while the government of Russia was in the hands of the noble class, the means of communication, the road making, which is one of the great

Elements of Civilization,

was utterly neglected, and that neglect brought upon Russia all the misfortunes and all the humiliations of the Crimean war. As soon as the power has been taken out of their hands — but before I come to that I want to say this, because it recalls a little of our own experience: The Russian nobles, although they did not make the roads, taxed the people for making them — but as soon as the government has become to a certain extent democratic in Russia, as soon as the provincial parliaments have been established, as soon as the villages have been given power, roads have been made everywhere through Russia; and everywhere, no matter where you travel, you find evidences of progress and of civilization. I remember well, at Kief, which is the holy city of Russia, the city which is one of their great religious centres, I met a Frenchman who had been prisoner in the Crimean war, and who had been carried into the centre of Russia, and he had continued to live there, as at the peace he refused to come home. I asked him, "Now, what is your opinion of the progress that Russia has made — what difference is there now in Russia as compared to the time of the Crimean war?" The Frenceman paused a moment, and he said to me, "Well, there is the difference there is between night and day." That was the testimony of a foreigner.

GLADSTONE has intimated his desire to take active measures in the next parliament to chop off another pedestal from the established Church of England, by disestablishing her in Wales and leave the Welsh people to support the church they believe in.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

THE YOUNGEST CHILD TO THE FAMILY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

I'M very small,
Yet I wish to all,
On this sweet Christmas night,
Much happiness,
Much joy and bliss,
And a New Year merry and bright!

—*From the German.*

TO ONE'S PARENTS.

COME to the Crib, dear parents,
As shepherds came of old,
To offer to the Holy Child
The lambkins of your fold;

And our good Lord will bless them,
And lead them in His way;
And from His shrine the Babe Divine
Will crown our Christmas Day!

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

WELCOME, welcome, best of days!
Holy feast and bright!
Shining through the cloudy year,
Like a pleasant light.

CHRISTMAS! In thy very name
Jesus seems to say,
"Little children, come and hear
Mass on CHRISTMAS* Day!"

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY'S "Tiny Rhymes."

"RISE with the lark, and with the lark to bed."

*Christmas means Christ's Mass.

THE WHITE CRAVAT.

In 1862 George had just made his first communion, and he had made it well. He was eleven years old, and he loved the good God as one does love Him at that age who is pure and happy.

On the morrow of the happy day, George went to see the director of his catechism class to thank him for his kind care and to tell him of the resolutions he had made. "As a symbol of my innocence, and to help me to keep it," said the boy, "I have determined always to wear a *white cravat*, in remembrance of the one I wore on the day of my first communion. I shall not lay it aside unless I should have the misfortune to commit a grevious sin."

The priest thought George's resolution a little strange, but as he knew the purity of his heart and the generosity of his soul, he made no other condition for the approbation of his pious purpose than his mother's consent. The mother ventured a few timid remarks, but soon yielded to her son's eager petition and caresses.

Six months went by, during which George was the model of children, and had reached his twelfth year. His parents were thinking of sending him to begin his studies. He had to tear himself from family joys and caresses. Our future scholar did not hesitate. Can one not be happy wherever he carries with him peace of soul and grace of God? He therefore courageously set out for college, which he entered with his innocence and his *white cravat.*

There he was the model of the students, as at home he had been the model of children; this did not prevent his winning the first places in the class. Nevertheless, although he was of a gentle, sympathetic nature, perhaps even because of that, the persistent wearing of the first communion emblem did not fail to attract the attention and railery of his fellow-students. They exhausted upon him, in the way of nicknames, all the repertory of the "white cravat trade." George let them say and do what they would, and courageously kept his innocence and his *white cravat.* The storm passed very quickly by, however, for the persecuted student, besides a good physique had those happy qualities of heart and mind which always succeed, in spite of envy, in disarming all evil wishes and securing all good wishes. He was not only an amiable and virtuous boy, a distinguished scholar he was, besides, the heir of a grand name and a large fortune; all things which would allow him to cherish the hope of a glorious future. But he did not think of that, and his only ambition was to please his professors, and make his mother happy. Graduated at eighteen, after a brilliant examination, he left college as he had entered it, with his innocence and his *white cravat.*

Meanwhile war had broken out between France and Prussia. George, who was a good patriot as well as a good Christian, was hardly restored to his family when he began to think of leaving them to enroll himself in Charette's heroic battalion of Pontifical Zouaves. He knew that with such brothers in arms he would always be in good company, and that with such a commander he should always be at the post of honor and danger. That was his desire, his hope. Besides, what

could he fear who, going to fight for France under the banner of the Sacred Heart, had kept his innocence and his *white cravat?* More than once already had he dyed his sword in the blood of the enemies, when he took part with the heroes of Patay in the great battle of Mans.

It was the 19th of January, 1871. After long holding out, our soldiers, mowed down by the Prussian artillery, had given way, abandoning important positions, and leaving cannons and flags on the corpse-encumbered sod. The day was lost, but defeat might become a tremendous disaster unless there were thrown against the fire of the enemy some regiment determined to die in order to cover the retreat and save the army. Generals Collin and Gougeard understood the danger, Charette understood the duty. The Pontifical Zouaves are only five hundred in number; but how should the courage be counted with which that handful of heroes was inspired by the present need, the memory of Patay, and a general who carried victory in his eyes? They will all die if need be, but honor will be satisfied, and the army will be saved. Scarcely has the appeal for sacrifice been made to Charette when he strides to the head of his battalion, and, pointing with his sword to the heights on which they must die, he exclaims, sublime in his pride and boldness, "For God and for country! Pontifical Zouaves, forward!" A mighty hurrah carried to the ears of the victors that cry of Christian heroism. The battalion dashed forward and soon disappeared in a cloud of smoke, amidst a hurricane of shot and balls. It left behind it on the mountain side a soil torn by shot, soaked with blood, and strewn with corpses; but the ranks closed up and the battalion kept on. Soon its blood-stained and tattered banners were fluttering on the heights amidst the German banners. Then a dreadful *mêlée* begins, a hand-to-hand conflict, which lasts until the enemy, terrified by so much boldness, fall back before the bayonets of the Pontificals. Flags and cannons, everything was re-captured, and the army had effected its retreat without danger, without confusion, and without loss. The success was complete; but how dearly was it purchased, if that can be dearly purchased which is beyond price — the honor of the flag and of fatherland! Among the dead are three captains, two lieutenants, sixty soldiers; the wounded unfit for service are two hundred in number.

George was among the latter. He had bravely done his duty, and, all torn to pieces as he was, he felt happy to have fallen beneath the standard of the Sacred Heart, with his innocence and his *white cravat.*

His companions in arms carried him into an ambulance organized in the stable of a farm near by. There stretched on cold straw reddened with his blood, he passed the night in intensest pain, which he endured with holy resignation. He thought of the God of the manger and the God of his first communion. Hardly would he be eighteen by the coming spring, and he must die,— die before the time; die before glory; die far from his mother. The chalice was very bitter, but the young hero, when he put the uniform of the Pontificals on, had made all these sacrifices in advance, and he comforted himself by remembering the word of Charette, "For God and France!" Feeling his end approach, George soon had only one thought,—that of making his *last communion.* Providence could not refuse him that consolation.

Next morning, the 14th of January, a military chaplain heard his easy confession and administered to him the sacrament of the dying. Then suddenly the wounded man ceased to suffer; his features, harrowed by pain and fever, put on a sort of melancholy and fatigued gentleness; and his eye, which seemed to look beyond earthly horizons, was lighted up with the holy joys of Christian hope.

Meanwhile death was gently approaching, like a friend of this angel of earth, to whom it was about to open the gate of heaven and the bosom of God. The priest who had given George the succor of his ministry remained at his side to receive his last sigh. George earnestly besought him to bring him the Holy Communion. The chaplain, fearing that he would arrive too late, ran in all haste to the nearest church. Fifteen minutes later he was back. When he saw him, the dying man rose with difficulty on the straw on which he was stretched, and, gathering all his strength together, he spoke these words, which drew tears from the eyes of all who were present:—

"Chaplain, I beg you, please take out of this ball-riddled knapsack that I have for a pillow, a scarf, a pair of beads, which you will put on my arm, and a white cravat, which you will put on my neck. Those are the relics of my first communion, which have accompanied me everywhere from the benches of the school to the field of battle. Clothed in these insignia of the grandest day of my life, I want to make my last communion. When, very soon, my soul will have left this poor torn body, I beg of you as a favor, chaplain, to send all these articles to my mother, and to tell her that her son's *white cravat* has received no stains here below but those of his bloodshed for God and his country."

George alone did not weep. He communicated with the fervor and innocence that he had when eleven years old. Thus must men have communicated and died in the catacombs during the first ages of the Church. After a few moments of profound recollection, he murmured, "I am dying; I well know it; but we are here at Bethlehem; the manger is a very sweet tomb. I could not die happier unless my mother were here. But you take her place beside me," he said to the priest, who was holding the dying man's icy hand; "take my place too beside her, and tell her that I am going to wait for her above."

As he spoke these words, with his eyes turned towards heaven, he heaved a gentle sigh and quietly fell asleep in the arms of the priest. There was no angel less on earth, but there was one angel more in heaven. *Consummatus in brevi explevit tempora multa.*

From the French of the Abbé Garnier, by TH. XR. K.

WE are told of a mother who, when her child was old enough to understand her words, placed him before his father's portrait, saying: "Swear that thou wilt be worthy of him." The child obeyed, and afterwards would stand before the portrait and say: "Father, art thou satisfied with me?"

THE WILD HUNTSMAN'S CHRISTMAS.

THE morning of a bleak December day dawned behind the hills in the eastern horizon, disclosing to the view a scene as picturesque as the eye could wish to dwell upon. Dense forests of pine, whose lofty tops swayed to the piping of the wind, covered hill and dale for many a league. Yonder, on the side of that high mountain, a straggling village rises out of the snow; somewhat higher, a quaint, steepled chapel, through whose narrow windows an altar lamp sheds its mellow rays, greets the eye; and higher still, on the mountain's crest, a stately castle lords it over the surrounding country.

In this castle lived, in days gone by, Count Gebhard, a fellow of a wild, roving disposition, and his wife, the gentle and pious Adelaide. The Count was passionately fond of the chase, and his deeds of skill and daring as a huntsman have been the theme of many a song and story. His tender wife, though from her disposition opposed to so rough a sport, would gladly have borne with her husband's propensity were it not that he yielded to it on the Lord's day and other holydays of obligation. Then would her heart bleed in silent sorrow, as she beheld him preparing for the chase, regardless of the bell's gentle voice summoning the faithful to Mass, and regardless of her own tears and entreaties. And not content with absenting himself from the Holy Sacrifice, he compelled his subordinates and servants to do the same. But there is One in heaven, who is the ruler of hearts. Wonderful are his ways!

Hark! heard you those silvery tones breaking on the air? It is the nuns in their convent below ringing in the glorious day of Christ's birth. First one bell, then another rings out its tinkling notes, till all unite in one harmonious chime, filling the atmosphere with their music. Muffled forms may now be seen issuing silently from the cottages and wending their steps to God's house, which is rapidly filling. Numerous tapers lend their light to illumine the hallowed place. The altars are simply yet tastefully decorated. Presently the priest, clad in festal robes, ascends the altar steps and proclaims to the people the message which many years before the angel proclaimed to the shepherds of Bethlehem: "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis!*" Slowly the angelic strain vibrates through the edifice, and as its melody is caught by the people, the very walls tremble with music; while the sculptured saints look complacently down from their niches upon the congregation.

Yet withal there is one present, in whose heart the general gladness finds no place. In a sequestered nook she kneels, the poor Adelaide, with look disconsolate and tearful eye. Alas! that the Count is not at her side, united with her in prayer. But far away is his heart, far away in the woods, chasing the nimble deer.

List! even now I faintly hear the sounds of merriment and the ring of laughter proceeding from the court-yard of the castle. Yes; to-day Count Gebhard shall track the deer to its covert and shall bring home a rich booty, and in the evening there'll be a grand carousal at

the castle. What cares he for Mass, even though this be Christmas Day? "Let those who have more time than I pray for me!" he cries out with hoarse laughter, and, mounting his steed with a jump, applies the spurs, and in a moment is dashing madly down the mountain's side, his retinue behind him. The way leads past the chapel door, where his wife comes forth to meet him, begging him to desist from his impious undertaking, and attend Mass with her.

But he stops not to listen to her entreaties. Cracking his whip, which sounds strangely in contrast with the tone of the bell, he has reached the foot of the hill in a moment.

"Yes, my husband," she says sadly, as her eyes follow him, "others will pray for you — I will pray for you; I will pray God to instil into your heart His grace."

And turning back into the chapel, she knelt before the image of the Infant Saviour lying in the manger, and prayed to Him, the Good Shepherd, with more than her usual fervor, asking Him, that, as He had led back so many a stray sheep to the true fold, He might deign to bring back her husband to the path of virtue.

Meanwhile the Count and his followers had disappeared in the forest. The hunt to-day promised to be an unusually successful one. Game was plentiful, and one animal after another, in rapid succession, became the prey of the huntsmen. Whithersoever the Count sent an arrow, he never once missed his mark, but each time struck his victim in the right place, so as almost to kill it on the spot. So elated was he with his good fortune, that, though the sun was already high in the heavens, he rested not from his sport, as was his wont, to partake of a dinner with his companions. The hours rolled rapidly by. The afternoon was fast waning, yet onward still galloped the Count in mad glee, and louder and louder resounded the hallooing of the huntsmen and the twang of the bugle-horn.

Faint streaks of red already began to color the distant horizon; already the shadows of evening began to envelop the forest in darkness, when suddenly a white object, appearing in the bushes some distance off, attracted the attention of the Count. In a minute he reached the spot where the object had come in sight, when lo! a stately stag of a dazzlingly white color, the like of which he had never before seen, sprang from his covert. Hastily taking aim, the Count was about to let fly the arrow, when, quick as a flash, the stag vanished. With an expression of disgust he lowered his bow; but hardly had he done so, when, at no great distance off, the same white object once more met his eye; a slight rustle, and again the stag appears in full view. The huntsman a second time applied an arrow, but before he could take aim, every vestige of the stag had disappeared. And, strange to say, a third and a fourth time the animal arose, as it were, out of the ground, each time a little farther away, and as often as the Count was on the point of sending the fatal arrow, suddenly vanished. But instead of becoming discouraged with this seemingly fruitless chase, the Count grew only the more determined not to desist till success crowned his efforts. He had already lost sight of his followers, and the gloom of twilight had long deepened into the darkness of night. Yet he was

still able to distinguished the form of the white stag, as it alternately rose and vanished like a phantom before his eyes.

He had ridden on in this way over quite a distance; nor was he aware of any bodily fatigue. But his horse gradually showed signs of exhaustion; his body was literally bathed in sweat, until finally he was no longer able to carry his master. Presently the Count halted, for just then he had again caught sight of the stag, and had taken aim. The animal vanished as before, and henceforth did not appear for some time.

The rider now dismounted, for he felt a sudden weariness come over him; at the same time he discovered that he had strayed completely from the road. Faint and disheartened, he threw himself upon the ground. He stretched forth his hand for his flask, in order to quench his burning thirst, but then he remembered that he had intrusted it to one of his servants. He blew his bugle, but it brought back no reply save its own hollow echo; for his men were far, far away, looking everywhere for their missing master, except there where he was.

Meanwhile the chilly night air became more cutting, while the Count's thirst grew to be almost unbearable. He raised his weary limbs, in order to look around for a spring or a brook. Leading the horse by the bridle, he walked hither and thither, over logs and rocks, through thorns and thistles, yet found not what he sought.

He was just giving himself up for lost, when suddenly, in the darkness of the night, the white stag once more became visible. The Count was no longer in a mood to raise his bow and take aim, having been foiled so often; but walking to the spot where he had seen the animal, he beheld, to his no small astonishment and joy, a spring bubbling forth from the earth. Parched with thirst as he was, he threw himself on the ground and drank freely of the water. Just then the distant tinkling of a bell reached his ear. Having refreshed himself, he hastened in the direction whence the sound proceeded. His way led along the side of a brook formed by the spring. The stag still loomed up at intervals. Louder and more distinct grew the sound of the bell, the farther the Count proceeded. Presently he was brought face to face with a chapel, by the side of which, surrounded with a low wall, stood a convent. This convent had been founded many years before by one of the ancestors of Count Gebhard; and the bell which had guided the steps of the wanderer, was the signal for the nuns to assemble in choir and recite the matins.

The sisters warmly received their noble guest, and having offered him some refreshments, furnished him with a guide.

In about three hours the two reached the castle, where the Count was met with open arms by his wife, who had undergone a world of anxiety, and had sent messengers in all directions to look for her husband. She now offered up, from the bottom of her heart, a prayer of thanks for his safe return.

Still more fervent, I ween, would have been her thanksgiving, if she had already then known how changed was the heart of the Count, how her supplications to the Christ-Child on that morning had been thus soon heard, and how her husband's roving disposition had become the means of his return to God.

From that day, the Count was never more seen to indulge in his favorite sport on Sundays or holydays, not to speak of the principal feasts of the year. On the contrary, he might have been seen, on those days, walking by the side of his faithful spouse to the chapel on the hill-side. And ever after, when he heard the warning voice of the bell, he remembered the convent in the woods, whose hospitable inmates had received him, a wanderer, into their midst

Shortly after, the Count, accompanied by his wife, paid a visit to the nuns in their forest home, loading them with presents, and leaving behind him a name which the good sisters long held in grateful remembrance.

CALAMUS.

CHRISTMAS SONG OF THE PIFFERARI.

JUST previous to the holy Feast of Christmas, the Pifferari appear in the streets of Rome. They are the shepherds of Sabina and Abruzza, who every year leave their homes in the mountains to herald by their joyous songs the coming of Christmas. Standing with their heads uncovered before the shrines of the Madonna, they salute the Mother of God and sing the praises of the Holy Child Jesus. Three musicians may generally be seen,—one, an old man; the second, a man of middle age; the third, a little child. Their song is not composed of learned music, but its very simplicity makes it charming, for it brings to our minds the humble mystery of the crib. Their costume is in harmony with their music, and recalls the memory of centuries gone by. The following is a translation of their song, which comes far short of conveying the simple beauty of the original:—

O Virgin, ever pure,
Child of St. Ann,
Who in thy chaste womb bore
The God made man,

Upon this holy night,
This Christmas Eve,
Beg that our simple song
He may receive.

The angels call to us,
And bid us come
Unto the lowly crib
Where Christ is born;

Where sheep and oxen stand,
All still and mild,
Adoring as they can
The Holy Child.

May, then, our song and prayer
Arise to Him
Whom we would praise and love,
Our Infant King!

In country places in the Old World there is the same custom. For the "Waits" are a remainder of old Catholic times, when singers and musicians went about at night during Advent and reminded the people that the holy time of Christmas was drawing near, the time of preparation for the beautiful Christmas Feast. Now though most of the people in this country have forgotten the original meaning of the "Waits," Catholic children when they hear them should remember, and prepare their hearts to give a holy welcome to the Babe of Bethlehem.

Connecticut's Irish Ninth.

Know-Nothingism Sought to Keep it Under; but the Valor of a Strong Patriotic Race Triumphed.

PART I.

DURING the earlier days of our Civil War no regiment left the State of Connecticut under more distressing circumstances than the Irish Ninth, Col. Thomas W. Cahill commanding. There was none which, however, rendered more willing service in any part in which it was called upon to perform soldierly and exemplary duty. The inherent valor, devotedness, and indomitable perseverance of our race, developed in the long-protracted struggle with a foreign oppression in their native land, were not wanting in the *esprit du corps* of this gallant organization of the sons of the Gael. They were of the men that sustained humiliation and reverses without succumbing, and preferred famine and being put to the sword rather than apostasy,—in fact of a race tenacious and haughty, unconquerable and unyielding where a principle was at stake. They went forth at the call of their imperilled adopted country to sustain its glorious constitution, and to preserve the union of its States from disruption. The flag of the Republic had sheltered them when exile and persecution — like the rest of their exiled countrymen — became, as it were, their common lot. They therefore went forth with elastic step and brave spirit, not mercenaries for lucre, but patriot soldiers, ready to do or die for the great nation to which they were bound by vested rights equally with its native born. Many of them gave up business and lucrative situations, left wives and children and their hearts' bethrothed — fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, all — that they might be of the shield and bear on their breasts the patricidal blows in the rude, terrible, and mighty shock of war that then threatened the disruption of the land. True to the aspirations and traditions of their own noble but unfortunate native country, it was around the green and gold standard of the Emmet Guards at New Haven they rallied when rebellion raised its head. They were received coldly by the constituted authorities of the State. Like their fellow-countrymen in Massachusetts and other States under the sway of Know-Nothingism they had been ostracised; their arms and uniforms stripped from them; the State and national colors snatched from their hands as being untrustworthy — to save them from being tarnished, or not capable of defending them in the hour of danger or of peril; their organizations were disbanded, and the seal of State disgrace was stamped upon every member, and he was thus sent forth to mingle with his fellow-citizens as one repudiated. The highest civic and military authority of the Commonwealth, at the beck of a malignant faction,—a faction of bigotry, ignorance, and cowardice,— put the brand of disgrace upon men who were ever ready to defend with their

manly honor and their lives the just protection of their fellow-citizens and the maintenance of the laws, as well as the constituted officials who had thus so bitterly assailed them and trampled upon their rights. But when President Lincoln called for the 75,000 volunteers in the spring days of 1861, Connecticut was slower than Massachusetts in undoing a part of the indignities which had been heaped in the most formal way upon Catholic adopted citizens. These latter had the double duty of proving how loyal they were to their allegiance, and of asserting their citizen manhood, thus flinging back in the teeth of their slanderers proud proofs of the shamelessness of the base charges and official acts of which they had hitherto become the almost helpless victims. We quote from a record made after the return of this gallant Ninth Regiment of Connecticut from the war, and when patricidal destruction had ceased, and the supremacy of the general government was again established over every foot of land within the boundaries of the Union. This record alluded to says:

> Although Irish-Americans were numerous, and many of them prominent, in all the Connecticut regiments, the Ninth was the only exclusively Irish regiment raised in that State; and no other regiment left the State so poorly equipped, this regiment not having been provided with arms until after it had reached Ship Island, in the South; even then many of its members were forced to mount guard in citizens' dress. This seeming neglect did not deter the men of the Ninth from acting throughout the war in a manner that reflected the highest credit upon themselves, the State they represented, and the race to which they belonged. . . . In the department of the Gulf, the Ninth was selected for every hazardous enterprise and to fill the more important positions.

Before entering more minutely into the details of the proposed sketch of the history of this organization, which so heroically sustained the reputation of our race for gallant deeds in foray and field, let a prominent United States officer bear testimony and give authenticity to the facts just spoken of in regard to their trustworthiness in upholding the honor of their adopted country's flag. The testimony was developed under the following circumstances: —

In April, 1862, a boat under a flag of truce was fired upon from the Mississippi shore. General Butler immediately organized an expedition to enter the enemy's country, and selected the Ninth Connecticut and the Sixth Massachusetts Battery for that purpose. The expedition was successful. Having routed the enemy, taken possession of two villages, and captured a stand of colors, it returned to its quarters on Ship Island, when the following order was issued: —

> HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, April 12, 1862.
>
> GENERAL ORDER, No. 10.—The Major-General commanding desires publicly to testify his appreciation of the gallant courage and good conduct of the Ninth Connecticut Vols., Col. Cahill commanding, and a section of the Sixth Massachusetts Battery, under Capt. Everett, in the recent expedition to Biloxi and Pass Christian, as exhibited by the report of the staff officer in command of that expedition. Of their bravery in the field he felt assured, but another quality more trying to the soldier claimed his admiration. After having been for months subjected to the privations incident to camp-life upon this island, the well-disciplined soldiers,

although for many hours in full possession of two rebel villages, filled with what to them were most desirable luxuries, abstained from the least unauthorized interference with private property and all molestation of peaceful citizens. This behavior is worthy of all praise. It robs war of half the horrors, and it teaches our enemy how much they have been misinformed by the designing leaders as to the character of our soldiers, and the intention of our Government. It gives them a lesson in humanity and in civilized warfare much needed, however little it may be followed. The general commanding commends the action of the men of the expedition to every soldier in the department. Let it be imitated by all in the towns and cities we shall occupy, a living witness that the United States soldiers fight only for the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. By Order

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, *A. A. General.*

Here, at least, surely was testimony that should have made the stay-at-home officials of the State of Connecticut wince with shame and remorse for their ill-treatment of such worthy and valiant citizen soldiers. In a subsequent paper we shall be able to show how heartily the veteran survivors were taken to the hearts of the people on their return home after peace had been proclaimed.

When Know-Nothingism was rampant in Connecticut, and the official decree went forth that Irishmen were unfit to be a portion of the State militia, the Emmet Guards, as an independent Irish-American company, was organized at New Haven. This because, as already stated, the nucleus of the Irish regiment, so important a portion of which was formed in that city, was receiving quotas from Hartford, Norwich, Waterbury, Meridan, Bridgeport, and many other cities and towns in the Nutmeg State. The prominent officers of its original roster when mustered in Nov. 1, 1861 were: —

Colonel, Thomas W. Cahill, mustered out Oct. 26, 1864. Lieut colonel, Richard Fitzgibbons, mustered out Oct. 2, 1864. Major Frye, mustered out Oct. 26, 1864. Chaplain, Rev. Daniel Mullen, mustered out Aug. 1862. Surgeon, Charles A. Gallagher.

Company A.— Captain, John Duffy of New Haven, who was succeeded by Lieut. Michael A. Williams as captain.

Company B.— Captain, Patrick Garvey.

Company C.— Captain, Michael McCartin, who was succeeded by First Lieutenant John G. Healy, who was subsequently promoted colonel, commanding the battalion Aug. 3, 1865.

Company D.— Captain, T. C. Coates.

Company E.— Captain, Jas. P. Hennessy, who was succeeded in the command by Capt. Terence Sheridan of New Haven.

Company F.— Captain, John Foley.

Company G.— Captain, W. Wright.

Company H.— S. W. Sawyer, who was succeeded by Lieut. A. E. Payne in the command.

Company I.— Captain, E. M. Curtis.

Company K.— Captain, J. A. Nelson.

The Ninth was, according to the official record, recruited at "Camp English," Hartford, and got encouragement only after the disaster to the Union cause at Bull Run. It was then, in the language of a recent

writer, that the Connecticut Irishmen "put aside all resentment." The time was past in which "to retaliate for past intolerance." Hitherto at the first note of war many of their countrymen — hundreds of them — entered the ranks of the regiments that had gone to the front. But even then, when the country stood on the crumbling brink of great peril, the men threw their means and their efforts into the work of organizing this regiment, received no encouragement from the State, nor its citizens in general, and while other regimental organizations were fostered and fêted the project of the formation of the Ninth found considerable opposition. But it succeeded, because there was a grand principle behind it, and there were men of indomitable will and firm purpose in it to sustain the principle. It is stated on excellent authority, in proof of the fine material which composed the nucleus of the Ninth Connecticut — the Emmet Guards, independent company, of New Haven, furnished twenty-two commissioned officers to the Union army. How the regiment suceeded in bivouac and battle will be told in a succeeding chapter of the MAGAZINE, and one or more portraits of the field officers will illustrate it.

A Spectacle to Men and Angels.

The Catholic, Pittsburg, Pa.: Away back in the first quarter of this century, the corner-stone of Trinity Church, Protestant Episcopal, was laid by the Free Masons. On Thanksgiving Day, the Masonic fraternity was out in force in full regalia, aprons and collars, and took charge of the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Church, Sixteenth Ward. Our Episcopalian friends, who are clamoring so frequently about Christian union, are evidently bound body and soul to this dark-lanterned sect of Masonry. The Protestant Episcopal bishop of these parts wears a Masonic apron, an "Apostolic" mitre, and a very stiff collar, put on by the *di, do, dum* brethren. He makes a nice appearance in his full regalia. We suppose that this "Rt. Reverend" believes there is more Christianity in Masonry that in the so-called Christian body of which he is the local head — if any body of Protestants can be said to have a head. The Masons laying the corner-stone of a Christian church was a spectacle to make men and angels weep! When Protestantism of the Baltimore Council are in force, every priest should insist that the marriage ceremony should be performed in the morning, and with the Nuptial Mass, as the Church prescribes. Young people entering on the married state cannot be too seriously impressed with the importance of the step they are taking. Marriage, writes the apostle, is a great sacrament, and Catholics should always so regard it. It should be with due preparation and fitting dispositions, and the danger of profanation made as remote as possible.

Davitt in Boston and Vicinity.

THE advent of the arrival in Boston of Michael Davitt has been a series of demonstrations very seldom accorded to men in our age. No man of our race has ever been more honored than he.

On his arrival in Boston he was met by a special committee appointed for that purpose. He was conveyed to the rooms prepared for him at the Parker House. On that day, Sunday, Nov. 28, he was conveyed to the residence of Hon. P. A. Collins, in South Boston, after which he was hospitably entertained at the parochial residence of Rev. Father O'Callaghan. After dinner the reverend pastor of St. Augustine's invited Mr. Davitt to the Sunday-school, where an address of welcome was presented to him by a little fellow not more than knee high, after which Mr. Davitt made a brief address to the children,— some twelve hundred,— who had assembled to do honor to Mr. Davitt, who remarked that he had not seen since his arrival in America such a body of young hearts to cheer on the workers in the cause of Ireland. Hon. P. A. Collins was also present, and addressed the children. In the evening he was entertained by John Boyle O'Reilly, in the Bunker Hill District. He was engaged every evening of the proceeding week in the principal cities of the Commonwealth. His lecture on Sunday evening, Dec. 5, was well attended, notwithstanding the severity of the storm. Mr. Davitt himself remarked that he did not expect two or three hundred to be present. But there were more than one thousand persons present, including a goodly portion of the female sex. The appearance of Mr. Davitt on the stage caused a scene of wild excitement. Gentlemen cheered, the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the choir of one hundred voices resounded with "See the Conquering Hero comes." The speaker was introduced by Hon. P. A. Collins, in a brief address, after which Mr. Davitt spoke for an hour and a half to an attentive and appreciative audience. He concluded his able address : —

"The next will be the fifty-fifth struggle of Ireland with coercion since the act of union. This means, in sporting language, therefore, that it is fifty-five to one that the people of Ireland will win the next contest. Mr. Parnell is away somewhere in quiet retirement, watching closely the situation in Ireland. So far our Tory opponents have only encountered two sick men,— John Dillon and William O'Brien —(applause), and I think the opinion of the American citizen is that Dillon and O'Brien have so far had the best of the fight. Mr. Parnell will soon be found at the front, and all his lieutenants at his side, and I pledge you my word that the fifty-fifth struggle with coercion will be short, sharp, and decisive. We are living in the days of the omnipotence of the press and the telegraph. The press of one land tells daily of the struggles of the people of other lands against class legislation and monopoly. The Irish question embraces the two greatest propositions of human liberty,— the right of free access to the natural agents which the Creator has designed for the use and sustenance of mankind, and the right of every civilized country to govern itself.

"To those of my own race I appeal, near the end of this tour of mine, to give Mr. Parnell and his policy a patient trial for a brief period longer, and I am satisfied if you do this victory will soon be inscribed upon the banner of the Irish people. Have no fears for the future of the cause: Ireland could not if she chose forget the lesson of freedom. The stars of heaven as they look down upon her hills and vales to-night, the winds as they whistle across her moors and glens, all sing and speak and teach to the people of Ireland nature's law of liberty. (Applause.) The winter fires which blaze to-night on tens of thousands of Irish hearthstones are Ireland's watchfires, and by those household bivouacs thousands of dauntless hearts resolved to win back the freedom of their fatherland. The same spirit of truth and patriotism animates them which dictated to Ireland's greatest poet the words:

> 'Make sure, the great God never planned
> For slumbering slaves a home so grand.' "

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ON November 30, Cardinal Manning ordained into the Roman Catholic priesthood Lord Charles Thynne, aged 73 years, and formerly a canon in the Established Church.

MICHAEL DAVITT will lecture, on January 17, in Madison Square Garden. His marriage to Miss Yore, in San Francisco, will take place in the course of the holidays, and he will deliver several lectures while coming East. With his wife he will sail for Europe on the first steamer leaving after January 25.

Two hundred girls attacked and pelted with mud a bailiff and his assistant who were serving writs of ejectment on tenants on Lord Dillon's estate at Ballyhannis, Ireland. The men beat a hasty retreat, leaving horse, car, and papers.

MR. DILLON, speaking at Castlereagh, Roscommon, warned those now supporting the interests of the landlords that the time was at hand when the police would be in the pay of Mr. Parnell as Premier of Ireland. "In the time of our power," he said, "we will remember them. Further, tell the officers of the land now distinguishing themselves by harshness and cruelty toward the people that they need expect no promotion from the Irish government."

MOTHER MOUNT CARMEL, of the Convent of the Good Shepherd, of Memphis, Tenn., has been appointed Mother of the Convent of the Good Shepherd in New Orleans. The province of St. Louis, under the jurisdiction of which the convent of New Orleans was, has been divided, and New Orleans made the head house of a new province, comprising Memphis and Havana, Cuba, and Mother Mount Carmel is the Mother Provincial. Mother Mount Carmel was a Miss Elder in the world, and is a niece of the most Rev. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati.

PEW RENTS.—Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of New York, has recently reduced the pew rents in St. Stephens' Church. Dr. McGlynn says that there is an increasing tendency in all Catholic churches to crowd at the early services and neglect the later service of High Mass, at which the chief sermon of the day is preached. "My aim is," he said, "to induce the people to attend the late service in large numbers. Personally, I favor the abolition of fixed pew rents altogether and trusting entirely to the voluntary offerings of the people at the various services. To my mind, this plan would be more Catholic and more democratic."

THE Very Rev. Robert Fulton, S. J., provincial of the New York and Maryland province of the Jesuits, has been delegated by the general of the Order to visit its establishments in Ireland. During his three months' absence the Rev. Robert W. Brady, S. J., president of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., will act as vice-provincial. The Rev. E. D. Boone, S. J., of St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, will replace Father Brady.

THE Rev. Augustine Tolton, the colored priest, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Quincy, Ill., speaks German as

fluently as he does English and Italian. His penitents are not confined to his own race, for some white people also seek him as a confessor. The colored preachers in that vicinity have been badgering him considerably, and recently he challenged them to a public debate on matters of controversy, but they would not risk their reputation in a dispute with him, fearing that their occupation would be gone if they were discomfited.

Church and Convent Burned.

THE Catholic church and convent at Napierville, Province of Quebec, were totally destroyed by fire on the 6th of December. At the time the fire reached the convent the lady superior was lying very ill, and had to be removed with the greatest care from the burning building. One presbytery was saved. The remains of two priests in vaults in the basement of the church were consumed. The property loss will reach $125,000.

THE Rev. R. W. Brady, S. J., president of the Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., has accepted the offer of Mr. Francis A. Reuss, corresponding secretary and librarian of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, Pa., of a silver medal to be competed for by students of the college as a prize for the best historical essay.

Not Begging For Cents.

MGR. SETON, of Jersey City, has informed the members of his congregation that one-cent contributions will no longer be received in the collections in their church. Persons who are so poor as to be able to give to God only fifty-two cents a year for the support of religion are so indigent as to be objects of charity, and the Mgr. is reluctant to exact even that trifle from their scanty store. The Church is not a beggar, nor is it so needy as to be obliged to take from the very poor the last cent they have. On the other hand, it is unwilling to accept an unjust pittance from persons who have received for it from God more than they offer.

THE Earl of Aberdeen, Scotland, has consented to act as president of the new Home Rule League, which is an amalgamation of the existing leagues in England. Lord Spencer and Lord Ripon are members of the League.

Important Circular.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD, of the Irish National League of America, has issued the following official letter to every one of the state delegates of the League: Sir,—The Tory government of Great Britian has once more evinced its incapacity to govern Ireland by other means than coercion. Our brethren in Ireland are again called upon to show by courage, suffering, and self-sacrifice that they are the heirs of their fathers' heroism. The time has come when we should prove by our actions that our hearts beat in unison with them in a common love for Ireland and liberty. A few weeks since we promised that, should England again have recourse to coercion, we would stand by them. We must now redeem that pledge. Public meetings are proclaimed; soldiers are being crowded into the country to overcome, and, should opportunity offer, to slaughter the people; prison cells await the nation's leaders, and every engine of oppression and unconstitutional legislation is about to be used to prop up tryanny and injustice and to crush the legitimate aspirations of Ireland. We must see to it that our promise of assistance was no idle boast. State delegates are called upon to proceed at once to the work of organizing the League in their respective States and provinces. They should use every means to increase the membership of existing branches and establish new ones, and should urge the officers of branches within their jurisdiction to devise means to promptly raise funds and forward them to the national treasurer, Rev. Charles O'Reilly, D. D., Detroit, Mich., in aid of the anti-eviction fund. We must not stand idle in the face of the present crisis. Experience has proven the futility of coercion to crush a determined and united people with the loyal aid of her exiled children. Ireland must come out of this struggle unconquerable, victorious.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN FITZGERALD, *President.*

IN the year 1823 Rev. Gabriel Richard was elected to congress. His deportment is described as commanding much respect. He is the first and last priest elected in congress.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia has laid the corner-stone of St. John's Industrial Home for Boys, a new Catholic

institution which is being built as Eddington, fifteen miles from Philadelphia. Its founders are three daughters of the late F. A. Drexel, of Philadelphia, nieces to the New York and Phiadelphia bankers.

The Great West.

PARTIES who contemplate visiting the Great West, for business, health, or pleasure, should not fail to subscribe for *The Rocky Mountain Celt.* The paper will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada, for three months, for fifty cents in postage stamps. *The Celt* is the oldest weekly newspaper in Colorado's capital, and is enterprising and progressive. Address, *Rocky Mountain Celt*, Nos. 378, 380, and 382 Larimer Street, Denver, Col.

Wonderful Linguist.

CARDINAL MEZZOFANTI has at length been surpassed as a linguist, though, let us add, by one of his own countrymen. The "living miracle of Pentecost," as we believe Pius IX. styled him, is said to have spoken some fifty-eight languages (according to Dr. Russell, thirty "with rare excellence," nine "fluently," and eleven "less perfectly"). Of other famous linguists, Mithridates, Pico di Mirandola, and Sir William Jones, were credited with speaking from twenty-two to twenty-eight each; twenty are claimed for Niebuhr, Müller, and perhaps Sir John Bowring. "For Elihu Burritt," says Dr. Russell, "and Csoma de Körös, their admirers, claim eighteen." (By the way, we should like to know where it is Sir Richard Burton comes on this list; pretty high up, we fancy. Perhaps Lady Burton could tell us? And Sir William White?) But the new prodigy far exceeds Mezzofanti and Mithridates together. Signor Marcantonio Canini, of Venice, is said to "know, speak, and write" the almost incredible number of *ninety-three* languages! Signor Canini, at present staying in Paris, has recently published the first volume of a collection of poems translated into Italian from all imaginable languages, ancient and modern.

REV. FATHER WHITE was the first person to set up a printing press in any of the English speaking colonies in American Father Richard set up the first one in the great north east. This important event took place in 1809.

The Funds of the Propaganda.

THE Supreme Court of Cassation at Rome has decided in favor of the Propaganda in a case which that institution has had to sustain against the administration of the *Demanio* and of the Worship Fund. The Propaganda urged its rights to the preservation of the revenues derived from the endowments of three suppressed abbeys, and reserved by his Holiness, Gregory XVI., to the Sovereign Pontiff, and by him to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, as a fund destined to supply the means for pensions and remunerations to cardinals and to persons deserving well of religion and of the Church. In virtue of the sentence passed by the Court of Cassation, the administration of the Worship Fund has been definitely obliged to give up to the Holy See, and through it to the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, the enjoyment of a *canone* of about £5,000 a year, and hand over to the congregation all sums received by the administration since the year 1862, that is to say, during a period of twenty-four years. The sum total thus due to the Propaganda is, therefore, £120,000. It is propable that an appeal may be made to another court.

The Purcell Creditors.

SOME time ago Archbishop Elder appointed a committee to devise a plan for making payments to the creditors of Archbishop Purcell. To-day the committee recommended that the archbishop send out circulars on the subject, that the pastors solicit money for the purpose and establish congregational societies. The money thus raised is to be distributed by a parish committee.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC, for the year 1887, will be ready, as usual, about the middle of December, and has been compiled with the care and regard for the interest and satisfaction of its readers that have characterized the issues of the past.

SISTER LOUISE, the head and founder of the twenty-seven houses of the Order of Notre Dame in this country, with their seven hundred sisters and twenty-three thousand girl pupils, mostly free scholars, died on December 1, in Cincinnati, at the convent, on Sixth Street, near Broadway, of which she was the superior. She was a native of Holland.

THE Rev. William A. Horgan, O. P., of St. Dominic's church, Washington, died on November 3, of hemorrhages from the lungs. He was 41 years of age, and had been attached to St. Dominic's church eight years. R. I. P.

Catholic Columbian: No change in the books used in the parochial schools of the St. Paul diocese is permitted without the consent of the Diocesan School Board. Admirable regulation! The frequent, needless, and expensive changing of text-books has been a detriment to some of our schools.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the Dublin Chamber of Commerce to take measures to promote the revival of the Irish lace and silk industries.

The *Western Watchman:* — Riel has become the John Brown of Canada. He died grandly, and his memory will live in Canadian story when the names of MacDonald and Blake will be found only in encyclopedias.

A FALSE THEORY.— Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland: — It is said in our day that clergymen have no business to sppear upon the public platform and make speeches upon public questions; that they should confine their teachings to their pulpits. That is a mistaken idea of our duties. Clergymen are citizens, and where great public questions arise there should the clergymen be to discuss them. Their profession only makes their appearance upon certain occasions the more imperative. They are the teachers and advocates of morals. To say that that should teach morals only in the churches, and say nothing about them in public, is to present a very false and senseless theory.

FATHER STEPHAN, the poet priest and Indian agent of the Catholic Church, has received an urgent letter from Geronimo asking him to come down to Arizona and see the poor Indians. Geronimo in his letter tells Father Stephan that he has been badly treated, and needs his aid and religious guidance. Father Stephan is a great favorite of all the Indians. He talks, sings, and dances with them. He tells them about his religion, and makes them like him. He is a middle-aged man, very polished and bright, and the Indians love him. He is a great favorite of Geronimo, and has gone to Arizona to see him.

A TEMPERANCE COCKTAIL: One ounce Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoons salt, one tablespoon black pepper, two raw eggs, dash of vinegar; shake well. No need of shaking such a dose as that: whoever drinks it will do all the shaking necessary.

Successor to the Late Father Kavanagh.

WHATEVER consolation can be derived by the people of Kildare for the loss of their late venerated and memorable parish priest from the fact that his successor is a man of equal attainments and virtues has been given them by their bishop's selection of a priest for the vacant charge. The Rev. M. Murphy, vice-president of the Carlow College, and professor of theology, has been appointed successor to Rev. Dr. Kavanagh. He is a priest of vast theological knowledge, and is known through the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, and his native diocese of Ossory, not more for his learning than for his missionary zeal. We believe that his aspirations and his predecessor's were completely as one on secular affairs, and that his people will find no lessening of large-hearted sympathy for their trials in their new pastor. That he will have a long life and fruitful will be the prayer of Father Murphy's friends. There is every reason to hope that their wishes will be fulfilled, as his merits have won his advancement, while he has youth and vigor to undertake an old man's work.

WORK OF A GOOD PRIEST.— On Sunday, November 14, the Very Rev. Father Hughes, V. G., of St. Patrick's Church, Hartford, Conn., celebrated the thirty-second year of his pastorate. Solemn High Mass was sung at 10.30 A. M. by Father Hughes. Fathers Dullard and Corcoran were deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was by Father Hughes, and may be described as an eloquent historical sketch of the progress of Catholicity in Hartford during the past thirty-two years. In these years St. Patrick's parish had expended half a million dollars, besides paying for a property worth another half million — and to-day it is without incumbrance! This fact speaks volumes for Father Hughes' administrative abilities, as well as for the faith and piety of his congregation.

Rev. Father Sheehy.

THE Irish people will be delighted at learning that the Rev. Father Sheehy, known to them as the fearless and patriotic priest who in 1881 dared Forster and his gyves in defence of the victims of landlordism and Castle tyranny, has been appointed by his bishop P. P. of the united parishes of Rockhill and Bruree, Co. Limerick. Father Sheehy, whose name is affectionately familiar to Irishmen over the Three Kingdoms and all through America, was not to be frightened from going on with the good work for Ireland and his people, in which his heart was centred, by the brutal machinations of Clifford-Lloyd or Forster's prison cell, and he emerged from jail if possible more determined than ever to do one brave soldier's part against the social and political enemies of his country. This determination he has since acted up to, and it is only quite recently that he appeared on many platforms across the Channel for the purpose of raising funds to enable him to defeat a scheme of heartless eviction about to be carried out in the parish of which he has now been appointed pastor. It is no marvel, therefore, that the announcement of the high dignity conferred on this beloved priest should be received with feelings of pride and pleasure by the Irish race at home and abroad.

Return of Priests to Germany.

THE many zealous and learned German priests who for some ten years devoted their service to the Church in England, whether as teachers in colleges or as priests in the missions, have carried back with them to their native land the regard and esteem of all who knew them in this country. No doubt, therefore, there are many who will read with interest of their subsequent career now that they are back in Germany. We learn that the Rev. Dr. August Müller, who for several years was Professor of Common Law at the Leeds Seminary, and was also highly esteemed for his zeal in pastoral work in that town, has just been summoned to Trier as Professor of Moral Theology in the recently reopened Seminary of that ancient city. The Rev. Dr. Joseph Felton, for several years professor at Ushaw College, has been nominated by the Archbishop of Colonge to the curacy of Süchteln, in the Deanery of Münster-Gladback. Dr. Felton's important work on Pope Gregory IX. has just appeared and is very highly spoken of by the German press.

Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS was one of the old ideas of the Celtic west in pagan times, as he was of the pagan east before. In Christian times he was still regarded with religious reverence, sitting, as he had sat for ages in Egypt and elsewhere, in the arms of his mother. Santa Claus was, in fact, the Child Jesus in the middle ages; and throughout that period the festive creed of Germany and all Celtic Europe was that he visited all family dwellings of good Christians on the eve of his anniversary, and brought with him gifts and blessings for the children. This beautiful tradition is still found lingering in Germany, though Santa Claus does not seem to be specially connected with it by name. The truth of this original belief is plainly enough indicated by the word "claus" which, in the Gothic or ancient German means "child" and "son." Santa Claus formerly meant the Holy Child.

College of the Christian Brothers, St. Louis, Mo.

THE members of the faculty and the students of the Christian Brothers' College tendered their president, Rev. Brother Virgil, a reception on the 2d of last month, in honor of his *Silver Jubilee* as a brother of the Christian schools. A grand banquet was given in the general refectory, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion. At the conclusion of the repast the addresses and presentations were made. A beautiful poem written for the occasion was delivered by Mr. Chas. F. Ziebold, member of the senior collegiate class, and an address was read by Mr. Charles J. Granville in the name of the students of the classical department.

Presentations were made by the members of the Scientific and academic classes, after which the professors and students adjourned to the college grounds, where the annual athletic sports took place.

WE recommend Mr. Magann to the clergy and laity of the New England States, to societies, lyceums, and private clubs. His prices are low, and every description and size of billiard and pool table can be found in his establishment.

READER

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

TO YOU.

The *Scientific American*, advertised in an other column under the head of "Patents," certainly needs no one to "sing its praises," but, notwithstanding this fact, we feel it an absolute duty to the general public, at least that portion of it which has never seen or heard of the paper, to tell them that such a "one is published," at the low price of $3 a year, and that its true value cannot be over estimated. It stands at the head of all publications of its kind.

"LEARNING without piety," wrote St. Isadore in the seventeenth century, "makes a man self-conceited; piety without learning makes him useless."

EX-PRESIDENT CHESTER A. ARTHUR died at his residence in Lexington Avenue, N. Y., on the morning of the 16th of November. He had been ailing for some time from a complication of diseases, principally kidney affection. The deceased was born in Franklin Co., Vt., Oct. 5, 1830. His parents were from the County Antrim, Ireland.

Lace and Silk Industry of Ireland.

Dublin Nation: It gives us much pleasure to note from a correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Dennehy, secretary to the Lord Mayor, and Mr. Wigham, hon. secretary of the Dublin Chamber of Commerce, that energetic measures are being taken to secure the efficient representation of two important branches of Irish industry at the forthcoming Manchester Exhibition. Mr. Wardle, who has in charge the silk section, and Mr. Neville Clegg, chairman of the lace section, having written requesting assistance in obtaining a display of Irish products in every stage of manufacture in the two departments named, the Lord Mayor, feeling that the subject came particulary within the province of the Chamber of Commerce, caused a communication upon the matter to be made to that body. Thereupon a committee of the chamber, including amongst its members the Lord Mayor, was formed to take the project in hands, and to consult with persons practically acquainted with the lace and silk industries. This committee will act in conjunction with the Royal Dublin Society, which is at present engaged in the laudable work of considering the best means of assisting in the revival of Irish industries. Though we may not hope to build up Irish manufacturing prosperity to the height which it attained before the Union, until the blighting influence of that accursed measure is removed and our interests are again committed to the care of the native legislature, yet any means by which an alleviation of the present wretched condition of Irish trade might be brought about should not be neglected.

Irish Landlordism.

Dublin Nation: There is no escape from the round of pestering outrage for the people of Ireland but in the destruction, root and branch, of the landlord rule in this country. Landlordism would be omnipotent to-day in Ireland if not confronted by an undaunted and united people. It holds the power of England in its grasp. It has its partners installed in Dublin Castle. Its minions crowd the bench from the police-court to the court that nullified the efforts of a Liberal legislature in behalf of the unfortunate tenant-farmers. At the present moment it can bribe, threaten, and slay with impunity. But, nevertheless, these are its last days. We have no doubt it will again try to confound the peace of our country by its outrages on the liberties, homes, and lives of our people. But this will be the end of its career of crime. The lessons of the present day are too plain to escape the attentive British democracy. They will see in Irish landlordism the survival of a most hated oppression, and

they will be spurred on to its overthrow by feeling that its outrages on Irish liberty, condoned and upheld as they may be by the votes and decrees of the British legislature, are a violation of the constitution which they have painfully and laboriously constructed, and as such are a menace to their own privileges and rights

JEFFERSON DAVIS,

President of the Southern Confederacy.

WE give, as a frontispiece to this issue of our MAGAZINE, a good likeness of the president of the Southern Confederacy. We are indebted to the *Southern Bivouac* for the portrait. A writer in that magazine says of him: —

"Whatever his enemies may say of him, the Southern people of Mr. Davis' day and generation will ever hold him in esteem; nor can they be induced to believe that he ever had an aspiration which did not include their welfare as its chiefest feature. This is as true of those who opposed the doctrine of secession as a remedy of evils complained of, as of those who indorsed every jot and tittle of the doctrine of State Rights, and fought for it on the fields which they enriched with their blood. Whatever his faults or failures, he was and is an honest man, devoted to his section and its people, and they return that devotion without stint or doubt.

"The most remarkable man of his day in many respects, the chief of the greatest civil war the world has known, the head of a government and army which, considering their resources or the lack of them, put on record the greatest military achievements of the age, the unfaltering advocate of an idea which he refused to abandon in the face of defeat, and which idea represents the opinions of the founders of the government and the spirit of the Constitution, he sits by the side of the sea, a citizen of no land under the sun, proscribed, misrepresented, and derided, yet accepting it all without a murmur, and calmly resting his case for those who will come after all of us to decide, conscious of the uprightness of his public and private career, his faithful devotion to his State and section, and the honesty of his purposes. Surrounded by his family, he as calmly and bravely awaits the end — which cannot be far away — as he faced the storm of Santa Anna's bullets in Mexico, or bore the indignity of chains and the horrors of a dungeon in later years.

"Kindly, gentle old man! 'When that good gray head' is pillowed upon the bosom of your beloved Mississippi, may there come one who will write upon the pages of history the fair record of your brave, upright and honored life, for it has been and is all these, deny it as your bitterest enemy may."

E. POLK JOHNSON, in *Southern Bivouac*.

No Catholics Need Apply.

Dublin Nation: The intolerance of the Orange burgesses of Belfast has from time to time received due attention in these columns and elsewhere; but we doubt whether it was as widely known, as it should be, that within half an hour's walk of the city of Dublin such a rare specimen of ascendency as the Pembroke Board was to be found in full bloom. In the township the vast majority of the inhabitants are Catholics; but under a special Act, easily pushed through Parliament in the good old times, the burgess qualification is £10; and not a single commissioner, out of the fifteen who constitute the board, is a Roman Catholic. Fifteen Protestants, with Lord Pembroke's agent as perpetual chairman, make up the entire number. The latter arrangement is specially provided for in the act, while the high rating virtually provides for the former. As the Very Rev. Canon Lee so well put it, the reasons which operated to prevent a single Catholic being on the board of commissioners might prevent a single one from being on the library committee.

DEATHS FROM CHOLERA FRIGHT. — Two young girls were at dinner at their home in Marseilles, France, when they were told that a special friend of theirs had died the previous night of cholera. At once they became very nervous, and left the table precipitately, ordered a cab, and told the driver to take them as fast as possible to the town of Aix, some distance from Marseilles. When the cab got outside the city the coachman looked through the window to ask the address of the place to which he was to go. He saw one of the girls in convulsions and the other utterly unconscious. In his turn, the driver got frightened, abandoned the cab, and ran about like a madman. When the police, who were sent for, arrived and opened the cab, they found one girl dead and the other dying. A little way up the road they found the coachman lying on his face dead.

Hungary and Ireland.

By the death of Count Frederick Ferdinand Von Beust, a very distinguished figure has passed from the stage of European politics. His name is inseparably associated with the great arrangement by which Home Rule was granted to Hungary, and the Austro-Hungarian Empire which was threatened with disintegration were bound together in the firm bonds of a common interest by the natural principles of allowing each its individual self-government. The part which Count Beust took in this transaction is akin to that which history will assign to Mr. Gladstone in reference to the restoration of Ireland's legislative independence. Count Beust was a great Austrian Minister who, with the penetration of a true statesman, saw that there was no hope of establishing amicable relation between the two countries but by the plan of establishing Home Rule in Hungary. Some English papers are seeking to make capital against Ireland of the fact that Count Beust alleged that the reason why he made the concession to Hungary was because on his visit to Pesth he saw that nothing less than Home Rule would satisfy the Hungarians and keep the Empire together. Purity of circumstances would justify English statesmen in making the same observation as regards Ireland. Count Beust was the most determined and prominent opponent of the "blood-and-iron" policy of Bismarck; but Bismarckian unscrupulousness has for a time been successful against the more righteous methods that found favor with Beust. In 1870 he strove to bring about an alliance between France and Austria to resist Prussian pretensions, but he failed in his effort. He was for some time in late years Austrian Ambassador at London, and afterwards at Versailles.

Patent steel wire door mat, the best thing of its kind ever put before the public: self-cleaning, and requires no shaking; in use at Church of the Sacred Heart, Cambridge; Church of the Assumption, Brookline; and hundreds of others throughout the country. For sale by S. B. Tobey & Co., Boston, and Wightman & Co., Providence, only. See advertisement on other page.

On Christmas Day, against the rule which prevails on every other day in the year, priests are allowed to celebrate three Masses. A mystical explanation of the three Masses is given, and they are supposed to figure the three births of our Lord, viz.: of His Father before all ages, of the Blessed Virgin, and in the hearts of the faithful. But the saying of three Masses is not obligatory.

A Venerable Priest. — The clergy of Paris has just lost one of its most saintly members in the death of the venerable Pere Goujeon, who was attached to the parish of St. Sulpice for a period extending over sixty years. Born with the present century, Pere Goujeon was one of the few remaining representatives of the sacerdotal generation formed by the survivors of the Revolution. He was an embodiment of the sterling virtues and austere life of the old French priesthood. His whole clerical life was passed at St. Sulplice, where a countless multitude were benefitted by his untiring zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Head of the Sensational Press.— One of the noteworthy features of the recent Harvard University commemoration was President Cleveland's philippic against the interference of the press with the sacredness of private life. He said: "The President of the United States should not be put beyond the protection which American love of fair play and decency accords to every American citizen. This trait of our national character would not encourage, if their extent and tendency were fully appreciated, the silly, mean and cowardly lies, that every day are found in the columus of certain newspapers, which violate every instinct of American manliness, and in ghoulish glee desecrate every sacred relation of private life."

The ladies who contend for Woman Suffrage are not very much taken up with home duties. They can go about making speeches and telling what they ought to be allowed to do. What they ought to occupy their minds and time with is neglected.

The *New York Sun* preaches a most powerful temperance sermon in this paragraph: "The manner in which Mr. Sullivan polished off Mr. Ryan showed that the former must have previously won

another and a far greater victory than merely walloping a brother prize fighter. We refer to his evident triumph over John Barleycorn (whiskey). Sullivan's condition shows that he must have got the better of his old enemy. And it is a strange paradox that in order to whip John Barleycorn one must run away and keep away from him.

"WHAT can down our matchless John L.?" exclaims a Boston paper proudly. Whiskey can. It has knocked them all out, says the *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*.

IN Peterboro, Canada, the people got the boys and youths to organize a "Salvation army" to burlesque and run the original out of the place. The juveniles succeeded; but now the query is, how to get rid of the spurious salvationists who are several hundred per cent. more noisy and mischievous than the genuine article.

INSURANCE AGAINST ACCIDENT.—The old and reliable Accident Insurance Company, of North America, furnishes undoubted security for its policy-holders. The policies of this company cover every form of accident which may befall the insured, such as dislocation, fracture, broken bones, bruises, cuts, stabs, gunshot wounds, crushing or mangling, burns or scalds, bites of dogs or serpents, unprovoked assaults, stroke of lightning, drowning, etc., etc. The policies of this company do not forfeit by the insured changing his occupation. For circulars giving full information, write to N. T. Houghton, State agent, 4 Post Office Square, Boston, Mass. Agents wanted in every city and town not already occupied. Write for terms.

Justin McCarthy's Triumph.

THE *Dublin Nation:* The result of the trial of the Derry election petition has sent a joyous thrill throughout the land, and indeed knowledge of the fact that the gifted vice-chairman of the Irish party is now the Parliamentary representative of an Ulster city, hitherto the stronghold of a bigoted and anti-national faction, will be pleasant news for patriotic Irishmen everywhere. The gratification felt at the potency of the new born Nationalist strength in Derry, as manifested by the return of Mr. M'Carthy, for he had a majority at the poll despite Tory bribery—and the glad feeling aroused by the successful prosecution of the petition, are redoubled on remembering that it is a devotod patriot who replaces in the representation of Derry one of the bitterest and most unscrupulous enemies of the Irish people, the truculent and detested Lewis, who combines in himself all that is hateful in blatant Toryism and Old Bailey practitionership. Bribery on the part of his election agent was the soft impeachment to which Mr. Sergeant O'Brien ruefully pleaded guilty on behalf of Lewis at the sitting of the court on Saturday,—that charge in the petitioner's list having been proved to the hilt on Friday by the admission of a voter who had received £4 and "expenses" to come from Scotland and poll for the London attorney. Mr. Samuel M'Dermott, the agent, who supplied the felonious cash was sought for, but in vain.

A WELL KNOWN FIRM.—Messrs. Patrick Higgins & Co., the well known grocery firm, have removed from their old stand, 45 Essex Street, into new quarters at 23 and 25 Harrison Avenue, between Beach and Essex Streets. This change was necessitated by the increase of business, which has increased so much of late that the old store was found to be unequal to meet its requirements. The present store is capacious, being 26 feet high, 35 feet wide, and 100 feet deep. It is lighted all round with large airy windows, and furnished with all the appointments and appliances belonging to a first-class family grocery store. A clean cemented cellar extends the entire length of the store, which furnishes excellent facilities for storage. In this cellar Mr. Higgins will store his altar wines, of which he makes a specialty, importing them himself. Orders by mail and express respectfully solicited.

ATTENTION! Have you got us a new subscriber for 1887? If you have not, attend to it at once. If you get a new subscriber and send us $4 we will send you a dollar book, beautifully bound.

DOCTOR OF THEOLOGY.—Rev. Father Higgins O. P., of New Haven, Conn., a priest of the Dominican Order, has received the degree of Doctor of Theology from Pope Leo. He is the first ecclesiastic of this country to be so honored.

LECTURE ON IRELAND. — In his course of eight illustrated lectures on Foreign Lands, to be delivered in Tremont Temple, by the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, the subject for Thursday afternoon, Jan. 6, will be "Ireland." It will be illustrated by fifty fine stereopticon views.

PRESENTED TO THE POPE. — Messrs. Martin Garrison & Co., of this city, the publishers of the Rev. Dr. Talbot's popular work, "The Life and Letters of Pope Leo XIII.," have had prepared and sent to the Rev. Dr. O'Connell, rector of the North American College, Rome, an *edition de luxe* of the same, to be presented to His Holiness.

THE advertisement of the Provident Life and Trust Co. appears upon inside page of our cover and speaks for itself. All of our customers who have had dealings with this company can bear witness to the faithfulness with which it has performed its every obligation. Those who may not know of it will find it to their advantage to consult in person or by letter with Mr. Holway, whose experience of over twenty years enables him to be strong in council.

THE *Chicago Emerald*, one of the brightest Irish-American family journals, is presenting all new subscribers with a fine copy-righted engraving 24x30 "entitled Ireland's successful leaders." The picture represents a handsome likeness of Parnell, Davitt, Archbishop Croke, John Dillon, and Rev. Father Sheehy. Its figures in the background, representing she beautiful "Maid of Erin," the Irish soldier in the act of leading a charge on the common enemy, the Irish-American in battle array ready to reinforce the Irish soldier, and "Irish Minstrel Boy," armed *cap-a-pie*, completed by a beautiful wreath of shamrocks encircling each one of the group, present to the beholder a very fine, artistic, and historical picture, which will be sent with *The Emerald* for one year to any address in the United States or Canada on receipt of $2.00, or to Ireland for $2.50. Address *Emerald* office, Chicago, Ill.

THE POPE has invited the editors of Catholic newspapers throughout the world to send their publications regularly to the press office of the Vatican. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE will be sent to the Vatican, commencing with the January issue.

ALTAR DECORATION. — Messrs. M. D. Jones & Co., 76 Washington Street, Boston, have on exhibition at their store a large and beautiful collection of artificial tropical plants, flowers, and foliage, designed for the decoration of churches, residences, show windows, etc. These artificial flowers are just the thing for the beautifying of the sanctuary on the great feasts and festivals of the Church. This firm already numbers among its patrons many of the clergy of New England, including the Marist Fathers at the French Catholic Church, Boston; Father O'Brien, East Cambrige, and Father O'Callahan, South Boston.

ALL communications on business connected with DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE should be addressed to Patrick Donahoe, 21 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

NO FLOWERS AT FUNERALS. — As death is the wages of sin, and none may stand at the dread tribunal of Christ save as suppliants for his great mercy, the Synod, New York, discountenances vain pomp and display at funerals, and therefore forbids the general use of flowers, the showing of the remains in the church, and also, in conformity with a recent decree of the Holy See, the use of cremation.

Mr. Davitt Hopeful.

In an interview, Mr. Davitt said: "I am not at all discouraged at the prospect. It is merely a verification of my constant predictions. The Tory Government may bring forward a collision, and possibly a number of arrests may be made, but they cannot prevent the cause from progressing. I believe that in a short time the government will collapse. It is even now disunited on the Irish Question. Anyhow, Irish liberty is bound to become an accomplished fact."

THE Catholics of the United States sincerely mourn the death of ex-President Chester A. Arthur. They remember the services he rendered to his country after the murder of President Garfield, and recall now with gratitude, which they would have proved in action had

the opportunity offered, his successful effort to save the American College in Rome from the spoliation by the robbers now in power there.

THANKSGIVING DAY was celebrated at the American College in Rome by a banquet in honor of the recent arrivals of Bishops Ireland and Keane, who came to lay before the Pope plans for the proposed Catholic University. Previous to the banquet Bishop Ireland blessed the arms of the College, painted upon the ceiling of the large dining-hall. The painting, which represents the Virgin in a celestial scene as the protectress of the United States, represented by the arms of America, is the work of the artist Torti, and was much admired.

FORMS FOR VESTMENTS. —Our clergy will find at Messrs. Ufford & Son, 43 West Street, an *admirable* arrangement, not expensive, for holding vestments in good shape when not in use. *Ladies also* will here find the indispensable "draping" (extension) "form" that folds like an umbrella. Send for *illustrated catalogue*.

MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN has returned to her home in Chicago, Ill., from a six months' stay in Europe, during which she travelled in Ireland, England, France, and Germany. The admirers of this noble and singularly gifted woman will rejoice to know of her complete restoration to health.

Ecclesiastical Discipline.

UNDER the head of Ecclesiastical Discipline attention is called to the fact that the Sovereign Pontiff desires that an abuse which has unfortunately existed, in some isolated cases, in this country, be utterly done away with — the practice, namely, of charging for admittance to churches on Sundays or other days of obligation. It is true that where the practice prevailed the entrance fee also gave a right to a seat, and that it is not more unlawful, other things being equal, to pay for a seat Sunday after Sunday than to pay pew-rent by the quarter or by the year. But it is an incongruity, to say the least, to require attendance at Mass and the payment of money in order to fulfil that necessary duty. Hence, in obedience to the wishes of the Holy Father, it is provided that in every church of this diocese a certain free space be set apart for the convenience and accommodation of those who do not choose to occupy seats; and it is positively commanded that the objectionable custom in question, if it exist anywhere in this diocese, be given up forthwith and entirely abolished. — *Pastoral of Archbishop Corrigan, New York.*

THE Labor Party has no particular reason for discouragement at the result of its efforts in the canvass just closed.

WE firmly believe that the workingmen could better their condition materially if they would only practice what they preach.

CARDINAL MANNING says: "The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands, and to hinder him from employing his strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of a most sacred right. I claim for labor the rights of property. There is *no* personal property so strictly one's own. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life-blood. The workingman carries his property with him as ready money. He can buy with it and he can sell with it. He may justly put a price on it. Labor has a *right to liberty*. I claim for labor the rights of capital. It *is* capital, in the truest sense. Labor has a right not only to freedom, but it has a right to protect itself.

Chinese Straw Shoes.

WE understand that Dr. Macgowan has sent to the Agricultural Bureau, through Consul-General Kennedy, of Shanghai, a collection of shoes made of rice straw, and worn by laboring people in the south of China. Dr. Macgowan sends them, suggesting the introduction of rice-straw shoemaking into the rice-producing regions of the South. They are made by women and others who are too feeble for more active employment, which circumstance, and the abundance of the material, render them very cheap — from one to twelve cents per pair!

Dr. Macgowan suggests also the introduction into nurseries, for children's wear, of these straw shoes, that more freedom be allowed to the feet of our children.

The Catholic University.

Mr. E. F. Baldwin, architect, of Baltimore, has been intrusted with the building of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. None of the various plans submitted by other architects were satisfactory to the conference committee, and it was decided at the recent meeting to place the work in the hands of Mr. Baldwin, who will at once prepare drawings, from which a selection will be made. No definite plan has as yet been determined upon, though it is understood that the Prelates having the erection of the University in hand propose to have the theological seminary, which is to be the main building, centrally situated, while the others are to be grouped around it. The principal structure will be fully three hundred feet deep, and its probable cost will hardly be less than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is proposed to make this one of the finest and most imposing structures of the kind in the country. Ground will be broken on March 1st, and the building pushed to completion as rapidly as possible.

Miss Yore, whom Michael Davitt is to marry, is an Irish-American. Six years ago, when Mr. Davitt was stricken down by a serious illness in America, Miss Yore nursed him. The marriage will take place on the first of January next, and then, after addressing a few meetings, Mr. Davitt, with his wife, will go direct through New York to Ireland.

The Jesuits number in the United States about 1,200. The membership of the Society throughout the world is about 10,000.

Another New Church.—On Sunday, November 14, Archbishop Williams dedicated the Church of the Holy Ghost, at Whitman, Mass. The celebrant of the Solemn High Mass was the Rev. Father Daley of Winchester; the deacon, the Rev. Father Chittick, of Plymouth, and the subdeacon, the Rev. Father Conlin, of Bridgewater. The master of ceremonies was the Rev. Father Nilan, of Abington. The Rev. Thomas Magennis, of Jamaica Plain, preached the dedication sermon. The corner-stone of this church was laid in October, 1879. It is 100x50 feet, and completed will cost in the neighborhood of $25,000. It has a seating capacity of about 650. The walls and ceilings are panelled, the prevailing tints being yellow, bronze, and gold. The walls are further decorated with pictures of saints and sacred symbols. The altar-piece is the Baptism of Christ. The altar is in white and gold. The windows are of cathedral stained glass, and are gifts of societies connected with the church, or of individual members of the congregation.

Consecration of the New Bishop.—On Sunday, November 14, in the Cathedral, Baltimore, Md., Cardinal Gibbons, assisted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, of St. Augustine, Florida, and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Chatard, of Vincennes, Ind., consecrated the Rt. Rev. Alfred A. Curtis, Bishop for the See of Wilmington, Del. Other Bishops present were the Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker, formerly of Wilmington, Del., but now of Savannah, Ga., who preached; and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, W. Va. The Rev. Thomas S. Lee, rector of the Baltimore Cathedral; the Very Rev. A. Magnien, president of the seminary of St. Sulpice, that city; and the Rev. William E. Starr, rector of the Corpus Christi Church; and many other priests were in attendance. The cathedral was crowded, a great number of Protestants being attracted thither by the fact that Bishop Curtis is a convert, and not many years ago was rector of the Protestant Episcopal Mount Calvary Church in Baltimore. On November 15, Bishop Curtis formally took charge of his diocese. The Rev. Michael Ronan, rector of St. Peter's Church, Lowell, Mass., was present. Bishop Curtis and Father Ronan were fellow-students and intimate friends at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore.

The Right Rev. Hilary Pfraengle was elected Abbot of St. Mary's Benedictine Monastery, Newark, N. J., on November 16. He is a worthy successor to the late abbot, whose health — which had become impaired — forced him to resign.

New Apostles for the Far East.—Twenty missionaries have recently left the *Seminaire des Missions Etrangères*, rue du Bac' *en route* for Tonquin and Annam; towards the middle of the month as many more will leave for the same missions. These young apostles go to fill up the vacancies caused by the late massacres in China.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Martin Garrison & Co., Boston.

POPE LEO XIII.; HIS LIFE AND LETTERS.

This is the title of a new and most interesting work, edited and compiled by the Rev. James F. Talbot, S. T. D., of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mass., with an introduction from the Rev. P. A. McKenna, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlborough, Mass., published by Martin Garrison & Co., Boston. It is elegantly illustrated. The frontispiece contains the most artistic portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff ever produced. The likeness is perfect, so excellent in detail and finish as to have won from the Holy Father himself an epigram and autographic indorsement. Reproductions of the epigram, together with photographic copies of commendatory letters from Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Howard, who — among other cardinals have praised the picture — have a separate page given them.

The Pope's masterly letters are interwoven with the text. The subject — The Life of the Pope — is treated in a broad and generous manner, and the narrative is written in an easy, flowing, and graceful style. The historic details leave a deep impression on the mind of the reader, as they are brilliantly traced, and portray the uprecedented career of Leo XIII., who is universally acknowledged to be the greatest pontiff who has ascended the Papal throne. His administration of the affairs of the Church is fully described. It clearly shows how wisely and successfully he has applied his wonderful talents and abilities to the execution of international measures that, through his instrumentality, have strengthened the Church and increased her glory throughout the world. Each chapter, from the first to the last, is a book within a book, developing the religious and intellectual grandeur of Leo's character. As student, priest, bishop, cardinal, pope, statesman, diplomatist and mediator, he has displayed a genius that has mastered extraordinary difficulties antagonistic to the Church, and made them the steppingstones to her future greatness.

Martin Garrison & Co., the publishers, have spared no pains to present a work of rare merit to the Catholic people, and one that should find a place in the home of every family and the room of every young person. They have added to the biography over one hundred pages of useful, instructive, and entertaining matter required by all Catholic people. These pages will be found invaluable for reference. They contain a dictionary of Catholic words, phrases, and expressions, with their proper pronunciation and definitions, ecclesiastical tables of reference, the great cathedrals of the world, a list of the popes from St. Peter to Leo XIII., the wonderful growth of the Catholic press in the United States, etc., etc. The full-page illustrations are finely executed. Thousands outside the Church will peruse this book with interest and with profit. The enterprise of the firm is praiseworthy for placing before the public a book of such excellent quality. The paper and printing are first-class. The binding is of fine English satin cloth, cardinal red, and bears upon the front cover a beautifully designed gold medallion of His Holiness, together with the Papal coat of arms, which is gracefully pendant beneath the medallion. The price is very low. Plain edge, $3.00. Full gilt edge, $4.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of the amount, by the publishers, MARTIN GARRISON & Co., Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

James B. Cullen, well known to the Catholics of Boston as superintendent of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, is associated with Messrs Garrison & Co. in the publication of the book. We wish our young friend success in his new rôle.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

FIVE MINUTES SERMON FOR LOW MASSES ON ALL SUNDAYS OF THE YEAR. By Priests of the Congregation of St. Paul. Price, 80 cents.

These Sermons appeared weekly in our excellent contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, and have been sought after and read with great profit. The first volume has had a large sale, and we are sure the second volume will meet with as great success.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1887. With Calendars Calculated for Different Parallels of Latitude, and Adapted for Use throughout the United States. Price, 25 cents.

For some years past *The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual* has set a highly

commendable example in the clearness of its letter-press, the distinctness and accuracy of its illustrations, and the general excellence of its typographical make-up to Catholic publishers. Good taste and good judgment, too, have characterized the selection and compilation of the reading matter of its successive annual issues. This commendable movement, too, has been kept up from year to year, and the result of it is clearly shown in the annual issue before us, which surpasses, as regards the variety and interest of contents, all previous numbers.

GEMS OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT: Sayings and Doings of Eminent Catholic Authors. By Anna T. Sadlier.

This is a delightful little book, containing the thoughts of Catholic authors in the various fields of literature. There are DCCCCLIII. excerpts from various authors on most every subject. The book is beautifully gotten up, and is an excellent gem for a Christmas or New Year's present. Price, 50 cents.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS LIGOURI, Bishop, Confessor, and Doctor of the Church, Founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By a Member of the Order of Mercy, authoress of the "Life of Catharine McCauley," "Angel Dreams," "Glimpses of Pleasant Homes," "Happy Hours of Childhood," "By the Seaside," etc.

This is a large life of the great saint. We cannot add anything to the approbation of the Archbishop of New Orleans, who says: "Having submitted to a careful examination of the works, original and translated, of a member of the Order of Mercy in our diocese, we cordially and earnestly recommend them to the faithful under our charge."

THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC: Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D.

This is a new edition of one of the best of the late Dr. Brownson's books. It is a study for politicians and all who would rightly understand the principles of our Government. The book is well printed, with large margin and clear type.

THE SPIRITUAL MAN; or, The Spiritual Life Reduced to its First Principle. Translated from the French of Rev. J. B. Saintjure, S. J., author of "Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ," etc. By a member of the Order of Mercy.

This is another book by the author of the Life of St. Ligouri. The author says: "I dedicate my works to the King, Christ Jesus."

Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

CANTATE DOMINO.

A collection of Latin hymns and motets, as sung in Catholic choirs. Compiled by Sisters of Notre Dame, Philadelphia.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin. and St. Louis.

LITTLE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON, and other Tiny Rhymes for Tiny Readers. Simple Verses for Name-days, Birthdays, Christmas, New Year, and other festive and social occasions. With numerous and appropriate illustrations. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. 16mo, cloth, $1.00.

There is probably no family or school that has not at some time felt the need of just such verses as are offered in this book. On birthdays, name-days (the feast of one's patron saint), Christmas, New Year's, and other religious or domestic festivals, the joyfulness of the occasion or the value of some trifling gift would be greatly enhanced if accompanied by a few well-chosen words suited to the capacity of a little child. But it is vain to search for such; for though many are to be found in French and German, there has been, until now, nothing of the kind in English. In this "Little Compliments of the Season" almost every festival is provided for; and by a simple change of a word or two the verses may be made to suit other occasions than those for which they were written. In addition the author has given other pleasant rhymes, original or selected, which are sure to be appreciated by the little ones for whom they are written.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

PURGATORY: DOCTRINAL, HISTORICAL, AND POETICAL. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. 500 octavo pages. Price, $2.

The publishers have presented to the public a new work by this eminent Catholic authoress, which is wholly unique in character and conception. No similar one has appeared in English, nor, indeed, in any of the continental languages. It is designed to place before the reader that most consoling of our Catholic devotions under an unusually varied aspect. The gifted author has woven a garland of legend and romance, of sober truth, and the poet's glowing fancy, with the old, unchanging dogma, that, from the time of the Maccabees, has come down, an unfaltering tradition, to ourselves. Mrs. Sadlier has divided her book into compartments; the first contains the groundwork, so to say, of the whole; passages selected from great theologians, such as Suarez and St. Catharine of Genoa, which have the merit of being short, clear, and comprehensive, but never dry. Her patriotic authorities, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, St. Chrysostom, commingle with the Reverend and Most Reverend authors of our own day still living, and laboring for the good cause, Cardinal Gibbons, Arch-

bishop Lynch of Toronto, Father Moriarity, Father Weninger, S. J. The saints of by-gone ages, St. Augustine, St. Francis de Sales, St. Gertrude, speak side by side with the great men who have departed within our own memory, Archbishop Hughes, Archbishop Spalding, Father Müller, Father Faber.

A second department is historical. Facts concerning devotion to the dead are gathered from the history of various nations, and fitted into beautiful mosaic, which all times and all countries offer, to which the ages have added each its quota, but left the original plan unchanged. Under this head it would be sufficient to mention Dr. Lingard, at once the most conscientious and voluminous student of history which our own day has produced, were it not that America has furnished him so worthy a co-laborer in the person of Father Lambing.

A third division of the book is made up of the thoughts of many authors, as well Protestant as Catholic, on Purgatory proper, or its correlative, praying for the dead. Cardinals Newman, Manning, and Wiseman, Chateaubriand and de Maistre, render their solemn testimony with the significant utterances with the English Dr. Johnson, the German Leibnitz, and the infidel Italian Mariotti. One of our foremost American Catholic men of letters, Brother Azarias, in his classically correct and eloquent language, puts before the reader the relation of Mary to Purgatory. The "Mass for the Dead" is beautifully and graphically described by Father O'Brien, of St. Mary's College, Emmittsburg.

Anecdotes related on credible authority, or taken from the Annals of Purgatorian Societies, have a place in the volume, though care has been taken to exclude those which might seem improbable, or which are already too familiar to the Catholic public.

Last, but not least, comes the poetical section of the book, which embraces as well the legendary. The poems extend from Dante and Calderon to our own Eliza Allen Starr and Eleanor C. Donnelly, songs gushing from the heart of our Catholic writers, the living and the dead. Interwoven with these are the legends, both prose and poetry, the wild flowers of the nations. Many of them are merely graceful fictions or curious myths, springing up in the luxuriant soil of the Church's vineyard, and having their use. As ore turned up by the miner's pick, however unsightly, shows the presence of gold, so do they, however exaggerated their form, or uncouth their disguise, prove how deep a hold this dogma of a middle state has taken on the people's mind. They contain the hidden germ of truth.

Of late new and earnest efforts are being made by the foremost Catholic journals, the representatives of popular thought, to impress devotion towards the dead upon the attention of the faithful. Thus a new impetus is being given to this most spiritual of Catholic doctrines. It was most active among our forefathers, whether Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, or Tuetonic. Their last testament showed it, their dying words, their mighty bequests, and the constant thread of intercession which ran through their daily lives. It is the firm belief that this volume will strongly tend in this direction, that Mrs. Sadlier offers it to the public, the result of some years' careful preparation. No theme less sacred would have induced her now, when the resting period of her life is at hand, to undertake a work involving research so extensive and labor so onerous. If it tend to popularize, so to say, the subject of purgatory, by presenting in readable and attractive form much that has been said by writers of various shades of thought, and no less manifold capabilities, she will no doubt feel herself amply repaid. She felt, and has touchingly expressed in the introduction, that the labors of a long life spent in the service of Catholic literature would be incomplete without this tribute to the dear suffering souls.

The publishers, for their part, have done all that lies with them to render the book as attractive as it ought to be. It is their aim to present it under such a form as cannot fail to enhance its intrinsic merit. For this latest work of Mrs. Jas. Sadlier, so long a favorite with the Catholic public, they bespeak a cordial welcome. They earnestly solicit the patronage of the most reverend and reverend clergy, of the religious communities, and the public in general.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF IRELAND. By George Makepeace Towle, author of a "History of England," "History of Henry V.," "Modern Greece," "Modern France," "England and Russia in Asia," "England in Egypt," etc.

The introduction to the book is written by John Boyle O'Reilly. As to the author, his histories of other nations have been received with favor by all readers of history. We have not had time to examine the book, but from the well-known ability of the author the book cannot be other

than interesting to all nationalities. It is just the book for the young Irish-Americans of the country. It is free from detail, but gives all the historical points and incidents from St. Patrick to our own times. We can say that the author does not *make-peace* with the enemies of Ireland. The book is handsomely illustrated.

The Baltimore Pub. Co., Baltimore, Md.

NOVISSIMA; OR, WHERE DO OUR DEPARTED GO? By Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., D. Lit., "Laval." Price, $1.50.

This book was written prior to the learned Doctor's undertaking the task of compiling the "Memoirs of His Holiness Leo XIII." on which he is now engaged in Rome. It is designed to set forth the beauties and joys of heaven as witnessed by the saints and holy men of the church. All controversy is avoided, the aim being a simple exposition of the teaching of Bible and Church concerning the magnificence of God's rewards, and the supreme fitness of the heavenly beatitude to satisfy all the aspirations and cravings of the human heart at its noblest. "The mission of this volume," he says, "is to bring light, consolation, strength, and rest to the homes that might welcome it and the troubled of heart who would chance to peruse its pages." It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. O'Reilly is a master of pure and lofty rhetoric, and he has bestowed his choicest efforts upon this work, because it has been to him the most pleasing composition he ever undertook. It will, doubtless, be read with pleasure and profit by tens of thousands.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

ELEMENTARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, for schools.

It is not only useful as a school book but for the family.

NEW BOOKS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co., announce their Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1887. Fifty-fifth annual publication. The Catholic Directory, Almanac and Ordo for 1887, containing full statistics of the Catholic Church in the United States, Canada, Great Britain, and Ireland, together with much useful information not otherwise obtainable. Price, 1 vol., paper cover, $1.25; 1 vol., bound in cloth, $1.50. An edition comprising only the Church in the United States. 1 vol., paper cover, 50c.; 1 vol., cloth, 75c.

THE Rev. Father O'Shea, O. S. F., is at present engaged on a new work, "The Franciscan and Dominican Popes."

THE JESUIT FATHERS at Shanghai have published four new works in Chinese, which will constitute a very good addition to Catholic Chinese literature. The principal work is in four volumes, and contains explanations of the New and Old Testament withi llustrations. This and the explanations of the gospel for every Sunday and festival give the principal parts of the Holy Scriptures in Chinese with excellent explanatory notes.

THE REV. PERE DIDON, O. P., the celebrated Dominican, whose great work on Germany produced such a sensation in literary circles a few years ago, has for some time been engaged upon an important work, "The Life of Jesus," in which he will combat the pernicious theories and silly fancies which make up the only two popular volumes written by M. Renan, under the same title. The reverend father, who has already visited the Holy Land for the purpose of gathering materials for his work, intends shortly to go there again, with the same object.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA is at present engaged in writing the History of the Catholic Church in America, to appear in five large volumes. The first volume will be out in a few weeks. Pressure from high sources was brought to bear on Mr. Shea to induce him to write the History of the Church in America, for, if he neglected to do it, much knowledge would have died with him. Mr. Shea's history will contain much matter never before published. He is a member of the Historical Society of Madrid, Spain, and he has been favored by secretaries of that society with certain historical information, copied from its archives, for the forthcoming History of the Church in the United States. Shea's history will be one of the greatest of modern historical works.

It is announced for publication in two volumes: "Ancient Legends, Mystic Charms, and Superstitions of Ireland, with Sketches of the Irish past." By Lady Wilde."

AMONGST the manuscripts of the late Abbe Franz Liszt were found seven "musical portraits," as he calls them: piano compositions dedicated respectively to the memory of Francis Deak, Count Batthyany, Count Szechenpi, 'Baron

Eotvos, the poets Petofi and Vorosmarty, and the composer Mosnpi, each a typical Hungarian statesman or poet. Liszt's last work will soon be published.

CARDINAL NEWMAN is, it is said, engaged in preparing his autobiography. The work is not likely to come before the public for a considerable time.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co.

Vocal: "O Lord, How Manifest are Thy Works," arranged from Barnly by C. P. Morrison. "I Fear No Foe," words by Edw. Oxenford, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Dar's Gwine to be an Earthquake," by Chas. H. Hentz. "Christmas Carol," by Leo R. Lewis. "'Tis All That I Can Say," words by Tom Hood, music by Hope Temple. "Peace, Troubled Soul," song, by Edmund S. Mattoon. "My Dream Fulfilled," song, by E. Stephens. "I Haven't for a Long Time Now," words by Daniel J. Hart, music by Wm. Hoey. "Thou Visitest the Earth," adapted from W. H. Calcott by C. P. Morrison. "Once in David's Royal City," Christmas carol, by Leo R. Lewis. "The Orphan and His Violin," words by Jas. A. Manning, music by P. H. Ernest Verron.

Instrumental: "Warblings at Eve," by Brinley Richards, arranged for four hands. "Sixth Rhapsodie Hongroise," by Liszt. "The Officer's Waltz," by Chas. Coote, Jr. Instrumental Gems from "The Commodore," by Offenbach. "L'Avant-Garde Marche," by L. Streabbog. "Ex-President Chester A. Arthur's Funeral March," by George Thorne. "Dawn Waltz," by H. Lovel. "Gavotte Circus Ring," by Fliege. "Songs of the Angels," by C. D. Blake, and "Summer Twilight," by E. H. Bailey, both arranged for guitar.

Books: "Stamatys', Celebrated Fundamental Studies," compiled and revised by Calixa Lavallee; Vol II. "Stean's Church Anthem," for Quartette or Chorus choir, by C. C. Stean; Vol. I. "Chorus to Easter Anthem," by E. A. Jones. "The Folio for December," interesting as usual. All the above publications issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co.'s best style.

O. Ditson & Co., Boston.

"Cantata Domino," a collection of Latin hymns and motets, for two and three voices, as sung in Catholic choirs, compiled by sisters of Notre Dame, Philadelphia. The above is a handsomely issued volume of some 223 pages, containing a large and well selected collection of hymns, arranged especially for female voices in a very superior manner. There has long been felt a need for just such a collection as this, and the above volume, we think, will go far towards filling this want. The print is clear and distinct, and the book is a credit to its publishers.

FROM the *Boston Daily Herald:* DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.— The good things in this periodical are more and more original, though its selections are extremely well made. The two most prominent original articles are "Priest and Patriot," by Ollave Folla, and "A Retrospect of American History," by Mr. William F. Donovan. The latter indicates, on the part of the writer, an excellent knowledge of the facts in our political history during the last twenty years. There is something in each number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for every sort of reader. It is indispensable to the Irish family life.

Boston Daily Herald: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for December.— This issue closes the eighth year of the existence of this periodical. It is now established on a firm business basis, and has the largest circulation of any Roman Catholic magazine ever published in this country. It is made up partly of selected and partly of original matter, and is well adapted for family reading in the thousands of homes into which it goes as a matter of course. No American-Irish family should be without it. One of the notable features of this issue is the biographical sketch of Father Tolton, who is the first colored man ever admitted to the Roman priesthood in America. His portrait, in full canonicals, is very striking.

AT a recent meeting of the Senate of the Royal University, held in Dublin for the purpose of conferring degrees, Lord Emly, Vice-Chancellor, announced that the Senate had decided upon conferring the honory degree of Doctor of Science on Mr. James Bell, known for his scientific researches; on the Rev. Stephen J. Perry, S. J., one of the most eminent of living astronomers, and on Professor John Perry, a distinguished student of Queen's College, Belfast.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOPS.

THE death is announced at Cork of Rt. Rev. Wm. Delaney, bishop of that diocese. Dr. Delaney had reached an advanced age, and for nearly forty years had presided over the See of St. Finbar. Zealous as a churchman, scholarly and sociable, the good bishop's presence will be missed. Religious progress even in a city that is distinguishedly Catholic was notable during his administration. Churches, educational establishments, hospitals for every phase of human misery, carefully watched over by religious, stand on every vantage point in the city. Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan, coadjutor, succeeds *cum jure successionis.*

THE death of Monseignor George Talbot occurred recently at Passy, France, where he had been living for thirteen years or more. Monseignor Talbot was well known in England, France, and Italy, and was everywhere esteemed for his learning and piety. He was a son of the third Lord Talbot of Malahide. After finishing his education at Eton and Oxford, he was appointed vicar of Evercreech, Somerset, where he remained till his conversion to the Catholic faith. For nineteen years he was a chamberlain to Pius IX., by whom he was greatly beloved. May he rest in peace!

CLERGYMEN.

WE are pained to announce the death of Rev. M. A. Horgan, O. P., who, after a short illness, finished his labors on last Wednesday morning at 1:45 o'clock, at St. Dominic's Convent, in South Washington. May he rest in peace!—*Washington Church News, Nov. 7.*

REV. F. S. FITZPATRICK, a very widely known priest, died at the episcopal residence attached to St. Joseph's Cathedral, Hartford, Conn., on the 12th of October. He was graduated at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, where he was a classmate of Bishop Kane of Richmond, Va. He has served as assistant priest in numerous parishes in Connecticut. His greatest work was in New Haven under Bishop Galberry. He had been ill three years at the episcopal residence. He was a man of indomitable will, but singularly pleasing manner, and was specially loved by children and old people. He was 47 years old. Death was due to Bright's disease.

REV. FATHER FLORIAN SANTOIS, who died recently at Chicago, was one of the oldest Jesuit priests in America. The Rev. Father was born Oct. 20, 1809, near Brussels, and was ordained in 1833, and came with Father De Smet to America in 1838. In 1839 he was sent to Grand Coteau, La., where he remained for ten years; recalled North, he served in many cities, reaching Chicago in 1873, where he remained until his death. Two years ago Father Santois celebrated the golden jubilee of his priesthood. Had he lived two years longer he would have celebrated his fiftieth year as a Jesuit priest, and would have been in the records of longevity with but few of the priesthood. Father Santois was noted even among his brothers as a man of great strength of character and boundless generosity. His friends were legion.

REV. FREDERICK WILLIAM GOCKELN, S. J., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Providence, R. I., died, on the 26th Nov., of typhoid pneumonia, aged 66 years. He was a native of Westphalia, and came to this country in 1839. Some of his most important posts were: President of St. John's College, Fordham, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, and St. Peter's College, Jersey City. He also had charge of St. Lawrence's Church, New York City, for four years. The remains were taken to Worcester for interment.

SISTERS.

SISTER AGNES died at St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Roxbury, morning of Nov. 24. She was among the first of those who aided in establishing the Franciscan community at 79 Waltham Street. She had been connected with the home at the Highlands since its opening, and had labored zealously to advance its interests. By the faithful discharge of her duties, as well as by her urbanity and goodness of heart, she endeared herself to all with whom she came in contact.

SISTER IGNATIUS of the Cross, in the world Miss Anastasia Cullen, of Boston, died on Saturday, Nov. 20, at St. John's Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Woburn, Mass. Her funeral took place on Nov. 22, from St. Charles' Church. The High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by the rector, the Rev. John Quealy. Rev. Father Farrell preached. Father Roche, of the Newsboys' Home, Boston, and Father Murphy, of Hopkinton, were present. The school children and members of the congregation went in procession from the church to the grave. Sister Ignatius was but 23 years of age, and had spent five years in religion. She was well-known in Boston, and was the sister of Mr. James B. Cullen, former superintendent of the Home for Destitute Children, on Harrison Ave., Boston.

MOTHER MARY IGNATIUS BLAKE, of the Presentation Convent, Galway, died recently at the advanced age of 85 years, 57 of which had been spent in the convent. She was for many years, at different periods, the Rev. Mother of the Community, and was the foundress of the Presentation Convent at Oranmore and Tuam. The splendid schools attached to her convent there owe their progress and excellence to her unceasing vigilance and care, and, indeed, she was ever most assiduous in attending to whatever conduced to the religious and moral training of the female youth of the working classes of Galway. Her death was a most edifying one, surrounded by the sisters of the Community, who were devotedly attached to her. The departed lady was sister to the late Patrick J. Blake, Esq., Q. C., County Court Judge of Fermanagh, and cousin of Sir Michael Morris, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland.

LAY PEOPLE.

DR. FRANK P. SCULLY, formerly of East Cambridge, died at his home in Portland, Maine, on Friday, Nov. 12. Dr. Scully was born in Charlestown, where his boyhood was spent. He was a graduate of Boston College and the Harvard Medical School, and for several years assistant surgeon of the Ninth Regiment. He removed to Portland several years ago, after having successfully performed a most difficult surgical operation on Col. Lynch of that city, and soon built up a large practice. His demise is greatly regretted.

ON the 24th November, after a few weeks' illness, Dr. Edward Philip Le Prohon, a physician and surgeon of well-known skill, and Vice-Consul of France for the State of Maine, died at his home, Portland, at the age of 70 years. Dr. Le Prohon graduated in the best medical and surgical schools of France and America. Dr. Le Prohon married a daughter of the late Dr. Green, who was a practitioner in Boston some fifty years ago.

MRS. ELLEN O'KANE MURRAY died in Philadelphia recently after a short illness. She was born in that city, April 13, 1819, being a daughter of Bernard O'Kane, a native of the County Derry, who became an extensive cattle dealer in the Quaker City. Her father dying in 1823, the family returned to Ireland, to the home of her mother's parents in County Antrim. There she married Edward Murray in 1845. In 1856 she returned to this country, her husband and children accompanying her, and has since resided in Kingston (Canada), Brooklyn and, (for the last three years) Philadelphia. She was in every way an exemplary woman, being a weekly communicant and a daily attendant at Mass whenever it was within her reach. Of very superior intelligence and passionately fond of reading, she was familiar with all branches of English and Catholic literature. This taste she transmitted to her children, one of whom was the late Dr. John O'Kane Murray, and another is the Rev. Bernard P. Murray, Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago. She had six children,—four sons and two daughters. Three sons and a daughter, as well as her husband, survive her.

WE regret to record the death of Lady O'Donell, wife of Sir George O'Donell, Bart., D. L., County Mayo. Lady O'Donell was elder daughter of the late Capt. Eusby Stratford Forbes Kirwan, D. L., Bawn House, County Longford, and sister of Capt. John Stratford Kirwan, late of Moyne, County Galway.

SIR JOHN FRANCIS O'NEILL LENTAIGNE, C. B., Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Ireland, died recently at his residence in Dublin. The deceased was a Knight of the Order of Pius IX.

THE collection in the churches of the diocese of Newark, N. J., for the sufferers by the earthquake in Charleston, S. C., amounted to $3,967.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Dreams of Ireland.

SWEET Erin, tho' I ne'er have gazed
Upon thy loved and lovely face,
Nor in thine arms (by poets praised),
Have felt a mother's fond embrace;

Tho' all the beauties of thine Isle —
Its fields, its rivers, rocks, and hills,
The dewy skies that o'er thee smile,
The music of thy silver rills —

To me are like a charming book
Which envious hands have clasp'd and sealed,
Lest even to a casual look
Its wondrous graces be revealed; —

Yet, do I see thee in my dreams, —
Thy cliffs, thy sands, thy gray seaboard,
Thy sparkling loughs and singing streams,
The emerald velvet of thy sward,

Are pictured oft in silent nights; —
In spirit thro' thy woods I rove,
And hear the birds (dear feather'd sprites!)
Trilling their lays in glen and grove;

Or, past the hedge-rows wand'ring free,
'Mid hawthorn buds and bowers of snow
(The while the salt breeze from the sea
Blows upward from the shingle low),

Methinks I view thy storied shrines,
Cathedrals, convents, chapels old,
Where Erin, Isle of Saints, outshines
Her iron cross, a crown of gold.

Fair mirage of a far-off land!
How tender-sweet thou art to me!
Fain would I touch thee with my hand,—
My dreams, a blest reality!

Tho' dear the blood I owe thy sons,
Those heroes from thy northern plains,
Whose life-stream down the ages runs
To cast its currents thro' my veins.

Ah! dearer far *one* gift sublime,
My heritage from thee and them,
THE FAITH OF CHRIST, which thro' all time
Hath been thy glory's central gem,

And shall be mine. My boast, my bliss,
Should I e'er cross yon rolling flood,
To hear it said: "A pilgrim this
Of Irish faith and Irish blood!"

God speed the day! Come grief, come death,
Land of my sires, — face to face, —
Great Mother of my blood and faith,
'Twere joy to die in thine embrace!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

BISHOP IRELAND, of St. Paul, Minnesota, in an admirable discourse of characteristic strength on the educational question, says that we need a body of trained Catholic laymen in this country always ready and able to use their pen in defence of truth. Says the Bishop: "Men who wish to wield influence in this country must be well educated. It is the cultured mind that commands respect and directs events. Every Catholic child must have the advantage of a good, practical, school education; but the children of our more wealthy people, after having gone through the course at the parish school, should be sent to some higher school or college to complete their education. *It is a common error to suppose that because some men of very little school training have by native shrewdness amassed great wealth, therefore a college education is worthless.* If men devoid of education have done so well, what might not the same men accomplish if possessed of superior knowledge? And, *after all, money-making is not the great object of life.* There are nobler purposes than money-making for Catholics to live for — purposes to the attainment of which superior education is absolutely necessary.

The Meade Family.

A WASHINGTON despatch to a New York paper some days past, announcing the death of Miss Meade, sister of the late Gen. George H. Meade, commander of the army of the Potomac, says her father "was once minister to Spain, and that his family were born there," etc.

The father of Gen. Meade was never minister to Spain, nor did he ever hold any office of honor or emolument under the Government of the United States in that country. He was, I think, a native of Ireland,—but came to this country when a mere lad,—if not, his father was. The name is purely Milesian. It is derived from the drink of the ancient and mediæval Irish, honey and water. Some say it is from meadow.

Richard W. Meade was a merchant at Philadelphia at the beginning of this century. He moved to Cadiz, Spain, where he resumed business, dealing largely in grain, provisions of all kinds. Some of the old residents of Cadiz say that he was in copartnership with the American consul, who was at this time permitted to transact business,—in fact, was a merchant ship-chandler; others say he was not. As veracity is almost an unknown factor in daily life in this charming city, we do not exactly know how this is; but we do know that Mr. Meade was an American merchant at Cadiz for many years, and that his four children were born there in the *Calle Baluarte*, a street at the end of *Calle Aduana*, and the fashionable part of the city.

The family born there were, the late Capt. R. W. Meade, U. S. N., and father of the accomplished naval officer of the same name, at present in the service. The late Gen. George H. Meade, Mrs. Col. John D. Graham, U. S. A., and the maiden lady who died the other day at Washington.

Col. Graham was an officer in the engineer corps, and was stationed for many years in charge of the improvement of the harbor of Chicago. His son, Commander John D. Graham, U. S. N., is on the active list, and is, I believe, the only grandson of the Cadiz merchant on the female side.

During the long wars of Napoleon and Spain the victualler of the Spanish armies was Don Ricardo W. Meade, as he was called. American provisions then and now were in great demand, and there were few ports in Europe without an American merchant or two; but the doubtful act of 1856, prohibiting consuls from carrying on business, struck a blow at foreign American merchants all over the world from which they never have recovered, and probably never will.

There is not a port from Havre to Gibraltar but has English and German merchants. All along the Spanish coast to Marseilles, and from there to Palermo, in fact, on each side of the great sea, and of the Italian peninsula, German and English merchants are numerous; Americans were once known in these places, but they are known no more since August, 1856.

The credit of Mr. Meade was always first class; the funds of the

Spanish government were pretty low from 1805 to 1815. The former sent home for cargoes of provisions; the latter took them, and gave promises to pay for them, but the latter were never honored when they became due. This angered the American merchant. He got mad, and went to the *gobierno-militar* — military governor — and demanded his money. The governor heard him through, and quietly called an attendant, who conducted the American to the guard-house, where he was detained until the papers were made out which confined him in the venerable old fortress *Santa Catalina.*

To be robbed of all fortune was bad; to be imprisoned for seeking it was worse; but the unkindest cut of all was to be swindled out of it by his own country. The imprisonment didn't last long, but it sufficed to break up the business of Mr. Meade, who returned with his large family and scant means to Philadephia.

Spain, when the Meade claim was presented by the American minister at the court of Madrid, offered as an excuse her depleted treasury, but that she would pay it as soon as she had funds. Three to four hundred thousand dollars was a large sum of money sixty-six years ago. This was the amount of the Meade claim. At last a way out offered itself: Spain agreed to cede Florida to the United States for and in consideration of a certain sum of money *minus* the Meade debt of $364,000. The United States agreed to the same under her seal and the signature of her representative in 1819. The balance of the money was paid to Spain; the $364,000, with interest, never left the United States Treasury. It is there to this day, and was when the old Philadelphia merchant died, almost of a broken heart, without a dollar. This is the origin of the Meade claim, that one hears so much about; but it should be called:

The Swindle or Robbery of the Meade Family.

During the war, when the gallant commander of the army of the Potomac, Gen. Meade, was gathering laurels upon every battle-field, the Gaditanos — people of Cadiz — were very proud of him. When Gettysburg's victory became known, there was a little demonstration in his honor. At all times this pretty Spanish city had a leaning towards the cause of the Union, and not the least of the reasons was that Gen. George H. Meade was *un hijo de Cadiz* — a son of Cadiz.

R. F. FARRELL.

EMBARRASSING MISTAKES.—"I intended to tell Jane to bring a fresh bucket of water," said the wife of Prof. Nottlehead, looking up from her sewing.—"You doubtless mean a bucket of fresh water," rejoined her husband. "I wish you would pay a little attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing."—Some moments later the professor said: "My dear, that picture would show to better advantage if you were to hang it over the clock."—"Ah!" she replied, "you doubtless mean if I were to hang it above the clock. If I were to hang it over the clock we couldn't tell what time it is. I wish you would pay some little attention to rhetoric; your mistakes are embarrassing."

A Christmas Rose.

From the French of Marie Franc, by Th. Xr. K.

"NIECE, what kind of order are you giving? It has been raining for a week, the roads are in a dreadful condition, the church an ice-house."

"Uncle, you're perfectly free to remain; but there's no reason to prevent me from hearing midnight Mass at my parish church. I owe good example."

"That's no reason! You are a model Christian, everybody knows that. There is no need of exposing your health. If you want, Clotilde, the abbé will say his Mass for us the minute midnight strikes, and we shall attend High Mass to-morrow."

Madame Ternieres shook her head. She held to traditions; she loved the old church in which she had been baptized, the family pew, where her mother and sisters, dear departed ones, had knelt, and when she was at Sablière she never missed services on Sunday, although she had a chaplain for her own chapel.

Widowed at twenty-three, the young woman never more appeared in the salons where admiration and sympathy had erstwhile hailed her. She did indeed pass the Lenten season at Paris, but it was to hear the course of sermons. Her uncle Valory would have drawn her into the worldly whirlwind; he had his labor for his pains. He was besides obedient to all his niece's wishes, and surrendered without condition, after would-be resistance. This time, too, he gave way, convinced that he would be committing an imprudence, but convinced at the same time of the necessity of going with his dear, stubborn niece, who was always right.

At twenty minutes after eleven he was at the foot of the staircase. Madame Ternieres had not entertained any doubt of his promptness. She gravely thanked him, and remained silent during the short journey that her good trotters made in a few minutes. M. Valory had not exaggerated the condition of the roads, but Mme. Ternieres was not at all worried about jolts.

After Mass the young widow cut her prayers short, on her uncle's account. For all that, they were the last to leave the church. There was not a cloud in the sky. Madame Ternieres thought of the star of the magi, whilst admiring the constellations. M. Valory was saying to himself that the abbé's Mass must have been finished long ago.

"You couldn't think, uncle, what a fancy I have just had?" said Madame Ternieres, as she got into her carriage. "I thought I saw a Christmas rose on a tomb."

"You are very poetic, niece," growled M. Valory, who was getting cross by dint of being sleepy.

The young woman repressed a smile, and leaned out of the carriage to watch again the dazzling fairy host of the stars. A cry of alarm escaped her lips: the carriage had climbed a hill which looked down

upon the village, and below, amongst the houses on the outskirts, a reddish flame was shooting skywards.

"Fire! fire!" she screamed. "Uncle, it's dreadful! Hurry on, Benoît, let us hasten to the assistance of those unfortunate people!"

"Halloo! halloo! up, all of you: the Moisants will be burned alive in their beds."

Benoît's sonorous voice had quickly spread the alarm. M. Valory, thoroughly awakened, took command; Mme. Ternieres fell in line in the improvised bucket brigade.

The Moisants kept the only inn in the village. The old father, a paralytic, the children in their cradle, the eldest son, a consumptive, had been asleep since nightfall; the father and mother, who could not leave their sick, had not prolonged their watch; the only one up was a little servant-girl, who had hardly got back from the Christmas Mass. At the first cries of alarm she opened her window.

"Marinette!" shouted Benoît, "wake the house, girl, and let everybody get out!"

Mme. Ternieres presided at the rescue. The proprietors of the house, paralyzed with fear, let themselves be led by the good lady. With marvellous presence of mind she fought the fire for the slender possessions of these poor people.

"Madame, the stairs are no longer safe," said Benoît to her.

The Moisants had as much as they could do to carry the old father and the children down. The little servant-girl came running up like one demented.

"There was somebody in the big room: a farmer from St. Avil and a child. Lord! they were so tired, they haven't heard a thing."

Mme. Ternieres looked at her uncle.

"They must be saved," she said.

Benoît ran for a ladder. The young woman was trembling. Moisant was tearing his hair. Mme. Ternieres ran up the stairs, while M. Valory was disputing with Benoît. She knew where the large room was, facing on the yard. She returned with the little girl in her arms; her silk dress was dripping with water, but unscorched.

"Clotilde, it was tempting God! You might have died!"

She made no answer: she forgot everything as she pressed to her affection-hungered heart the innocent creature she had snatched from death. The farmer was also rescued by Benoît's generous courage.

The High Mass on Christmas Day was celebrated in thanksgiving.

. . . . . .

Mme. Ternieres carried to her home the little girl, whom she covered with kisses and tears. She had so longed for the happiness of being a mother! The sight of this child reawakened her desire. The grandfather could not find words to speak his thanks.

"Give the child to her, my friend," said the kind uncle. "I pledge you my word she will make her happy. Don't I understand your wishes, Clotilde? You were dreaming of flowers that night; you will have a real Christmas rose."

The Land is Ours.

THE land is ours! the land is ours!
Countrymen, my countrymen;
Its plains and hills, its fruits and flowers,
Countrymen, my countrymen;
God gave it to our sires of old,
Its patent we still have and hold,—
Our Isle cannot be bought or sold,
Countrymen, my countrymen.

Our fathers bled, the land to save,
Countrymen, my countrymen;
They fought and died like martyrs brave,
Countrymen, my countrymen;
Shall we now basely quit the field,
Where tyrant foes so often reeled?
Shall we our homes and altars yield,
Countrymen, my countrymen?

No, no; we'd sooner yield our life,
Countrymen, my countrymen,
Than once forsake the glorious strife,
Countrymen, my countrymen;
We fling our banner to the sky;
"The land is ours," the battle-cry,
"The land is ours until we die!"
Countrymen, my countrymen.

REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

Oldest Priest.

PERHAPS the oldest priest in the United States, and certainly one of the oldest in the world, is the Rev. Joseph Neyron, of the congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Indiana. He was at the battle of Waterloo, where he was taken prisoner; but being a surgeon, he was treated with consideration, for the need the English had of his services. He next studied, and was ordained for the diocese of Belley in the spring of 1828, came to Vincennes in 1835, labored in various parts of the West and South, and was the first priest to officiate in Chicago. He has been at Notre Dame for the last twenty years, and, though ninety-six years of age, he still teaches his medical class regularly, and takes great pleasure in it. From present appearances, he is likely to more than complete the century.

Christmas Morning at Maynooth College.

Of the events, annual or periodic, which vary the monotony of college life, there is not one which seems to possess that universal power to charm, as a lovely custom, which characterizes the morning of the Nativity of our Lord. Some there are amongst the festivities of the year which take us back in thought to other days. They are, for individuals, fond reminders of early associations. For me, the thought of little folk at home, no longer little, no longer mine,—little brothers and sisters dear, all anxiety in waiting, all jubilant in celebrating some domestic fête,—for me, the anniversary is very welcome which marks those festive days of childhood years. Such thoughts chasten the heart, and draw us closer to those that are still left to love. But there is no day which comes—and coming brings such sweet attractions for us all—as that on which the entire Christian family commemorates the birth of our Infant Saviour. Christians, on this great feast, are joyous throughout the wide, wide world. Each, after his own fashion, makes Christmas Day the day of days in the circle of the year; nay, more, the joys are tasted by anticipation. The little children, even in their dreams, are full of toys and Christmas-trees. The young men are busy to make the private theatricals a great success. The old are pleased in the pleasure of the young. All men seem to be of that "good disposition" to which, in the angelic hymn of the first Christmas night, "peace on earth" is promised.

It may interest many of your readers to learn of a peculiar feature in the celebration of the morning of the Nativity at Maynooth College. Men of the world do so much to honor and sanctify this great festival that it will seem but only natural that Christmas morning should find a joyous welcome at Maynooth. Then, in the largest purely ecclesiastical college in the world, Christmas morning has its peculiar welcome,—a welcome, too, unused, because more or less unsuited to those who live not a community life.

As in all religious establishments, the preparation to spend Christmas Day in a becoming manner begins at Maynooth College on the previous day. The eve of the feast is devoted exclusively to the exercises of a spiritual retreat. On other retreat days strict silence is maintained till breakfast the following morning. But on the morning of the Nativity silence is broken before the usual time. Custom sanctions the exception, as it does another exception of a different character on the same morning; for, long before the time at which the big bell is wont to sound its brazen summons to arise to more than five hundred sleeping students, the entire college is astir. The choir men are the first to leave their beds, and, long before the gray dawn streaks the eastern sky, they begin a hard day's work. Though their work on Christmas Day may win for them the expression of our sincere compassion, still it will only occupy our attention in so far as it must be considered peculiarly characteristic of Maynooth College.

Hark! what is that soft influence which steals so gently on us sleeping, and wakes us to the sound of distant music? The choir leader, with the select voices of his choir, is engaged in singing the *Adeste Fideles.* They visit each corridor of our mighty college, and receive a hearty response to their invitation to "arise and adore the Infant Saviour of the world." It was never heard of that any student *seriously* complained of this invasion of his few hours of rest. Drawn by an irresistibly sweet and holy influence, the students hasten to swell the stream of song. The chorus thus is sung in "linked sweetness long drawn out." But if the chorus is full toned in its hearty rendering, the harmony to which the hymn itself is sung is transporting. The body of the students, anxious to make the chorus "loud and long," are no less ready to hasten to its close, that the chaste influence of voices — trained voices in harmony — may be felt. Thus alternate feelings, indulged in and suppressed, exercise a potent charm. You feel delighted with yourself and your companions. But there are other elements which have their pleasing effect, for instrumental music is wisely laid under contribution. The soft notes of the piano and the exquisite touches of the violin are heard in praise of God made Man. Adding their own peculiar grace, they tend materially to sustain the voices of the choir.

Then, about 5 A.M., in the three sections of the college, the divisional choirs are each going the rounds of their respective divisions; and to the attentive ear, in either house the strains from the other divisions may be heard as some far-distant reflections or echoes of the hymning of his own. When the hymn is thus sung throughout the numerous houses of the college (not excepting the two infirmaries, whose inmates anxiously await the choir men), an open-air performance takes place. Some central spot in the playgrounds of each of the three divisions is accordingly selected (though, to say the truth, the place is fixed by immemorial custom). Here a grand final effort is made. And, if in the confined but lengthy corridors the effect was charming, in the open air the effect is grand! I might say awful, for the sound is reflected from side to side of the college squares, and the spot where the *Adeste* is sung is, perhaps, the most favorable for the effect of multiple echoes. Now, privilege is at an end, and silence — the silence of retreat — again urges. But the calm repose of outer nature is again broken. Soon other sounds fill the morning air. The music in the college was contagious, and the townspeople are now the actors. For some time before Christmas the two brass bands of the town of Maynooth show more than ordinary activity. They ambition a grand rendering of the music of the *Adeste Fideles.* The first cornets are emulous in their playing of this simple melody, whilst the other instruments chorus in a lusty refrain. The rival bands would stake their reputation on the performance of that morning. With truly Christian pride they comport themselves as they march through the town, and they almost breathe forth their souls through their brazen instruments. The effect on the students is very agreeable, and the playing becomes gradually less and less audible, as the band recedes from the college gate.

Silence again reigns without a rival. The Day-star, peering over a spur of the Wicklow Mountains, looks upon a scene all stillness now, but so lately the lively theatre of the tuneful praises of his God. He smiles upon the landscape, as if to compensate for that "soul of music" which seems to have "fled" at his approach. All nature is glad in response, and the inanimate world appears conscious of the greatness of the day. The songsters of the grove are pouring out their little throats in matin praise, and, if one could interpret their chirp, it may be meant to convey their joy at the evidences which they, even thus early, discover of a — Christmas dinner.

For twelve long months the sound of student voices will not be heard again at that early hour. For many it is now heard for the last time. The termination of one's course sunders him from the joys as from the trials of college life. For him, however, there are the pleasures of memory, which cruel Fate can never rob us of,—

> "Which comes in the night-time of sorrow and care,
> And brings back the features that joy used to wear."

On each return of Christmas the priest recurs to his *alma mater* and the singing of the *Adeste Fideles* in the happy days of college life. The thought will be grateful; the next will be one of pride, as he thinks that another generation of Maynooth men are keeping up the grand old custom which he so much loved, or which, he flatters himself, he did so much *in his time* to maintain after a manner worthy of the occasion.

In all the traditions of the college the success of this musical display is proverbial. In no other exercise of the year do the choir make exertions so whole-hearted, sacrifices so generous, or preparations so complete. A burning desire to maintain the grand old custom fires the breast of every chorister, and in a weak moment the individual may be made the victim of the illogical but excusable feeling of taking the merit of the entire success to himself.

A thought often occurred to me as a student which, doubtless, would have occurred to any of your readers in similar circumstances. It consisted essentially in an innocent speculation on the feelings of the Protestant minister, whose rectory is close to our college walls, and not a stone's-throw from the spot where the final grand open-air rendering of the *Adeste Fideles* takes place in the grounds of the Junior House. With the nature of the reverend gentleman's feelings no student has ever been made acquainted. It may be agreeable to some of your readers to divine the rector's thoughts on the conduct of his young friends, the students. With this suggestion, my task is done.

I. B. M.

THE prevalence of divorce, and the facility with which it is obtained in this and most European countries, is truly deplorable, and makes the ceremony of marriage beyond the pale of the Church a very mockery.—*Rev. A. A. Lambing.*

Notes on Foreign Travel.

II.

THE mode of travelling through foreign countries which the average American tourist adopts is not very favorable for acquiring anything like a minute knowledge of the manners and customs or of the social life of the people. An express train whirls him rapidly through the heart of the country, and he can only note in a general way, from the car windows, the appearance which the country presents and the main outlines of the scenery. He lays off for a few days at the principal cities on his route of travel, driving rapidly through the streets and visiting the chief places and objects of interest. He is always in a hurry, and seems to be constantly haunted by the dread of losing a train. The great difficulty which he has to encounter in setting forth his experiences is to steer clear of details, which are to be found in every ordinary guide-book of foreign travel. This the present writer will endeavor as much as possible to do.

As the tourist approaches Dublin he observes a marked change for the better in the appearance of the surrounding country. The straw-thatched huts are rarely seen; comfortable slate-roofed cottages take their place; the land is more thickly wooded; more of it is under tillage; while the fields are smaller, and bounded by neat, well-trimmed hedges.

The visitor to Dublin is impressed favorably by the size and bustle of the city and by the magnificence of its public buildings. Notwithstanding a certain air of depression and of faded splendor, it looks every inch worthy to be the capital of a nation. O'Connell Street is indeed one of the noblest thoroughfares in Europe. Mid-way of the street, the sculptured effigy of the Liberator, with a number of symbolic figures at the base, towers in sad yet proud defiance. O'Brien, the representative of the most advanced stage of Irish nationality, stands calm and resolute on his pedestal, while in front of the old Parliament House, Grattan, of the eagle eye, gazes across the channel in the direction of Westminster, and, with outstretched arm, seems to demand, in the name of outraged justice, the plundered legislature of his country. Close by William of Orange, with a head-dress like a red Indian's, bestrides his steed. Despite its tawdry gilding, the statue, which is beneath contempt as a work of art, presents a rather battered and dilapidated appearance; one leg of the horse seems at some time or other to have been broken, and reset by some very poor veterinary surgeon; and the whole monument looks as if about to topple over on its side. *Prosit Omen.*

Had Ireland not been robbed of so many of her men of genius, Glasnevin might be to that country what Westminster Abbey is to England or Santa Croce to Florence. Still, as one wanders about the cemetery, along its well-kept walks shaded with trees, a monument now

and then meets the gaze graven with a name still remembered in the literary and political annals of the country. A huge stone sarcophagus inscribed with the single word "CURRAN," marks the last resting-place of the great orator and patriot. On a large green mound, a lofty round tower looks down on the grave of O'Connell — a memorial, which, in its massive and enduring strength, fitly symbolizes both the character of the man and the principle of Irish nationality which his labors advanced a long stride in the march to its destined goal. The inscription over his tomb is as follows: —

DANIEL O'CONNELL, HIBERNIÆ LIBERATOR, AD LIMINA APOSTOLORUM PERGENS AN. MDCCCXLVII GENOÆ OBDORMIVIT IN DOMINO. AUNOS NATUS SEPTUAGINTA IRES. R. I. P.

A Celtic cross dedicated to John B. Dillon eulogizes his memory as a man whose "life was one of single-minded devotion to the cause of Ireland." Another Celtic cross marks the grave of Eugene O'Curry, the celebrated Irish scholar, with the following text of Scripture graven on the monument in old Irish characters: —

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

Off the main walk, and partly hidden by clusters of trees, a tablet of black marble records the fact that James Clarence Mangan lies beneath. A faded wreath lay upon his grave, while the path leading to it seemed worn by the feet of loving pilgrims. Should the centuried strife between Celt and Saxon in Ireland ever come to a close, two incidents in its blood-stained history will remain perpetuated in the monuments erected to Allan, Larkin, and O'Brien, — strangled in Manchester by England's common hangman, — and in those erected to Secretary Burke and Sergt. O'Neil, stricken down by Irish desperation in the public places of the city.

Of England, its people and its institutions, the writer saw little, and cannot be expected to say much. To realize how deeply penetrated both are with the leaven of pharisaism, read the inscription on the Royal Exchange, London: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof!" One cannot help thinking of the unhappy souls whom Dante encountered in the first circle of the Inferno: —

"Che visser senza infamia et senza lodo,
Mischiate sono a quel cattivo coro
Degli angeli, che non furon ribelli,
Ne fur fideli a Dio, *ma per se foro.*"

"They lived withouten infamy or praise;
Commingled were they with that caitiff choir
Of angels who have not rebellious been,
Nor faithful were to God, *but were for self.*"

These the great Florentine dismisses with curt scorn: —

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."
"Let us not speak of them, but look and pass on."

The train is speeding rapidly through the fields and hamlets of *la belle France.* It was early summer, and the meadows were ablaze with scarlet poppies, and beautiful with innumerable flowers of the hue of the early peach-bloom. Men in large blue blouses and women wearing snow-white caps were busy working in the fields, bending lovingly over the soil, as if they knew each herb and blade of corn in the plot of ground they were cultivating. Nothing was allowed to go to waste. Tall poplar-trees, trimmed of their branches almost to the top, served to mark the boundary lines between the several farms. Every stray twig was carefully gathered up and bound in bundles for firewood. To the French peasant each poplar-tree brings in a franc a year, and when the trees are numerous they become a profitable source of income. Impossible not to contrast with such marvellous thrift the wanton, murderous destruction of our own noble forest-trees, whose blackened stumps may be seen uplifted on every bare hill-side, as if appealing to Heaven for vengeance. That the appeal is not made in vain, let the destructive freshets and inundations during the rainy season and the dried-up channels of our rivers in the summer testify.

The writer happened to be in Paris on the 14th of July, the anniversary of the capture of the Bastile. The occasion proved a favorable one for noting some of the characteristics of the people. Amusement or excitement of some kind would appear to be as necessary to them as food and air. During the day the houses were decorated with miniature tri-color flags, while at night all public and private buildings and monuments were festooned with colored electric lights. In some quarters of the city booths were erected at nearly every street corner, on which were bands of music, and crowds dancing on the streets — men, women, and children, workingmen in their blouses, waiters in their white aprons, with a sprinkling of Parisian dandies. It was a veritable saturnalia of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, kept up until broad daylight. Could the world at large be only danced into an acceptance of these great republican maxims, Paris would have done it that night.

Only a hundred years before, the streets of Paris presented quite another sort of spectacle. Let one of the actors in the great Revolution describe the scene for us: —

> Perhaps no other spot on earth presented at this epoch such an asemblage of contrasts at once so striking, so bizarre, so monstrous. He who writes these lines, and who by chance happened to be present at the spectacle, still preserves its memory vivid and recent after the lapse of three years. Conceive yourself at nine in the evening in the garden of the Palais Royal, surrounded, as it is, with unequally lighted houses, among alleys illumined by lamps set at the foot of trees, under tents erected for the convenience of those who desire to partake of refreshments or engage in conversation and amusement. Conceive all ages, all ranks, both sexes, all manner of costumes mingled together without disturbance and without fear, for danger existed no longer; soldiers armed in every fashion rehearsing their latest exploits; young women chatting of pleasure and spectacular displays; national Parisian guards as yet without uniform, but armed with bayonets; well-clad citizens in conversation with farm-laborers bearing reaping-hooks and scythes; the laughter of folly side by side with a political discussion; here the recital of a murder, there the singing of a vaudeville. In the lapse of five or six minutes, you could fancy yourself in a drinking saloon, at a ball, at a fair, in a seraglio, in a camp. Amid all this disorder and of the astonishment which it caused, I know not what confusion of ideas recalled at one

and the same moment to the mind Athens and Constantinople, Sybaris and Algiers. On a sudden, a new noise is heard — the drum-beat; it commands silence. Two torches are held aloft and draw all eyes towards them. What a spectacle! A livid, bleading head set on a pike, and lit up with a ghastly splendor! The man who goes before cries out in a hollow voice: "Make way for the justice of the people!" Twenty paces behind, the night-patrol, in uniform, indifferent to the spectacle, sounds the hour of dismissal as he passes through the throng, amazed to behold some semblance of public order amid such an upheaval of all social order as that bleeding head attests, borne along with impunity under their very eyes.—*Chamfort, Tableaux Historiques.*

In no other city of the world is the contrast so great between Faith, which stands by the cradle of every nation, as a source of inspiration in art, and Unbelief, which stands near its tomb. La Sainte Chapelle, erected by St. Louis as a tabernacle in which to enshrine the crown of thorns, is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Under its roof, as lightly and gracefully poised as if upheld by air alone, bathed in the rainbow-tinted light which streams through its window, the terrors and threats of religion are forgotten, and only the sense of its blessedness remains. It is a vision of paradise set in daintiest gothic architecture. Only the poet of mediævalism can worthily describe the scene:—

"Ed ecco un lustro subito trascorse
Da tutte parti perla grau foresta,
Tal che di balenar mi mise in forse.
Ma perche'l baleura, come vieu, resta,
E quel durando piu e piu splendeva,
Nel mio pensier dicea: Che cosa e questa?
Ed una melodia dolce correva
Per l'aer luminoso . . . . .
Mentr' io ni audava tra taute primizie
Dell' eterno piacer tutto sospreso,
Edisioso aucora a piu letizie,
Dinanzi a noi tal, quale un fuoco acceso,
Ci si fe l'aer sotto i verdi rami;
E'l dolce suon per canto era gia inteso.

. . . . . .

"Poco piu oltre, sette alberi d'oro . . .
Piu chiari assai, che Luna per sereno
Di mezza notte nel suo mezzo mese.

. . . . . .

"Genti rid 'io allor, come a lor duci,
Venire appresso, vestite di bianco;
Etal candor giammai di qua non fuci.

. . . . . .

"Eridi le fiammelle audare avante.
Lasciando dietro a se l'aer dipinto;
Edi tratti pennelli aveau sembiante:
Si ch' egli sopra rimanea distinto
Di sette liste, tutte in quei colori,
Onde fa l'arco il Sole, e Delia il cinto."

Dante, Purgatorio. Canto XXIX.

"And lo! a sudden lustre ran across
Through the great forest on all parts, so bright

I doubted whether lightning were abroad;
But, since the lightning ceases as it comes,
And that continuing brightened more and more,
Within my thought I said, 'What thing is this?'
And a delicious melody there ran
Along the luminous air . . . . . .
While 'mid such manifold first-fruits I walked
Of the eternal pleasures all enrapt,
And still solicitous of more delights,
In front of us, like an enkindled fire
Became the air beneath the verdant boughs,
And the sweet sound as singing now was heard.

. . . . . .

"A little farther on seven trees of gold . . . .
Flamed with more ample lustre than the moon
Through cloudless sky at midnight in her full.

. . . . . .

"There saw I people as behind their leaders
Coming behind them, garmented in white,
And such a whiteness never was on earth.

. . . . . .

"And I beheld the flamelets onward go.
Leaving behind themselves the air depicted,
And they of trailing pennons had the semblance,
So that it overhead remained distinct
With sevenfold lists, all of them of the colors
Whence the sun's bow is made, and Delia's girdle.

After leaving La Sainte Chapelle, and entering the Pantheon, a church formerly, but secularized of late years, the difference is at once felt between religious faith and unbelief or any merely human sentiment as a source of inspiration in art. From the Pantheon every religious emblem has been removed. The aspect of the interior, naked and unadorned, strikes a chill into the beholder — the soul of the place having fled with religion. Victor Hugo had recently been buried in the building, and near his tomb were large heaps of rusted frameworks of wire, all that remained of the garlands laid on his grave after the flowers had faded away. So too may it be in after years with the works of the infidel writers of France — when the literary graces of their rhetoric shall have vanished their only memorial will be the mouldering skeleton of unbelief.

The statue of Voltaire has a place in one of the public squares of the city. It looks like a petrified sneer, and reminds one of Marguerite's reference to Mephistopheles in Goethe's Faust: "It is written on his face that he never loved human being."

In that great hall of the Louvre, which contains some of the finest masterpieces of Raphael, Murillo, Titian, Paul Veronese, the eye is caught and held fascinated by one picture, the Mona Lisa of Leonardo da Vinci. The calm, self-possessed poise of the figure, expressed in every line and in the fold of the hands,— the subtle smile inviting the beholder to decipher its meaning and yet giving him to understand that the meaning in its exclusiveness is wholly beyond his power to interpret—

a smile as complex as are the feelings and emotions of the human soul, which would be cynical were it not for a certain indefinable expression of womanly tenderness,— the eyes looking out at you from the depths of an experience which had sounded the joys of human existence and knew their hollowness, yet with a pitying tolerance for those who should pass through a like ordeal, and regarding the same as inevitable — it is the one picture nearest alive of any in the gallery, and of itself alone places Leonardo on a level with the very few sceptred sovereigns of art.

The direct route by rail from Paris to Turin offers but little of general interest to the traveller. At Culoz the railroad crosses the Rhone on a beautiful iron bridge, sweeps along through marshy meadow-lands, past Chatillon, crowned by an ancient castle, and skirting the charming lake of Bourget, framed in by lofty mountains. Entering Savoy the scenery grows wilder and more desolate, oppressing the beholder with a sense of awe and loneliness. Ranges of huge mountains, rising one above the other, stretch away into the distance, shaped by the action of time and the elements into all manner of grotesque forms — their rugged fronts scarred by watercourses, along some of which streams rush headlong and tumble into the river beneath. In the clefts of the hills, white ragged mists have pitched their tents, while dense masses of watery clouds clothe the summit, which, breaking away at times, afford glimpses of still more distant and loftier altitudes covered with perpetual snow. Some mighty convulsion of nature, piling Pelion on Ossa, had made the scene look like the battlefield of the Titans. At times the mountains seemed as if formed by the hand of man into long lines of fortifications, while again a huge rock would stand boldly forth, carved into the shape of a colossal sphinx. Evidences of human habitation appeared from time to time in the spiral columns of blue smoke upcurling from the depths of some ravine, and in the large crosses and statues of the Madonna, looking calmly down on the surrounding scenes of rugged grandeur and desolation.

Through a narrow gorge overhung by black and barren rocks, without a trace of vegetation, the train entered the famous tunnel of Mount Cenis. The passage occupied about half an hour, accompanied by an incessant rumble and roar, and amid darkness made visible by the light of a few flickering lamps. Emerging from the gloom and smoke into the light of day, a glorious rainbow, spanning a torrent which raged many hundred feet below, stood out like a triumphal arch against a background of snow-clad peaks, as if to greet our entrance into the beautiful land of Italy. Soon the valley widened out into broad meadows interspersed with trees, side by side with waving fields of wheat; while terraces planted with olives, rising one above the other up the sides of the hills, looked down on peaceful vineyards nestling at their feet. The rainbow, meanwhile, kept fleeing before us and luring us on, like that "fatal gift of beauty" which is Italy's heritage, and which has so often drawn as by a spell hosts of foreign invaders to desecrate her soil, and stable their horses in her palaces and shrines of art. Goethe's famous lyric, which reflects as in a silver mirror the art and scenery of Italy, is but the expression of that longing which for

nearly fifteen hundred years has dwelt at the heart of the transalpine nations, and which, to use the expression of Montesquieu, has made of Italy the "caravansary" of the rest of Europe.

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen bluhn,
In dunkeln Lanb die gold orangen gluhn?
Dahin, dahin."

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom?
Where the gold orange glows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose —
Know'st thou it?
Thither, O friend of my heart,
With thee would I fain depart!

"Know'st thou the house, with its turreted walls,
Where the chambers are glancing and vast are the halls?
Where the figures of marble look on me so mild,
As if thinking: 'Why thus did they use thee, poor child?'*
Thither, O friend of my heart,
With thee would I fain depart!

"Know'st thou the mountain, its cloud-covered arch,
Where the mules among mist o'er the wild torrent march?
In the clefts of it dragons lie coiled with their brood,
The rent crag rushes down, and above it the flood —
Know'st thou it?
Thither, thou friend of my heart,
Oh come, and with me depart!"

J. C.

Leading Men — What are They Doing?

THE Catholic Church is known to the world through the lives of her children. Her tenets are respected and believed when her members gain respect and credence for her by their truly Christian conduct. She is misunderstood and despised where Catholics are untrue to her teachings. Hence the grandeur of the Catholic layman's mission. A Catholic layman thoroughly instructed in his faith and devoted to his religion forces the respect of his fellow-men, and is an apostle of Christ.

The influence of Catholics for good should be felt in the commonwealth. Purity of Catholic life is the true means to this end. In the faithful observance of the laws of the land, in the fulfilment of social duties, in active participation in every movement which tends to further the material or spiritual interests of the people individually or collectively, Catholics must always take the lead. It is the mission of the Church to guide society. Her children must understand their mission

* Und Marmorbildern stehn und sehn mich an: —
"Du armes Kind, was hat man dir gethan?"

These are the lines which Macaulay says he would rather have written than any other two in the whole range of literature.

and assert their true place in the nation. Their virtues must be known to their countrymen. The Catholic body must be regarded as always arrayed on the side of virtue, and whenever an individual Catholic does a wrong we must be able to say with truth that he is a traitor to the Catholic cause.

Catholics must prove themselves

good citizens of the country. The safety of the Republic depends upon the virtues of her citizens. Catholic Americans as members of the true Church must give to their fellow-citizens an example of political integrity. The power of voting is a sacred trust to be conscientiously used. A man is not to be elected to office because of his party affiliations, but because of his eminent fitness to discharge the duties of such office. Catholics are not to vote for a candidate because he chances to belong to the Catholic Church. There have been instances of Catholics of most corrupt lives occupying positions of honor and of trust in American communities to which they had been elected by their fellow-Catholics, to the great injury of religion and morality. We must have the courage

To Refuse to Vote for any man

whose character is known to be tainted. This has not been the case in the past. In the large cities of this country, and in the smaller ones, too, for that matter, whenever there is question of moral reform, the so-called Catholic representatives are alomst invariably found on the side of lawlessness. Let there be a move to enforce the observance of the Sunday, or to close the saloons on that day, and so-called Catholic politicians will bitterly oppose it. The American non-Catholic public takes note of these things, and decides that Catholics are an undesirable element in American society. Do these men represent the Church of Christ? You know they do not. Why, then, have they been advanced by the votes of Catholics to positions of trust and importance, and thus given an opportunity to misrepresent us? The Catholic body must disown such men. We must endeavor to be represented in public affairs by men who are true to their Catholic training.

If the Church is to Wield

that influence which is justly hers in the affairs of the nation, her children must command respect by reason of their social standing. In this country there is no reason why every man possessed of ordinary abilities should not secure a competency. Voluntary poverty, embraced for God's sake, is an evangelical counsel. Poverty resulting from laziness or stupidity or debauchery is a crime. The opportunities for obtaining wealth are open to all, and Catholics must use these opportunities. As we advance in temporal prosperity our influence for good increases, religion becomes more firmly established, good works multiply. Catholics must aim continually to better their temporal condition. They must inspire their children with a laudable ambition to advance. It is humiliating to the thoughtful Catholic to see the sons of tolerably well-to-do Catholics selling papers and blacking boots

on the street-corners. Teach your boys that in a land of such unmeasured wealth there are better ways of making a living than by blacking boots on the streets.

That there is no Excuse for Poverty

among our people, ordinarily speaking, is clear from experience. Those who have sought to thrive have thriven. There is one fruitful source of poverty — intemperance. The man who spends his earnings in the saloon cannot hope to have a home of his own. The Catholic who supports the saloon deserves no compassion if he is poor; and the people who patronize the Catholic business man whose time is spent in the bar-room are doing a direct injury to him, and indirectly an injury to the cause of religion. The saloon-keeper, the enemy of God's Church, shall not receive my support. Therefore, the Catholic business man who spends the profits of his business in the saloon shall not receive my patronage. I would wish to aid my Catholic brethren in every possible way to advance in their temporal affairs, but no Catholic shall be assisted by me to destroy body and soul in the dram-shop.

Men who wish to Wield Influence

in this country must be well educated. It is the cultured mind that commands respect and directs events. Every Catholic child must have the advantage of a good, practical school education; but the children of our more wealthy people, after having gone through the course at the parish school, should be sent to some higher school or college to perfect their education. It is a common error to suppose that because some men of very little school training have by native shrewdness amassed great wealth therefore a college education is worthless. If men devoid of education have done so well, what might not the same men have accomplished if possessed of superior knowledge? And, after all, money-making is not the great object of life. There are nobler purposes than money-making for the Catholics to live for,— purposes to the attainment of which superior education is absolutely necessary. Catholic truth is to be explained and defended not alone by the clergy, but by the laity as well. Honor is to be brought to Holy Church by the learning as well as by the piety of her children; for she is the mother of scholars as well as of saints. There should be Catholic laymen always ready and able to use their pen in defence of truth, and this can be secured only by giving to our Catholic youth the advantages of a first-class collegiate education. Let our youth be trained in correct Catholic principles, and the day is not far distant when Catholic thought will lead in this country and Catholic faith become the faith of the American people.

RT REV BISHOP IRELAND, St. Paul, Minn.

THE child can never perish who remains in the arms of a Father who is almighty.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Rev. Edward McGlynn. D. D.

REV. EDWARD MCGLYNN, D. D.

WE present to our readers to-day an excellent likeness of Dr. Edward McGlynn, who seems to have got into a hornet's nest for his advocacy of Henry George's theories. During the late campaign for election for mayor of New York, Father McGlynn was one of George's strongest supporters. This, of course, brought against him the antagonism of those opposed to the new movement. Little by little it leaked out that the reverend father's action was not approved by his ecclesiastical superiors, and now a great stir has been made by the report that he has been called to Rome to explain his action to the Pope. Accounts vary as to the reasons why Father McGlynn has been summoned to Rome. The *Western Watchman*, the leading Catholic organ of the West, says, "The call of Father McGlynn to Rome does not mean his suspension, or that he has been or is to be censured. The Pope only wants to know all about the new agrarian school, and sends for Father McGlynn as a man who thoroughly understands the subject. The Pope is preparing an encyclical letter on Socialism, and naturally wishes to obtain all the light obtainable on the land feature of the question."

What Cardinal Manning has to Say.

A correspondent called upon Cardinal Manning at Westminster. He received him without delay, after he had communicated to him the object of his visit, and in the somewhat lengthy interview which followed spoke without hesitation and with that charming simplicity and directness which are among his distinguished characteristics. It had been communicated to the cardinal that his views upon the summons of the Rev. Dr. McGlynn to Rome to answer as to his part in the recent George political movement and his alleged contumacy towards the superiors in the New York archdiocese were desired. In receiving the correspondent the cardinal expressed his appreciation of the interest felt not only in America but throughout the civilized world. He knew that from the peculiar relation of the summons, and of the possible disciplining of Dr. McGlynn to a movement which is so largely occupying the attention of the world, and its possible bearing upon the attitude of the Catholic Church towards that movement, there

was a natural interest in any expression of opinion concerning it by those prominent in the Church.

"I do not know Father McGlynn," said the cardinal, "nor the exact condition of affairs in New York that has led up to his being called to Rome; but I presume it is more for the purpose of allowing him to make an explanation than anything else."

"You mean that he is to explain at Rome why he took so active a part in supporting George in his candidacy for mayor?"

"Yes; but probably to explain not so much what he has said as what he has failed to say."

"Your Eminence does not interpret the summons to mean a condemnation of Father McGlynn's course?"

"Not at all."

"The incident has at least created the impression that the highest authority of the Catholic Church is opposed to Mr. Henry George and the present labor movement of which he is the leader."

"The Catholic Church is not opposed to the present labor movement, or Mr. Henry George, unless they fall into Socialism. The Catholic Church has always been the faithful, confident friend of the working people; but there must be a wide distinction made between the Socialist and the workingman. I saw in a telegram, some time ago, that Mr. George had said the Catholic Church had never confirmed the principle of property in land. This is not true. Exactly the reverse is the fact. The Church has from the beginning taught the right of property in land. St. Peter told Ananias that his land, before he sold it, was in his own power, as well as the money coming from the sale. The whole history of the Church and the patrimony of St. Peter make it sufficiently evident that the Church holds and teaches the law of property in land."

"What is your opinion of Mr. George?"

"On that subject I have something to say. I have written a letter to Mr. T. B. Preston, of Brooklyn, in regard to a conversation I had with Mr. Henry George some months ago, and in which I have given my recollection of that conversation. As there have been some comments in the American press on that conversation, I hope there may be exact understanding as to the facts as I call them to mind. As I have already said in my letter to Mr. Preston, I told Mr. George, thinking there might be common ground on which we could meet, that before we could proceed with the conversation I wanted to know whether we were in agreement upon one vital principle — the principle that property is founded on the law of nature; that it is sanctioned in Revelation; that it is taught by the Catholic Church, and that it is incorporated in the civilization of the world. I said if we were not in agreement on this vital principle I was afraid we could not approach each other. I understood Mr. George to say he did not deny this principle; that his contention was mainly, if not wholly, on the intolerable evils resulting from an exaggeration of the law of property. I understand him to mean the old dictum, *summum jus, summa injuria.* I further said to Mr. Preston, as I am glad to repeat now, that I was much pleased with Mr. George's quiet earnestness and the reverence with

which he spoke of Christ and his teachings. I have not read Mr. George's first book, 'Progress and Poverty,' but I have read some chapters of his later works, called 'Social Problems,' and in those chapters I found nothing I could censure as unsound."

"Do you apprehend that the labor movement, led by Mr. George, will extend to dangerous proportions?"

"I do not, so far as England is concerned. When Mr. George was here it was the workingmen in the towns who were chiefly attracted to him. The workingmen in the country said: 'If you nationalize our land let us have fair play and equalize our wages.'"

At this point the Cardinal was called away to meet a pressing engagement. It was very evident from the general tone of his conversation that the Cardinal was much impressed with Mr. Henry George as a man, and that he is much disposed to take the most liberal and considerate views of his doctrines of political economy.

Rev. Dr. McGlynn, in Cambridge.

At the recent celebration in Cambridge at the dedication of the Catholic Young Men's Gymnasium, Rev. Dr. McGynn delivered the dedicatory address. He spoke at great length, his remarks being punctuated with bursts of applause. He dwelt on the benefits arising from the cultivation of the body. He said that it was a physiological fact that the mind could not be sound unless the body was sound also. Manly exercise begets purity and manliness. He commended the work Fr. Scully had done, and said that it could not be estimated. The young men of this city should be thankful for having such a gymnasium as this, and Cambridge should be proud of having such an institution. He spoke of the interest he took in all physical exercise, the manly art, etc. He believed that it was eminently proper that an institution of this kind should be established in close connection with the Church, as the training of the body is conducive to good morals and productive of great spiritual benefits. God, in creating man, placed in his body an immortal soul, and it surely is right and just that the tabernacle of that soul should receive every care and cultivation possible. The benefits that will arise from a sound body,—which is the parent of a sound mind,—morally, mentally, and physically, will not only be realized in this generation but in generations yet to come. The children of good robust parents are naturally good and moral, while the offsprings of vicious parents are naturally inclined to evil. It is therefore the duty of the present generation to do everything they can in the way of improving themselves mentally, morally, and physically. This building has been dedicated by his Grace the Archbishop to God, and the young men exercising in it should receive the physical training for the greater honor and glory of God. In the course of his remarks the reverend speaker expressed much surprise that he had been asked to deliver the dedicatory address. He could not seem to understand why a Gothamite should have been called upon to perform that task, while in this city of culture, which is renowned for its famous and learned scholars, there are so many better capable of delivering the

address than he. In conclusion, he said that life without health was not worth living, and congratulated the members of the gymnasium, and the projector, Fr. Scully, on having such a well-equipped and appointed building for the cultivation of every muscle of the body.

A Policy for Irish Nationalists.

IRELAND has a perfect right not only to home rule, as advocated by Henry Grattan, Daniel O'Connell, and Charles Stewart Parnell, but to complete national independence. I admit the right of the home rulers to differ from the men who aspire to the higher good of national independence. Each seeks the good of Ireland; they only differ as to means. They have a common object, — the happiness of "the Green Isle of the Ocean." Let them not then engage in unseemly quarrels, but, like the army and navy, the two arms of the service, work on steadily in their respective spheres for the object dear to all their hearts, — the raising of the prostrate form of poor old Ireland from the dust, in which she has been trampled by the oppressor. I am well aware that there has been a good deal of crimination and recrimination about physical force and moral force. Well, let the moral-force men pursue the even tenor of their way. Let us see whether anything can be achieved by physical force. I deprecate most emphatically any rebellion in Ireland that has not the fairest prospect of success. As to the right of the Irish people to rebel under circumstances which give a fair prospect of succeeding in throwing off the English yoke, that right I hold to be undeniable. England favors rebellion in countries which are not subject to her dominion; but, as Tom Moore wittily said, England's principal is that what is patriotism in Spain is treason in Ireland,—"A rebel at Cork is a patriot at Madrid." So, then, it is success that makes the patriot, failure, the rebel.

> "Rebellion, foul dishonoring word,
> Whose wrongful blight so oft has stained
> The noblest cause that pen or sword
> Of mortal ever lost or gained.
> How many a spirit born to bless
> Has sunk beneath its withering name
> Whom but a day's,—an hour's success
> Has wafted to immortal fame!"

When the Legislative Independence of Ireland was sold by the venal members of the parliament, Lord Plunket averred that by that act they resolved society into its original elements, and not a man in the country was bound to obey them; that it was merely a question of prudence whether it ought not to be resisted by force. Daniel O'Connell denied the right of the Irish nation to commit political suicide. On the tomb of each of the venal members who voted for the Act of Union might be appropriately inscribed the line "*Hic venaidit*

auro patriam" — "This man sold his country for place and pension." As to Ireland's right to national independence, that right she holds as a charter from heaven; she has the same right to independence as England, France, and America. The English Parliament has the effrontery to assert that Ireland cannot govern herself. It is impossible that Ireland should not succeed better than England in the attempt, for a more deplorable failure than England has made in its government of Ireland it is hard to conceive. And yet Irishmen of talent and eloquence, such as Burke, Sheridan, Canning, etc., have had a great share in governing England. But as the right to govern herself belongs as fully to Ireland as to England, it is none of England's business whether the Irish can govern Ireland well or ill. That is the concern of Irishmen. Ah! the right to a separate national independence is quite clear; but my readers may inquire, how is it to be obtained? Well, I must own that it would be wise to adopt a policy which will give both the moral and physical force men a chance. England will grant nothing from mere love of justice. It is preposterous to suppose such a thing. She will grant nothing unless under the pressure of fear. Let the moral-force men then keep up the parliamentary agitation, and let the bolder spirits adopt a policy which will place England in difficulties.

O'Connell's maxim was "England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity." Now let the physical-force men aid the moral-force men to gain home rule: that is a moiety of independence; it is the half-way house to freedom. Can Ireland free herself from the yoke of England? Of herself unassisted she cannot. Can she by the assistance of a foreign power?

The gallant general, Thomas Francis Meagher, who admitted that Ireland could not cope single-handed with England, declared at the same time that "ten thousand Zouaves leaping upon the sands of Bantry Bay would equalize the contesting forces, and in a day give Ireland to the Irish." The celebrated Lord Jeffrey admits that Ireland, if assisted by France or America, could break loose from England; but he was of opinion, that, when the allies should have returned home, England would retake Ireland. Now at the period when Lord Jeffrey wrote thus the revolutions of Belgium and Greece had not occurred. The history of these revolutions proved that England might have found obstacles in the way of retaking Ireland. The Turk attempted to retake Greece, and the Hollander — the Dutch — attempted to retake Belgium, but they were driven back by the armies and the fleets of the powers which had guaranted the independence of Belgium and Greece. The manner in which the freedom of the Irish Parliament was destroyed is a lesson to us. Let us look to Russia for our freedom from British thraldom. Wolfe Tone went to France, and by his talent and energy obtained an army and fleet to destroy English domination. Let men of the same stamp be sent to the courts of the Great Powers. Let the Irish produce the exigency which will compel England to grant home rule, or, still better, complete national independence. There are several points where England is vulnerable,— Ireland, Canada, India, Australia, the Cape of Good Hope. Let Irishmen raise up enemies to England the world over; let the dragon's teeth grow up in armed men;

let our object be to see Ireland an independent nation, her independence guaranteed by a congress of the Great Powers, especially Russia; let there be no rebellion in Ireland until there has been an understanding with Russia. When Russia invades India the troops will be withdrawn from Ireland, then there is a chance for an Irish insurrection; but I would prefer to wait until a Russian force landed to expel the British troops and give heart and direction to the insurrectionary forces. Let us not cease until we see Ireland as free as Belgium or Greece.

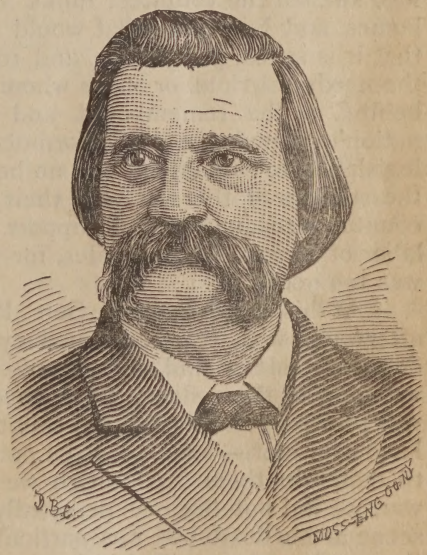
Burlington, N. J. REV. P. A. TREACY.

The Lost Chief.

OUTLINE OF THE CAREER OF GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN—SON OF AN IRISH FATHER AND SCOTCH MOTHER—A GREAT LEADER IN WAR.

"Death loves a Shining Mark."

FROM the lowering clouds, that like a terrible pall hanging over the nation, within the brief space of a few of the oft-recurring seasons the fatal archer has stricken down several of the most distinguished citizens of the Republic. Able men indeed, gifted intellects, brilliant soldiers, eminent statesmen, thrilling orators, writers whose pens shed unfading lustre on the pages of our times for aye, chivalrous spirits, trusted patriots, such as Tilden, Grant, McClellan, Hancock, Arthur, Hendricks, have yielded to the final dread call within the short period quoted. Even while yet the people from one end to the other of our broad land made the subject of these great losses a theme of pious and patriotic reflection, another grand one's name — John Alexander Logan — is suddenly added to the calamitous roster. Stricken down in the zenith of his aspiring and laudable ambition to be the president of sixty million people, stricken before the touch of age caused his robust and sinewy frame to tremble under the weight of crowding years, or nature's frost to touch his sable *coulin*, or senility to cloud his intellect or blanch the glance of his dark, commanding, eagle eye. Patriotism, statesmanship, be-



GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

loved relatives, the people in person and in spirit, assemble where the "dying lamps" cast their glare upon his lifeless form :

> "O gallant chief of Otterburne !
> And thine, dark knight of Liddesdale !
> O fading honors of the dead !
> O high ambition, lowly laid ! "

And like that dark knight — a Douglas — he was in battle the "flower of chivalry." But unlike that fiercely ambitious chief, Logan could subordinate his disappointment, nay, humiliation, to his love of country — as he did when the unsuccessful parson — partisan — Gen. O. O. Howard — was assigned to the command of the army of the Tennessee, to which he, "bold, Black Jack," was righfully the successor when the noble McPherson, its commander, was killed.

His death throws a deep gloom over the days of the Christmas festival. Its announcement has been a great shock to the whole country, and his sudden taking off in the full glory of a ripened manhood appears to be everywhere viewed as a calamity to the nation.

The veterans of the war had no truer friend, no more persistent, potential advocate. He worked and spoke and fought in Congress and out of it for the old soldiers who fought for the Union ; for their widows, their fathers and mothers, their orphans. If the gallant men who swelled the volunteer ranks, he argued, had not left their firesides, homes, and business, what would have become of the country ! Now that it is saved, prosperous, and rolling up immense wealth, he wanted the needy warriors, or those whom they have left in sorrow and penury behind, to be remembered, and well remembered, from out of the nation's abundance. He formulated many plans for Congressional legislation to this effect, and no beneficial act for the relief and help of the soldiers of the war and their families but what has received his countenance and forceful support. For twenty years it has been his labor of love for his comrades, for whom, to him, in the nation nothing was too good.

At his death-bedside Gen. Phil. Sheridan was present, and told afterwards with tear-bedimmed eyes of his great appreciation of the deceased soldier and statesman. "I saw him die," he said, "and it was one of the saddest experiences I have ever had. . . . His death will prove a great loss to the country. He was one of the ablest men I have ever met,—a man of fixed opinions, and one always ready and able to maintain them. Although we were both in the army during the war, we did not become personally acquainted until it was over. The scene at his death-bed was particularly distressing to me. I have seen thousands of men killed in battle, but it never had the same effect on me as to stand quietly by a bedside and see a strong man's life ebb away."

Gen. "Joe" Hawley, United States Senator from Connecticut, said, when the intelligence reached him : "I am profoundly grieved. He was one of the bravest men, physically and morally, that ever lived. He was capable of any personal sacrifice in the fearless defence of what he thought right. He was absolutely incorruptible. He was intensely patriotic. He was a splendid soldier."

"The noblest Roman of them all" — as has been familiarly said of that grand old Democrat of the West, Hon. Allen G. Thurman, who has served in the United States Senate with the dead statesman,— expressed his condolences for Mrs. Logan, the devoted wife, and remarked: "John Logan was a strong man. There has been a tendency to underestimate him, but my associations in the Senate with him led me to consider him a remarkable man, and much stronger intellectually than he was commonly given credit for. He was a forcible speaker and a strong thinker. Certainly he was a good and brave soldier. Logan had peculiar qualities of heart, that endeared him to his friends. He was a blunt, plain-spoken man, yet always courteous and eminently fair. While we differed widely in politics, we always got along well together on committees. He has been a hard worker, and the public has lost a trusted and valuable servant."

In Congress the general served on many of the most important committees. The public press, as well as statesmen's views, teem with praises or serious considerations of the dead chief. They are the *caioneings* o'er his *manes* and in lauds to his departed spirit. For they, like —

> "The harp's wild notes, though hushed in song,
> The mimic march of death prolong.
> . . . . . .
> And seems as if the minstrel's wail,
> Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
> Last, o'er the warrior's closing grave,
> Rung the full choir in choral stave."

Dr. John Logan, who in 1818 emigrated from the north of Ireland to America, was the father of the dead hero. Dr. Logan went West on arriving here, and wild was that region at that date. He shortly afterwards made his home in Missouri, where he married a Frenchwoman. She was the daughter of a wealthy planter, and by her he had one daughter, who is said to be living. In about a year after their marriage this lady died; and Dr. Logan removed, and settled at Brownsville, Illinois. Lieut.-Gov. Jenkins was then a resident of this place, and he had living in his house his sister, Miss Elizabeth Jenkins. Dr. Logan met this woman, and in a year married her, and she became the mother of John A. Logan. He was born on the 9th of February, 1824, and on a night that one of the wildest storms ever occurring in this country prevailed—so say the annalists. Our subject was the eldest of eleven children in that numerically good, old-fashioned, old-country family. The Jenkinses were Scotch people. It has often been said that "Black Jack" Logan—on account of his complexion and long coal-black hair,—had American-Indian blood in him. But he had no more of that in his veins than his ancestry from the old sods gave him, and who possibly may have been able to lay claim to descent from Scottish chief and Irish king. There is a claim that the general was born at Murphysboro, Tenn., and that subsequently the father moved to Illinois, where he practised his profession, which took in such a wide range of territory that he was alike unable to devote the time to the culture of his growing family or the care of his farm, which later he

placed in the hands of a superintendent. Young Logan was a child of the West, a daring boy, a bright playmate, and a very faithful friend, and had no especial aptitude for intellectual pursuits. His father was a very able man, and very well educated. John worked under the direction of the hired superintendent, and was instructed by a sort of tutor, who was hired for the purpose of giving the children of the Doctor a little education. Logan's father died in 1851, and his mother in 1877.

The boy, through hard work, strengthened his rugged constitution, which supported him in his various trying experiences in his later life. When seventeen years of age he was sent to Shiloh College, then in its infancy, where he remained three years. During the last year of his stay at this place the country was very much agitated over the boundary question between this country and Mexico. Logan took a decided interest in the discussion, and displayed a warlike spirit. He volunteered, and was appointed 1st lieutenant of Company H, 1st Illinois Volunteers. He entered the war at its very beginning, and served with some distinction till its close.

When at Shiloh College, Logan had selected the law for his profession. On his return from the Mexican war he was elected clerk of Jackson County. In 1850, in less than a year after he was elected clerk of Jackson County, he resigned the office and entered the law department of the Louisville University. In his legal studies he made remarkable progress, and graduated with high honors. Ex-Gov. Jenkins, his uncle, invited him to enter into a partnership with him, and he accepted this invitation, and gained a lucrative practice. He had a most excellent advisor in Ex-Gov. Jenkins, and had a most severe training in the courts contesting cases against lawyers who afterwards became among the most eminent lawyers and jurists of the country. The year Logan graduated from the Louisville University, 1852, he was elected to the State Legislature. On the 27th November, 1855, he married Miss Mary S. Cunningham, who was a daughter of one of his strongest friends in the Mexican war, Capt. J. M. Cunningham of Marion, Ill. She was then but 16 years of age, and was well known as a gifted, noble-minded young woman. She was born in the village of Sturgeon, then known as Petersburg, in Boone County, Mo., Aug. 15, 1838. She was one year old when her parents settled in Marion, Ill. It was here that she and her mother shared the dangers of a frontier life while the father was away to the Mexican war, or among the gold mines of the Sierras of California. In the "life and public service of John A. Logan," a writer, speaking of Mrs. Logan, says: "The father felt a just pride in his eldest daughter. The assistance which she had rendered her mother during his long absence in Mexico and California has even more closely endeared her to his heart, and her love of study had prompted him to give part of his income to her proper education. Accordingly, in 1853, the daughter was sent to the Convent of St. Vincent, near Morgansville, Ky., a branch of the Nazareth Institute, the oldest institution of the kind in the country. This was the nearest educational establishment of sufficient advancement in the higher branches of knowledge. The young lady was reared

a Baptist; after her marriage she joined the Methodist Church, the church of the Logan family."

Graduating in 1855, Miss Cunningham returned to her father's home, at Shawneetown. In her younger days, when a mere child, she had aided her father as sheriff of the county, clerk of the court, and register of the land office, in preparing his papers. Those were not the days of blank forms for legal documents. Accordingly the father depended upon the daughter to make copies for him. While Mary Cunningham was thus aiding her father in his official duties, John Logan was prosecuting attorney of the district. He had known the young lady when she was a little girl, and now the renewed acquaintance ripened into love and marriage. In 1858 she saw him elected to Congress as a Douglas Democrat. In his campaigns his wife followed him, and advised him in the contests, frequently receiving his friends and conferring with them as to the details of the campaign. When Logan came to Washington he was accompanied by his wife.

While a member of Congress the war of secession broke out. From Washington, he went over to Virginia, to see the Union troops, and, wearing black clothes and a black silk tile, he served as a volunteer in the ranks at the battle of Bull Run. Subsequently he raised the Thirty-First Illinois volunteers, and left Congress, to command it in the field. The war developed his grand characteristics. The "cavalry bugler sounded his key-note, and, in an atmosphere of dust and powder, he grew great." He served with glory and distinction in the great battles of the West, where he was like unto a god of war. He was truly magnificent in battle. He reached the rank of major-general, commanded the Fifteenth Corps, and, for a time, the army of the Tennessee.

In 1871 he was elected to the United States Senate. In 1877 he was defeated for a re-election by David Davis, and then for two years he saw the darkest period of his life. However, in 1879 he was elected to fill the place of Senator Oglesby. In 1884 the Republican Convention nominated him with Blaine on the national ticket for President and Vice-President. At the next convention he would undoubtedly have had Illinois as a unit at his back for the Presidential nomination—the first place. The great departed, besides his most estimable wife, leaves a married daughter and son. It is to his public credit to say that he died comparatively poor.

STUDENT.

My commandment is, that you do like little children: while they feel their mother holding them by the sleeve they go on boldly and run about everywhere, nothing daunted by the falls that are caused by the weakness of their legs. Thus, while God holds you by your good-will to serve him, go on boldly, undaunted by your little stumblings, provided you cast yourself into his arms and give him the kiss of charity. *St. Francis de Sales.*

"High License."

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, being asked "How has High License in Chicago effected to diminish Intemperance?" replied:—

"Opinions are likely to differ as to what would be the true answer. My own judgment is that 'High License' has lessened the drinking habits of the people to some extent by diminishing the temptations and opportunities for indulgence.

"Under the low-license system ($52 per year), in force five years ago, there were nearly 4,000 saloons in Chicago. Under the present high license ($500 per year) we have 3,700.

"It is to be remarked, however, that while the low-license rate prevailed the number of saloons increased every year until the total (or nearly) given above.

"Had the same rate continued in force I am fully persuaded we would now have between 5,000 and 6,000 saloons in Chicago. So that comparison, if instituted, should be, 3,700 as against, at the least, 5,000 or 5,500. Remember, our population is not stationary. In 1880, 503-000, in 1886, it is 720,000, and the saloons, you may be sure, would have kept even pace with this growth but for the interposition of 'High License.'

"You can draw your own inferences from these premises. For my own part I do not look to High License, still less to Prohibition, as a remedy or cure for the plague of intemperance. I believe in the right of communities to regulate and even to restrain, deny if they see fit, saloons and public drinking-places; the latter is only practicable in small towns and villages.

"For cities I regard High License as desirable and expedient both as a source of revenue and as tending to the better control and regulation of saloons. High License even will not wipe out the low and vile dens in cities. They can afford to pay any sum, however high. The only way is to deny such places a license altogether — shut them up and keep them closed.

"But when you have done this, and when you will have diminished the number of saloons in general by a High License, will you then have got rid of the drink plague? No! The only rational way, as I believe, is to persuade men and women to keep out of saloons — to stop drinking — just as your admirable total abstinence societies are doing and seek to do.

"Saloons are not run for fun, they are carried on to make money. When patrons are wanting, when people cease to stand up at the bar, when money no longer drops into the till for drinks, the saloon will not long continue open. The leaders of the labor movement, I am glad to observe, seem to realize the terrible drain on resources and comforts of the working people caused by drink. There is probably not far from thirty (30) million dollars spent annually for drink in the saloons of this city; and am I not justified in asserting that two-thirds of this enormous

sum is drawn from the scanty income of the men and women who labor in one or another form of industrial or professional employment?

"Twenty (20) millions — think of it! How such a sum otherwise employed would lift up and elevate the masses, the homes it would purchase and brighten, the comforts and blessings it would confer on wife and children! It would assure good clothes and plenty of food and fuel. It would mean books and music and amusements. It would put an end to the wrangling and strife, the bitterness and the rancor, growing up between capital and labor. It would mean peace and security in our cities, prosperity and glory for the entire country; and I am only considering the physical and selfish aspects of the question. Can these ends be brought about by parties or platforms, or by legislation? Certainly not: the reform must begin with the individual.

"Laws won't bring it about; force will prove unavailing. Let each man do his duty in his own sphere by example and by precept. Religion is the only power equal to this work, and I look to the agency of religious teaching, the influence and the example of temperance and total abstinence societies, of whatever Church and denomination they may be, to bring about this great and salutary reform. There is, as I believe, not only a growing public sentiment in favor of temperance (I do not mean *political temperance*) but a steadily widening circle everywhere in the United States of men and women who practise temperance and total abstinence."

The Late Gen. T. F. Meagher.

THE portraits of sundry English monarchs have been evicted from the council chamber of the City Hall of Waterford to make room for the likeness of a distinguished native of the *urbs intacta*, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher. The patriot-orator was sentenced to a felon's death in neighboring Clonmel, in 1848. Thus the whirligig of time brings about its revenges. *Punch* made passing fun of "Meagher of the Sword," anent one of the most magnificent bursts of rhetoric on record, and to-day in his own birthplace two swords — one gallantly borne on the rough edge of battle, the other a presentation of honor from admiring comrades — are enshrined with loving pomp in the most complimentary spot his fellow-citizens could accord them. Beside those blades are laid a sprig of the historic box, the badge of the Irish Brigade at Fredericksburg, and the war-flag, with its beautiful motto: "Death if you will; victory if God will give it to us; but no defeat and no retreat." It may be objected that it was unkind to remove the painted sovereigns from the walls they long disadorned. We think it right and appropriate, for they were really very stupid fellows, and had no claims upon Waterford. William the Dutchman is not a popular idol in Ireland south of the Boyne. And as for the Georges, the opinion of Thackeray as to their merits is notorious and incontrovertible.

Washington.*

In stature, Washington a little exceeded six feet; his limbs were sinewy and well proportioned, his chest broad, his figure stately, blending dignity of presence with ease. His robust constitution had been tried and invigorated by his early life in the wilderness, his habit of occupation out of doors, and his rigid temperance; so that few equalled him in strength of arm or power of endurance. His complexion was florid, his hair dark-brown, his head, in its shape, perfectly round. His broad nostrils seemed formed to give expression and escape to scornful anger. His dark-blue eyes, which were deeply set, had an expression of resignation, and an earnestness which was almost sadness.

At eleven years old, left an orphan to the care of an excellent but unlettered mother, he grew up without learning. Of arithmetic and geometry he acquired just knowledge enough to be able to practise measuring land; but all his instruction at school taught him not so much as the orthography or rules of grammar of his own tongue. His culture was altogether his own work, and he was, in the strictest sense, a self-made man; yet from his early life he never seemed uneducated. At sixteen he went into the wilderness as a surveyor, and for three years continued the pursuit, where the forest trained him, in meditative solitude, to freedom and eagerness of mind, and Nature revealed to him her obedience to serene and silent laws. In his intervals from toil he seemed always to be attracted to the best men, and to be cherished by them.

Fairfax, his employer, an Oxford scholar, already aged, became his fast friend. He read little, but with close attention. Whatever he took in hand he applied himself to with care; and his papers, which have been preserved, show how he almost imperceptibly gained the power of writing correctly; always expressing himself with clearness and directness, often with felicity of language and grace.

When the frontiers on the left became disturbed, he, at nineteen, was commissioned an adjutant-general with the rank of major. At twenty-one he went as the envoy of Virginia to the council of Indian chiefs on the Ohio, and to the French officers near Lake Erie.

Fame waited upon him from his youth, and no one of his colony was so much spoken of. He conducted the first military expedition from Virginia that crossed the Alleghanies. Braddock selected him as an aid, and he was the only man that came out of the disastrous defeat near the Monongahela with increased reputation, which spread to England. The next year, when he was four-and-twenty, "the great esteem" in which he was held in Virginia, and "his real merit," led the lieutenant-governor of Maryland to request that he might be "commissioned and appointed second in command" of the army to march to the Ohio; and Shirley, the commander-in-chief, heard the proposal "with great satisfaction and pleasure," for "he knew no provincial officer upon the

* From Brancroft's "History of the United States."

Continent to whom he would so readily give it as to Washington." In 1758 he acted under Forbes as a brigadier, and but for him that general would never have crossed the mountains.

Courage was so natural to him that it was hardly ever spoken of to his praise; no one at any moment of his life discovered in him the least shrinking in danger; and he had a hardihood of daring which escaped notice, because it was so enveloped by superior calmness and wisdom.

He was as cheerful as he was spirited, frank and communicative in the society of friends, fond of the fox-chase and the dance, often sportive in his letters, and fond of a hearty laugh. This joyousness of disposition remained to the last, though the vastness of his responsibilities was soon to take from him the right of displaying the impulsive qualities of his nature, and the weight which he was to bear up was to overlay and repress his gravity and openness.

His hand was liberal, giving quietly and without observation, as though he was ashamed of nothing but being discovered in doing good. He was kindly and compassionate, and of lively sensibility to the sorrows of others; so that, if his country needed a victim for its relief, he would have willingly offered himself as a sacrifice. But while he was prodigal of himself, he was considerate for others, ever parsimonious of the blood of his countrymen.

He was prudent in the management of his private affairs, purchased rich land from the Mohawk Valley to the flats of the Kanawha, and improved his fortune by the correctness of his judgment; but as a public man, he knew no other aim than the good of his country, and in the hour of his country's poverty he refused personal emolument for his service.

His faculties were so well balanced and combined that his constitution, free from excess, was tempered evenly with all the elements of activity, and his mind resembled a well-ordered commonwealth; his passions, which had intensest vigor, owned allegiance to reason; and, with all the fiery quickness of his spirit, his impetuous and massive will was held in check by consummate judgment. He had in his composition a calm which gave him, in moments of highest excitement, the power of self-control, and enabled him to excel impatience, even when he had most cause for disgust. Washington was offered a command when there was little to bring out the unorganized resources of the continent by his own influence and authority, was connected with the people by the most frail, most attenuated, scarcely discernible threads; yet, vehement as was his nature, impassioned as was his courage, he so restrained his ardor that he never failed continuously to exert the attracting power of that influence, and never exerted it so sharply as to break its force.

In secrecy he was unsurpassed; but his secrecy had the character of prudent reserve, not of cunning or concealment.

His understanding was lucid, and his judgment accurate; so that his conduct never betrayed hurry or confusion. No detail was too minute for his personal inquiry and continued supervision; and, at the same time, he comprehended events in their widest aspects and rela-

tions. He never seemed above the object that engaged his attention, and he was always equal, without an effort, to the solution of the highest questions, even when there existed no precedents to guide his decision.

In his way he never drew to himself admiration for the possession of any one quality in excess; never made in council any one suggestion that was sublime but impracticable; never in action took to himself the praise or the blame of undertakings astonishing in conception but beyond his means of execution. It was the most wonderful accomplishment of this man that, placed upon the largest theatre of events, at the head of the greatest revolution in human affairs, he never failed to observe all that was possible, and at the same time to found his aspirations by that which was possible.

A slight tinge in his character, perceptible only to the close observer, revealed the region from which he sprang; and he might be described as the best specimen of manhood as developed in the South; but his qualities were so faultlessly proportioned that his whole country rather claimed him its choicest representative, the most complete expression of all its attainments and aspirations. He studied his country, and conformed to it. His countrymen felt that he was the best type of America, and rejoiced in it, and were proud of it. They lived in his life, and made his success and his praise their own.

Profoundly impressed with confidence in God's providence, and exemplary in his respect for the forms of public worship, no philosophy of the eighteenth century was more firm in the support of freedom of religious opinion, none more intolerant, or more remote from bigotry; but belief in God, and trust in His overruling power, formed the essence of his character. Divine wisdom not only illumines the spirit, it inspires the will. Washington was a man of action, and not of theory or words; his creed appears in his life, not in his professions, which burst from him very rarely, and at those great moments of crisis in the fortunes of his country, when earth and heaven seemed actually to meet, and his emotions became too intense for suppression; but his whole being was one continued act of faith in the eternal, intelligent, moral order of the universe. Integrity was so completely the law of his nature that a planet would sooner have shot from its sphere than he have departed from his uprightness, which was so constant that it often seemed to be almost impersonal.

They say of Giotto, that he introduced goodness into the art of painting: Washington carried it with him to the camp and the cabinet, and established a new criterion of human greatness. The purity of his will confirmed his fortitude; and as he never faltered in his faith in virtue, he stood fast by that which he knew to be just, free from illusions, never dejected by the apprehension of the difficulties and perils that went before him, and drawing the promise of success from the justice of his cause.

Hence he was persevering, leaving nothing unfinished, free from all taint of obstinacy in his firmness, seeking, and gladly receiving, advice, but immovable in his devotedness to right.

Of a "retiring modesty and habitual reserve," his ambition was

no more than the consciousness of his power, and was subordinate to his sense of duty. He took the foremost place, for he knew, from inborn magnanimity, that it belonged to him, and he dared not withhold the service required of him; so that, with all his humility, he was by necessity the first, though never for himself or for private ends. He loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his own time, and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, not the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude, and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human breast, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

There have been soldiers who have achieved mightier victories in the field, and made conquests more nearly corresponding to the boundlessness of selfish ambition; statesmen who have been connected with more startling upheavals of society; but it is the greatness of Washington that in public trusts he used power solely for the public good, that he was the life and moderator and stay of the most momentous revolution in human affairs, its moving impulse, and its restraining power. Combining the centripetal and the centrifugal forces in their utmost strength and in perfect relations, with creative grandeur of instinct he held ruin in check, and renewed and perfected the institutions of his country.

Finding the colonies disconnected and dependent, he left them such a united and well-ordered commonwealth as no visionary had believed to be possible. So that it has been truly said "he was as fortunate as great and good."

This also is the praise of Washington: that never in the tide of time has any man lived who had, in so great a degree, the almost divine faculty to command the confidence of his fellow-men and rule the willing. Wherever he became known — in his family, his neighborhood, his county, his native State, the Continent, the camp, civil life, the United States, among the people, in foreign courts, throughout the civilized world of the human race, and even among the savages — he, beyond all other men, had the confidence of his kind.

This is he who was raised up to be not the head of a party but the father of his country.

Away from me those who love severity, for I will have none of it! It is better to be obliged to account to God for too much gentleness than too much severity. Is not God all love? God the Father is the father of the wretched; God the Son is called a lamb; God the Holy Ghost manifests Himself under the form of a dove. If there were anything better than benignity Jesus Christ would have told us, and yet He gives us but two lessons to learn of Him: meekness and humility.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

Old Ireland.

I.

THOU'RT old to me, my native land, old ever shalt thou be;
My sweetest thoughts are of the old who once were dear to me,—
An old house 'neath an ancient hill, old friendly faces there,
In old times that old memories bring in intervals of care.

II.

Ah! those were pleasant evenings there, when some old neighbors met
To tell old tales of olden times, that haunt my memory yet —
The fairies' freaks on *muinin bán*, the dance up by the well,
The wedding and the christening feasts, the hurler's glad pell-mell.

III.

I sometimes think I see you still, and hear your laughter ring
Around that farmer's homely fire — whose look was like a king;
His was the laughing bright-blue eye and grand old kingly face,
And sweet tones like a bugle call that gladdened all the place.

IV.

Mo bhrón! and all your tongues are mute, and all your hearts are still,
And what without ye now to me the old house 'neath the hill?
I'd rather in the stranger land still break the exile's bread
Than view the old house desolate — when th' old kind hearts are dead.

JAMES KEEGAN.

Two New Irish-American Poets.

WE are glad to note among the new books two volumes of genuine poetry from unmistakably Irish and Catholic authors. The first, issued a few weeks since, by the Messrs Ticknor & Co., of Boston, is "Songs and Satires," by James Jeffrey Roche, assistant-editor of the *Pilot*, and a favorite contributor of *Life*, the New York *Independent*, the Detroit *Free Press*, etc. Mr. Roche is versatile beyond any of his contemporaries, being a delightful correspondent, a clever story-teller and essayist, a brilliant paragrapher, and a searching, though good-tempered critic. He has the gift of song, besides; and is strong, pathetic, sarcastic, cheery, or merely funny, at will. Among the serious poems in the charming little volume before us, we like best "The Way of the World," "Netchaieff," "Edelweiss," and the two which give evidence of the author's faith and Irish blood: "The Corporal's Letter,"

and "Andromeda." He won the popular heart, a few years ago, by his "V-a-s-e," and the "Concord Love-Song;" but "On Re-Reading Télémaque" is, to our thinking, not excelled by any of his bright and kind-hearted satires.

"Pipes from Prairie Lands and Other Places" is a collection of poems by Minnie Gilmore, daughter of the well-known Irish musician, P. S. Gilmore. It is a remarkable book for a young girl in her early twenties. She has what many older poets singularly lack, the ability to tell a story in verse, as proved by her "Watooska," and "At the Mouth of the Tunnel." She has keen eyes for the beauties of nature in the glorious Western country, and a notable descriptive gift. She has felt the poetry of household life in "Prairie-Lands," and has embodied it well in "A Western Wedding," "The Husking of the Corn," "While the White Corn Pops," and "A Sorghum Candy Pull." The last named has been widely quoted, and is sure of a permanent place among poems of country life in America. There is evidence of both power and passion in some of the work of this young poet, and there is great promise in all of it. Touching and full of the true Catholic spirit are "The Lesson of the Crucifix," "A Virgin Chaplet," and "A Lamp for the Tabernacle." We heartily congratulate the daughter of our old friend on the excellence of her first essay in authorship, and look to see her soon take high rank among the singers of our day. Her book is handsomely brought out by Cassell & Co., New York City.

Missionaries for the Sandwich Island Lepers

Two Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary recently arrived in this city en route to the Sandwich Islands, and also two sisters of the Franciscan Order — Sisters Cyrilla and Irene, from Syracuse, N. Y. — who will join their sisters in charge of the leper hospitals, and who thus devote themselves to a work of charity which entails upon those who undertake it a total separation from this world, loathsome, lingering disease, and certain death. But Catholic Faith fears none of these dreadful results when Charity calls priests and sisters of God's true Church to such a duty! They leave home, friends, comfort, and civilization, in order to immure themselves within the precincts of a pestilential atmosphere, where they become voluntary exiles from the world in order to minister to the temporal and spiritual wants of suffering humanity! In the Catholic Church alone can such glorious courage be found: but where faith is divine, all things are possible. The Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary has its Mother House at Paris, and its members are scattered all over the islands of the Pacific, conducting missions therein, in which they have made great spiritual progress. Rev. Theodore Lauter has been for sixteen years a missionary in the Sandwich Islands, and speaks in the highest terms of the poor people among whom he labors. From

him we learned that there are three bishops and twenty-five priests on the missions, scattered over the islands of the Pacific. They all follow the rule of St. Benedict, and devote their entire lives to the work of Christianizing and civilizing the savages among whom they labor. Father Lauter speaks in the highest praise of the humanity manifested by the King of the Sandwich Islands, and his ministry in their treatment of the poor, afflicted lepers. Ample provisions are supplied them, medicines of every variety applicable to their fatal malady are generously provided, and everything is done by those in authority to alleviate, as far as possible, the horrible condition of these afflicted people. The priests and sisters who attend to them are also greatly respected by the public authorities, and their devotion is the theme of both private and public praise.

Help for the Lepers.

MR. LABOUCHERE has received donations to the amount of $1,500 for Fr. Damien's mission among the lepers at Molokai, and publishes in his paper, *Truth*, Cardinal Manning's acknowledgment of the same:

ARCHBISHOP'S HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S. W., NOV. 8.

Dear Sir, — I thank you for your courtesy in forwarding to me the check for $1,500 for Father Damien. It shall be indorsed and sent to Mr. Chapman by this post. I wish I could thank the generous donor on behalf of the true Christian priest who is dying with and for his flock. Believe me, dear sir, yours faithfully,

✠ HENRY E., *Cardinal-Archbishop.*

177, CAMDEN GROVE NORTH, PECKHAM, S. E., DEC. 1ST, 1886.

Dear Father Damien, — I have to thank you for your kind letter of August 26th, and most of all for the promise of your prayers for the people among whom I work, and, after them, for myself. I have been asked by a number of Christians to forward you the enclosed offering for the relief of your leper flock, though personally I have had nothing to do with the charity, except in receiving their alms. In their name, therefore, I would like to tell you how the story of *your* life has helped on their own, teaching them the beauty of silent sacrifice undertaken and sustained in the strength and for the sake of our Lord. They wish to thank you for being allowed to lay this humble tribute at your feet, nailed as you are to a cross which you have chosen to share with those on whom it has been imposed. Their object is to help you in your pain, by bringing a ray of comfort to your suffering people as the surest way of bringing a smile to your own face. They leave the management of the fund entirely at your disposal, for they hold your life the most absolute guarantee for its pure direction. They feel all unworthy to ask you personally to receive anything, and they hold that an insult to your creed is an insult to the Christian world. So they bid you an affectionate and reverent farewell, knowing that the crown which awaits you will be as bright as the agony which your poor dear body must endure is terrible. Their letters speak for themselves, and the sentiments which they express are beyond the difference of nationality, class, age, or even faith. In a word, you have won their hearts. For myself I can only humbly join them in their thoughts of you, and no effort shall be wanting on my part to make the island of Molokai happier than it has ever been before. I will write to you by next mail and put my propositions definitely before you, but this letter is sacred as the vehicle of others' affection. You are happy in the love of your Cardinal-Archbishop in this country, to whom also I owe a great debt of personal gratitude. Please give my kind love to your colleague, for the grace of whose life I return my heartfelt thanks to God, feeling, as I do, from the knowledge of my own heart, the rarity of true heroism. I am glad for him that he is with you, and I have not a doubt that for the joy set before you both you will en-

dure the cross, despising the shame which attaches to this disease. Once more, adieu; and let this little flower of English love be planted in the desert of your pain to remind you by its fragrance of the hearts of those who send it, and who trust that before long they may meet you in the paradise of God. I have only one favor to ask of you on my own account, which is to please pray daily for my people and Your loving friend,

HUGH B. CHAPMAN,

Vicar of St. Luke's, Camberwell, London.

P. S. — Enclosed is a draft on Bishop & Co., Bankers, Honolulu, for £975; while anything else which comes to me shall be duly forwarded.

CLARA MARSHALL contributes to the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal) the following poem entitled: —

MOLOKAI.

"Almighty God knows what is best for my sanctification, and, with this conviction, I say daily, *Fiat voluntas tua.*" — FATHER DAMIEN.

Land ho! Land, like an emerald, gleaming
'Twixt deep-blue wave and pale-blue sky,
A lotus isle for mid-day dreaming,
Seen vaguely as our ship sails by;
A land that knows not life's commotion;
Blest "No Man's Land!" we sadly say;
Has it a name, yon gem of ocean?
The seaman answers Molokai.

Crowd on more sail! Though clouds were looming,
Better the tempest's roar and strife,
Better the wild waves' shock and booming,
Than that dread land of death in life—
A land where exiles ne'er cease mourning,
Where rank disease doth hold foul sway;
A land from which there's no returning —
The lonely isle of Molokai.

Yet one long look ere sight be weary,
Earth's holiest spot, in angel's ken,
Is where one, like the Son of Mary,
Doth give his life for sin-curst men;
And as the home of God-like mortal,
Who in such death can calmly say
Thy will be done! it seems heaven's portal,
This hallowed isle of Molokai.

To whom is He not good, this Sovereign Love of hearts? Those who taste of His sweetness can never be sated therewith, and those who approach His heart cannot contain their own with praising and blessing Him forever. Continue to unite yourself more and more to this dear Saviour. Bury your heart in the charity of His, and let us say with all our heart: "May I die and Jesus live; this shall be a happy death if it take place in this life." May you be blessed with the benediction which the Divine Goodness has prepared for hearts which abandoned themselves a prey to His sacred and holy love.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

Notes on the Devotion to the Holy Face.

THE month of September, as we learn from the Annals, has been exceedingly fruitful in graces of all kinds and in the development of the work of the reparation.

During the month, eighteen hundred and sixty-eight new members have been enrolled in the arch-confraternity, and three hundred and eighty-five thanksgivings have been presented before the Holy Face. Eight confraternities have been affiliated to the arch-confraternity, the last number being 136. Among the number we notice the church of Vera Cruz, in Columbia, South America, and the church of St. Columbia, Louisville, Kentucky.

The confraternity at Donaldsonville, La., numbers thirty members. A *Vera Effigies* is in the church, with a lamp burning before it. It was Fr. Dubernard, the venerable pastor of this church, who was alluded to in the Annals as having been miraculously cured of rheumatism, through the Holy Face.

A picture of the Holy Face has just been put up in the church of Laredo, Texas.

The devotion is extending rapidly in Canada, from all accounts which are at hand.

There is a magnificently framed picture of the Holy Face, the gift of a young lady, in the Louisville Cathedral, and worshippers are always to be seen kneeling before it.

In Clarksville, Texas, a gentleman placed a nicely framed *Vera Effigies* in the church, keeps a lamp burning before it; then added the gift of a *prie-Dieu* on which he placed leaflets of the Holy Face prayers. Another gentleman did the like pious deed in San Antonio. Their example is worthy of imitation by the pious laity everywhere.

From a letter to the Annals, from St. Louis, we learn that Very Rev. Joseph E. Keller, assistant to the father-general of the Jesuit order, Fr. Bergin, S. J., vice-president of the University of St. Louis, the Lazarist, Fr. Whaland, and Fr. Daly of Carondelet, all died members of the arch-confraternity. They are recommended to the prayers of the associates, so that they soon be admitted to see the Holy Face resplendent in the glory of the Beatific Vision.

In the Cathedral of Nantes, France, the confraternity was established on the feast of Our Lady of the Seven Dolors. At the close of the sermon which was preached on that occasion, a large concourse of the faithful made its way to the chapel of Our Lady of Mercy, where the services of three priests were required to inscribe the names of persons desirous of becoming members. On the very next day the number of associates had reached five hundred.

Bishop John Langevin, of Rimouski, Province of Quebec, Canada, visited the Oratory at Tours during September, and prayed before the Holy Face. He manifested a lively interest in the devotion, and had an extended interview with the director of the priests of the Holy Face

in reference to the means to be used in introducing the confraternity in the diocese of Rimouski. Several days after this, Monsignor Vico, Secretary of the Nuncio at Paris, paid the Oratory a visit, and said Mass at the altar of the Holy Face. He pledged his valuable assistance in extending the devotion, which has on several occasions received the blessing of the Holy Father, Leo XIII., now gloriously reigning.

T. A. B.

The Ontario Elections.

TUESDAY, Dec. 28, 1886, should, is, and shall be, a memorable day in the history of the Dominion of Canada, for on this day the allied forces of bigotry,—as malicious as insincere,—corruption, and grasping centralization, received a shock from which they will not recover till a general election shall have relegated the rotten party to a well-merited obscurity.

Oliver Mowat (Liberal), premier of the local parliament of Ontario, had held the reins of government for almost fifteen years. His record of administration was, by the lines of ordinary criticism, unimpeachable. But who shall reckon with unprincipled men, who, in their grasping cupidity, are governed by no moral consideration, and, as the sequel proves, have not even the poor merit of discerning the expedient from the injudicious course?

When Sir John A. MacDonald decided to hang Louis Riel in order to secure the Orange vote, he no doubt assumed that the French province of Quebec would continue to be his faithful ally in the future, as in the past; but he presumed too far, as a recent election clearly showed when the (local) Tory government, having a very fair record, was defeated because of its solidarity with the Tory administration of the Dominion parliament at Ottawa. The figures are interesting, as an evidence of the feeling aroused by Sir John A. MacDonald's outrage upon liberty. Before the election, Tories majority, thirty-five; after the election, Liberal majority, five.

Then came a by-election for Dominion parliament in the district of Haldimand, Ontario, where all the corrupt resources of the Dominion government (and Sir John as a past-master in corruption, as well as an Orangeman of forty years' standing) but without avail, and again was he met by an ignominious defeat.

But the great event of the day is the Ontario election. For months past Sir John's chief organ, the *Toronto Mail*, has been leading a malignant no-popery crusade against everything Catholic, and equally ferocious against everything French. The latter had no fault as long as they were submissive slaves to the Tory Moloch; but once they asserted their rights under the much-vaunted British Constitution, they became, as it were, political pariahs. With *The Mail* and its co-workers nothing was too sacred for a sneer, nothing too holy for a calumny. Then having failed at Haldimand, their envenomed darts were directed

against the plucky Presbyterian premier, Oliver Mowat. The heinous offences charged against him were, that he had (with the concurrence of the Ontario parliament) amended the Separate Schools Acts so as to make them a little more efficient. They are, be it noted, guaranteed by the British North America Act (of Confederation), and could not be abolished by any power in Canada. Also, that he had listened to representations of Archbishop Lynch, and so improved the discipline of the Central Prison as to prevent the mischievous zeal of proselytizers injuring the Catholic prisoners. It is needless to say that he had no need to protect the Protestant prisoners from the Catholic chaplain. This was the indictment upon which *The Mail* founded a systematic slander upon everything Catholic, and it is safe to say that a more disreputable campaign never before disgraced the political struggles of a free state. The nearest approach to it would be some of the anti-Irish tirades of the *London Times*, which would be compelled, in this case, however regretfully, to surrender the palm to its colonial imitator. Its scurrilous and lying attacks upon the venerable Archbishop Lynch must earn for it the detestation of all right-thinking men, and the result of the election shows that they are not few in a province where four-fifths of the electors, being Protestants, have trampled under foot the appeal to religious bigotry, and administered a well-deserved chastisement to the wretches who, for a selfish consideration, would turn this country into a hell upon earth!

During the Haldimand contest, Mr. White, Minister of the Interior, signalized himself by exhibiting a picture of Louis Riel with a rope around his neck, and introducing it to his audience as "the newest Catholic saint." It only remains to add that he is on record as the politician who openly avows his opinion that truth is only necessary while needful, and should not be adhered to if at all inconvenient. The result of the Ontario election will not encourage him in his peculiar views, and it would be too much to hope that it will teach him that rogues are frequently punished even in this life.

The leader of the Ontario opposition, Mr. Meredith, does not emerge from the campaign with clean hands. Even Sir John found himself compelled by the force of public opinion to make a show of disavowing *The Mail*,—a disavowal which no one credited. Mr. Meredith's course was even more despicable. He did not disavow his connection with *The Mail*, but he maliciously insinuated by implication everything that *The Mail* spoke out with vindictive brutality.

To sum up: Premier Mowat is triumphantly sustained by sure majority of twenty-five, possibly thirty; and Sir John may now meditate on his certain downfall at the Dominion election next summer, and curse the day when he sacrificed Louis Riel to the Orange lust for blood. Certain it is that on that day he cut his (political) throat, and by so doing performed a service to Canada, the magnitude of which can only be fitly appreciated in the future. By the blessing of God, once again will it be true that "the blood of heroes is the seed of liberty;" and poor, crazy Riel, in his dishonored grave, is more powerful in death than he could ever be in life.

The Catholic Minister of Justice, Mr. Thompson, has been an

efficient *aide* of Sir John in the present anti-Catholic campaign, and bids fair to render the name of Catholic Tory as contemptible in Canada as the Catholic Whig has become in Ireland. And so may it ever be!

J. W. O'R.

Molly's Aversion.

ONE morning in the early spring the good ship *Clyde* left Sydney for Gravesend. And as the steam-tug tows their floating home through the harbor, the passengers stand upon the deck, gazing in admiration upon the scene. Sydney has been called the Queen of the Southern Seas, and with good reason, as all agree that look round at the fairy-like beauty of the place. The atmosphere is wonderfully clear; the sky a deep blue; the sun semi-tropical; the waters smooth and unruffled. Small coves and sheltered bays, wooded shores and splendid villas crowning rising slopes, rich in luxuriant verdure, are seen on every side. Trim little yachts, and two or three men-o'-war lie at anchor, the Union Jack floating lazily from their sterns; whilst the dark towers of Government House rise grandly over the waters of Farm Cove.

As the *Clyde* steams into the open sea, the passengers scatter about, talking and laughing, or making comfortable arrangements for the voyage. In one corner of the deck, as far removed as possible from the crowd and noise, lies an old man, in a long chair. His features are large and handsome; his form thin and spare. His deep-set eyes have a restless, dissatisfied expression; and his white lips and sunken cheeks show that he has suffered much. By his side stands a girl of about eighteen. She is tall and fair, with a well-shaped head, a slight graceful figure, and large, earnest, brown eyes. With loving hands she smooths back the hair from the old man's temples, and bathes his face with eau-de-cologne.

"There, dear," she said, gently, "that will refresh you. The hurry and bustle have tired you. But it will soon be nice and quiet."

"Not till we get home, Molly," he answered, sadly. "I watched the passengers as they came on board, and I do not believe there is an Englishman amongst them. They are all Australians of the worst type."

"Now, papa dear, you must not be too hasty in your judgments. They may not be so bad as you think."

"Bad! Of course they are bad, every one of them!" he cried, excitedly. "Don't I know them?—Noisy, vulgar, talkative creatures, with no more feeling—"

"Hush, papa: you'll surely be heard," whispered the girl, looking anxiously round. "Ah, here comes Mrs. Mavor! I'm so glad."

"Good morning, Mr. Dean. I hope you are comfortable?" said a cheery voice; and an elderly lady came forward with a smile, kissed Molly, and shook hands with the old man.

"Yes; I am comfortable enough, thank you," he answered. "But I am annoyed to find there are no English people on board."

"It is a pity. But, after all, what does it matter?" she said, gayly. "You need not mix much with the other passengers. We three shall be quite snug together."

"But Molly will not allow me to keep to myself; she says I am surly, and—"

"Now, papa dear, I never said that," cried the girl. "I only suggested that when people spoke kindly to you, you might be just a little bit polite."

"Hear her, ye gods! as if Australians were ever kind."

"Yes, they are," insisted Molly. "When we went from Gravesend to Melbourne, in the 'Austral,' you were very ill, papa, and I was so unhappy. We had taken the journey for your health, and as it did not seem to do you any good, I used to fret terribly. Well, the kindest people on board were the Australians."

"Few people could help being kind to you, dear," said Mrs. Mavor in a whisper. "But let us talk of something else. Where is your cabin, Mr. Dean?"

"On deck, I am happy to say. The captain has treated me well. The noise of people walking backwards and forwards over my head in the 'Austral' nearly drove me mad."

"But you are better than you were then?"

"Better? Alas! that I shall never be," he answered, lowering his voice that Molly should not hear. "It is merely a question of time. Ere many weeks elapse, all may be over and she alone in the world."

"Poor child!" and Mrs. Mavor glanced compassionately at Molly, who was playing at ball with a baby boy, quite unconscious of the serious conversation that was going on.

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "She is young to be left—and—will miss her cranky old father sadly. I have not a relation in the world to whom I could send her."

"That is sad; but don't fret about her: so long as I live Molly shall not want a friend."

"God bless you!" he answered, pressing her hand. "It was a lucky day when we met you again; still more fortunate that you happened to be coming home in the *Clyde*. I know not how thing might be. My business affairs are so unsettled, my darling might be almost penniless,—and she so young. Promise to look after her, to shield her from harm."

"I promise," she answered, earnestly. "She shall be as dear to me as though she were my daughter."

"Thank you. It will help me to die happy, when I think you will take care of my little girl."

"Molly will not require my care very long," said Mrs. Mavor, smiling: "she will soon find some one nearer and dearer than I."

"And yet my darling is not beautiful."

"No; but there is something so sweet, so earnest, and—"

"Now, papa dear, you have been talking too much," cried Molly, coming back. "Come, dearest, you must go to your cabin and lie

down;" and, helping him out of his chair, she insisted on leading him away.

"You see how she rules me," the old man said, smiling over his shoulder at Mrs. Mavor.

For some time Mrs. Mavor sat gazing out upon the ocean, pondering over the sad intelligence she had just received, and as the *Clyde* cut swiftly through the waves, she longed to treble the speed, and reach England before Mr. Dean's forebodings came true. The death of a much-loved parent is hard to bear, under any circumstances; but on board ship it would be doubly painful. And her heart was filled with compassion as she thought how forlorn the girl would be.

However, the next morning the invalid was better; every hour on board seemed to give him fresh strength and make him less anxious and irritable. So the time passed on, one day very much the same as another, till the ship reached Aden. There they stopped for a couple of days, and there was a general rush on shore. The town had a reputation for liveliness, and most of the travellers were eager for variety and excitement. Mr. Dean and Molly did not care to trust themselves in the dusty streets, so they remained quietly on board. Mrs. Mavor spent an hour or two in the town, but soon returned, half dead with heat and fatigue. She and her friends had been pursued by beggars for "baksheesh" at every turn. This, and the atmosphere of coal-dust, which prevaded the place, did not tend to make her happy, so she resolved to spend the rest of the time within the comfortable precincts of the steamer.

These weary days at Aden were a sad trial to Mr. Dean; Molly suffered when she saw him annoyed; and Mrs. Mavor felt impatient at the delay. But at last, to their delight, the passengers came trooping back; the anchor was raised; and they were once more on their way.

They entered the Red Sea. The heat was excessive, and the invalid became extremely ill. Poor little Molly was wild with grief. Never before had she seen him so low, and she trembled lest he should die, and leave her alone, without a creature to love and care for her in the great wide world. But when Suez was passed, and the steamer had crawled through the Canal into fresher air, the old man rallied; the doctor pronounced him out of danger, and by degrees he regained his strength. This happy change was a great joy for his daughter and devoted friend, who, after many days and nights of anxious watching, were at last free to leave his side, and resume their ordinary life on board ship.

One day, when Molly had given her father his early dinner, and had coaxed him into lying down for an hour or so to rest, she stole out of his cabin, and ran off to the dining-room to look for some lunch. As she went along the deck, she was surprised to see Mrs. Mavor talking in a friendly manner to a tall, handsome man. He was quite a stranger, and the girl wondered at his sudden appearance amongst them.

"I am so glad to see you," she heard Mrs. Mavor say. "So very glad! I had no idea you were on board."

"I came on at Suez," he answered; "and you must have been in hiding somewhere, for I have never caught sight of you until now."

"I have been with poor Mr. Dean; he has been so ill; he —" and she lowered her voice.

"Indeed! That must have been hard work in the Red Sea."

"His daughter is young, poor child," she said. "I must introduce you to her. She is not pretty, but so charming."

"Thanks. But it is really not worth while," he answered carelessly. "I have only a short time to be on board, as I go over-land from Naples. I am determined to keep away from young ladies, if possible; especially —"

Then they passed on, and Molly heard no more. She paused for an instant; her dark eyes flashed indignantly, and a scornful smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Not worth while, indeed!" she murmured. "The very rudest of father's despised Australians could not have done worse; and by your accent, dear sir, you must be an Englishman. But I am not anxious to make your acquaintance, I assure you." And drawing herself up proudly, she followed them into the dining-room.

Mrs. Mavor and the young stranger had taken their places together, some way up the long table, and as Molly appeared, the lady signed to her to come and sit beside her.

"Thanks; I shall do very well here," the girl replied as she seated herself next the door.

Luncheon over, Molly hurried away to her cabin. She changed her dress and brushed her hair; then, providing herself with a piece of work, she went up to spend the afternoon with her father. To her astonishment she found that he had already come on deck, and was reclining in his long chair; whilst by his side sat Mrs. Mavor and the stranger. The old man appeared much pleased. Molly felt indignant as she looked at the little group.

"What business has Mrs. Mavor to force us upon this gentleman?" she said. "It is really too bad." And she was turning back to her cabin when her father caught sight of her, and called her to him. The others glanced round; and much against her will she was obliged to join the party.

"My dear Molly," said Mr. Dean, "come and be introduced to Mr. Temple. I am so glad to meet an Englishman once more. After being shut up for weeks with those ill-mannered, bullying Australians, it is positively delightful. Mr. Temple, this is my daughter."

Molly bowed coldly; then bending over to arrange her father's cushions, she whispered: "You promised not to abuse our fellow-passengers, papa dear. So don't forget again. It does no good, and will only make enemies."

"Enemies, indeed!" he answered, scornfully. "As if I cared! I hate them all, and they know it. But pray go on, Mr. Temple; let me hear the end of that tiger hunt. Did you shoot the fellow?"

"Yes; I shot him after a great deal of trouble. But it would be rude to continue, unless I tell the first part of my story to Miss Dean," and he looked at the girl with an inquiring glance.

"Oh, Molly doesn't mind! So long as I am happy, she's content. Eh, little one?"

"Yes, papa, certainly. Pray continue, Mr. Temple," she said with a quick blush; then seating herself on a low chair beside her father, she began to work.

From this hour Mr. Dean and Richard Temple were fast friends. The young man was kindness itself, and his pleasant companionship had a soothing effect upon the invalid.

Molly felt grateful for his attentions to her father, and it made her happy to see them together. But from all their conversations she held herself aloof. She could not forget the first words she had heard him utter. So when Mr. Temple approached the old man's chair, she would withdraw to a distant seat, or, murmuring an excuse, seek the solitude of her cabin. Mrs. Mavor, who had a warm admiration for the dashing young officer, could not understand the girl's conduct.

"My dear Molly, you are a mystery to me," she said, gravely. "In my days girls were very different — all smiles and prettiness. But in these times of culture, they are too grand to speak to a man unless he be a genius of some kind. A good honest soldier has no attraction for them."

"Indeed, I should not care to meet a genius," said Molly, laughing. "I should feel afraid of him."

"Then, what do you want? There is Richard Temple — a perfect gentleman, a man of property, a fine, handsome, kindly fellow, and you will not condescend to speak to him."

"Mr. Temple is extremely nice —"

"Do you think so? Then, pray be a little polite the next time you meet. He is not accustomed to such disdain, I assure you. There are many girls, and beauties, too, who would give a great deal to have the opportunities that you throw away so recklessly."

"My dear Mrs. Mavor!"

"My dear Molly! What I say is true; and I give you warning, that if you go on as you are doing, you may as well make up your mind to be an old maid. No man would ever care for such a cold, stand-off girl."

"I'm not uneasy," and Molly laughed merrily. "I think old maids are delightful. Some of the kindest, most unselfish —"

"My dear Molly, you appal me. Your father must put a stop to your deep studies. You go too fast. You will be a blue stocking, a —"

"I assure you I shall never be anything of the kind. But come, do not scold me any more, please. And I should be so thankful if you would go to papa. I have letters to write; and I do not like him to be alone."

"But Richard Temple is with him."

"Then pray release him," said Molly, with a frown. "He is very good, and I am grateful; but I cannot bear to take up his time so much. Do go and send him away, please." And laying her hand upon the old lady's shoulder, she gave her a loving kiss.

"When you look like that you are adorable!" cried Mrs. Mavor, "[illegible] one could refuse you anything."

Then returning the girl's embrace, she went up to Mr. Dean.

Molly was now alone in the big saloon; and opening her blotter, she seated herself at the table, and began to write. But her pen did not move rapidly; and very soon it dropped from her fingers and she became lost in thought.

"I wish he had not come on board," she said, slowly; "and yet he is so kind to poor papa. He is clever — and good — and I think — yes, I feel certain, that if I had not overheard him make that rude speech to Mrs. Mavor, I should have liked him very much." And having come to this conclusion, Molly sighed; then taking up her pen continued her writing.

"I hope I shall not disturb you, Miss Dean, if I sit here?" asked Mr. Temple, coming into the saloon a few moments later, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

"You do not disturb me in the least," said Molly, coldly.

He seated himself at the extreme end of the long table; and the young people continued their work for some time, but not a word passed between them. Molly's pen ran quickly over the paper, and Richard's brows were knit, as though his study was indeed profound. At last the girl's letters were written, her envelopes sealed and directed, and, without even a glance at her companion, she rose, gathered up her belongings and went off to her cabin.

"What a curious young lady that is," he thought, looking after her. "I never saw such an icicle. And yet when she talks to her old father, her whole face changes, and she is as tender as possible, and upon my word he is a trial. She guesses, or perhaps Mrs. Mavor has told her, that I am not an Englishman, but as good an Australian as any on board. I dare say she shares her father's prejudice, and so avoids me. Yet I cannot believe that of her; for I have heard her stand up bravely for my countrymen. Perhaps she objects to my deceiving the old man. Well, it is not my fault. My education in England gave me an English accent, and the invalid took a fancy to me, imagining I was one of his beloved John Bulls, and Mrs. Mavor implored me not to undeceive him. But a truce to this nonsense, my friend; Miss Dean does not like you, so don't trouble yourself about Miss Dean. This paper must be finished this afternoon." And again the brows were knit.

That evening a strong wind sprang up, and the *Clyde* was tossed about most unpleasantly. Few ladies were bold enough to venture on deck; and a considerable number of gentlemen gladly sought the seclusion of their cabins. But Molly was a good sailor, and as her father's quarters were above, she went backwards and forwards to see how he was getting on.

"My dear child, you'll be washed overboard, or get your brains dashed out," cried Mrs. Mavor, as the girl prepared to go to her father after tea. "I am quite sure Mr. Dean does not want you."

"Yes, he does," replied Molly, smiling. "Besides, I quite enjoy being blown about by the wind."

"You have strange tastes, dear," said Mrs. Mavor, shuddering. "But, pray, be careful."

"I'm not uneasy. I'm a good sailor, you know, and can stand straight even in a storm;" and kissing her friend's hand, Molly ran out of the saloon and up the stairs.

"There is not much of a storm after all," she thought. "It would be foolish to remain shut up there all the evening because there is a little wind, or rather a heavy swell. How delicious the smell of the sea is, how grand the waves look." And with one foot on the deck, the other on the last step of the stair, she gazed around. "Poor Mrs. Mavor, what a pity she is so nervous; now—"

Here the girl's reflections were rudely interrupted; the ship pitched suddenly from one side to the other, and she was laid full length upon the deck. Then there was a rush and a scramble, a running of feet, and a murmur of horror, and before Molly had time to realize what had happened, she was raised from her lowly position, and a strong arm held her securely against the wind.

"You are not hurt, I hope?" asked an anxious voice; and then she found that it was Mr. Temple who had rushed so promptly to her aid.

"Thank you; no, I'm not hurt," she stammered, blushing deeply, whilst tears of wounded pride and indignation filled her eyes. "It was stupid of me to fall. Pray let me go. I can stand quite well." And she struggled to free herself from his protecting arm.

"You cannot, you must not attempt it," he said firmly. "Lean on me, and I will steer you safely across to your father's cabin."

"Thank you — but —"

"It is useless to refuse. You are helpless without me. See, you are powerless in a storm like this. And surely you do not object to my assisting you? You cannot hate me sufficiently for that?"

"I do not hate you," said Molly, turning away her head.

"I am so glad —for I thought — I fancied you did."

"You were wrong, Mr. Temple; I do not hate you, but —" and she stopped short in evident confusion.

"But you do not care to cultivate Australians?" he said, somewhat bitterly. "I am sorry you should share your father's absurd prejudices."

"I do nothing of the kind," cried the girl indignantly.

"Then that is not the reason you avoid me?"

"I do not understand you," she said, looking up in surprise. "What can my liking or disliking Australians have to do with you?"

"Everything, Miss Dean. I *am* an Australian."

"You? Is it possible?"

"I felt sure you knew — I was certain Mrs. Mavor had told you."

"I never asked what you were; I believed you were an Englishman; papa does, I know."

"Yes; I am sorry he does."

"It was wrong to impose upon him. But I cannot say I am sorry. You have been so kind and have done him so much good."

"I had not the smallest wish to deny my nationality, I assure you. But for some unknown reason he fancied I was an Englishman, and I did not contradict him. Mrs. Mavor begged me to be silent. She

declared it would irritate him to learn that he had made such a mistake. But I'll go off now and confess if you like."

"No, no!" cried Molly. "Pray do not; it is too late. We are near the end of our journey and shall soon part forever. It would make him angry to hear it now. Some day at home, when he is better, I shall break the terrible news to him,—some day when he is praising you very much. It will be great fun." And she laughed merrily.

"And you do not mind?"

"I? Oh, not at all! And believe me," she said earnestly, "neither would papa, had not his illness made him fanciful and irritable."

"If *you* will only be a little more friendly, I shall not care how much he abuses my countrymen."

"You are very good," she said. "I promise to be more friendly for the future. And now will you take me to papa?"

"Certainly. But don't mention your accident, as he might be alarmed, and make you stay below to-morrow if the storm should continue. For now that you are going to be friendly, I expect to have very pleasant times."

"Indeed?" and Molly's eyes were full of mischief. "But I thought you had only a short time to stay on board, and were resolved to keep away from young ladies!" Then, without giving him time to reply, she opened the door of her father's cabin and disappeared.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "that is the virtuous resolution I made on my way to Suez. I told Mrs. Mavor, and she must have talked about it. Perhaps that was the cause of Miss Dean's aversion. Well, I shall soon show her I did not mean much by that speech."

After this, Molly no longer avoided Richard Temple's society, and he sought hers as much as the easy-going habits of life on board ship permitted,—which meant practically that they were together all day.

The young officer had become a favorite with all the passengers, and wherever he sat there was sure to be a goodly gathering of ladies and gentlemen. So now, as he tried to be near Miss Dean, and she was always beside her father, the invalid's chair became the great centre of attraction. Molly was alarmed at this; for, knowing her father's hatred of the Australians, she was in a constant state of anxiety, lest he should say something to offend them. But so long as Mr. Temple sat near, so long as he talked, smoked, or read his book beside him, the old man was content, and took but small notice of the others. So, after a time, the girl grew accustomed to these pleasant meetings, and ceased to be uneasy. Her father was better, was quietly polite to all around him; and so Molly was happy. But, alas! for the contrariness of human nature. Voyaging with Mr. Dean was somewhat like travelling with a box of dynamite. So long as he was left alone, he was harmless; but if knocked about or rudely upset, he would explode without the smallest warning. This his friends discovered to their cost, a few days after Mr. Temple's understanding with Molly.

One evening, after they had left Port Said and were bowling merrily through the Mediterranean, the passengers gathered together

on deck for a little amusement. First they danced, and then sat down in groups to rest. Then came songs and glees, recitations and duets. Every one was gay and happy; no one noticed how the hours were passing. Mrs. Mavor, Molly, and Mr. Temple had joined the pleasant party. They clapped and encored, took part in the glees, and added to the fun and merriment as much as they could.

Mr. Dean had retired early to his cabin, and had just fallen into his first sleep when the concert began; and as his cabin was on deck, not far from the performers, the sound of the piano soon woke him up. For some time he tossed about from side to side, doing all he could to shut out the maddening sounds. But it was of no use. Every note fell distinctly on his ear; every word was perfectly audible. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck, and still the merriment continued. Eleven o'clock struck; and a loud chorus, followed by peals of laughter, set his nerves tingling and filled him with wrath.

"This shall go on no longer," he cried. "Those hateful Australians will be the death of me." Then he rose from his berth, flung on his dressing-gown, and, pushing his feet into his slippers, walked down the deck.

"I will have no more of this!" he cried, in a voice of thunder. "Stop your noise, and allow people to sleep in their beds."

For an instant no one spoke; the strange figure amazed the assembled company; the tone of command awed them; they stared at him in surprise. Molly was leaning against the side of the steamer, listening happily to Mr. Temple, who was entertaining her with stories of his life in India.

The girl was not pretty, but she was looking her best at this moment. She wore a dress of a soft creamy material, that fitted her slender figure to perfection; her fair hair was coiled in heavy plaits round her small, well-shaped head; whilst about her throat were several rows of delicately tinted Australian shells. Her eyes were bright; her cheeks a little flushed; and there was a look of happiness in her face that softened it, lending it a beauty that was new to it.

But suddenly the smile died upon her lips; the color fled from her cheek.

"Papa," she cried, springing forward and catching him by the hand, "come away, I implore you!"

"Nonsense, Molly! One would think I was a child, from the way you order me about." And he tried to shake himself away from her. "Let me go. I am not to be silenced so easily. I—"

"Oh! papa."

"Oh, rubbish! Am I to be tormented and annoyed for nothing? Leave me alone. I will not stir from this till I have given these Australians a piece of my mind."

"Papa, dear, pray come back to the cabin, dear; please do."

"I say, Molly, I must tell them what I think of them and their noise," he answered angrily. "I will not—I cannot allow it to go on, and so I—"

"And what right have you to prevent us having music on board?" asked a little man with a sneer "Who are you—"

"Who am I?" cried Mr. Dean, glaring at his interlocutor. "Sir, I would have you remember —"

But here a hand was laid upon the old man's arm, and Richard Temple said quietly: "We are sorry we disturbed you, Mr. Dean. But the concert is over. Let me see you safely back to your cabin."

"So the concert is over — is it? That is a comfort. Now, perhaps, I may be allowed to sleep in peace. But it is a terrible mistake to come a long voyage with such a set of barbarians. These Australians, Mr Temple, are the most unpleasant men created. Never again shall I speak to one of them, if I can possibly help it."

"Indeed," said Richard drily.

"Never," he answered. "And, if you take my advice, you will avoid them too. They are everything that is objectionable." And all the way back to his cabin he abused his fellow-passengers at the top of his voice.

Richard was nettled at the old man's railing, and longed to tell him that he too was an Australian. But dreading the effects of such intelligence upon the invalid in his present excited condition, he refrained from making the announcement. So, putting aside all feelings of animosity, he did what he could to soothe him, and at last succeeded in getting him to lie down. He sat beside his berth, talking over every imaginable subject; doing his best to distract his thoughts, and make him forget his tormentors. This was a difficult task; but after some time Mr. Dean grew calmer, listened drowsily to his companion's remarks, and finally dropped off to sleep.

As Richard Temple led her father away, Molly followed closely behind. On every side she saw angry faces; indignant looks fell upon her as she went along; and harsh, angry words were used as Mr. Dean's name was bandied about from one to another. For some moments she bore it all, answering not a word to the jeers of the passengers; but when she saw that she was not wanted, that Richard was doing all that was necessary, she turned and fled to her cabin. Many ladies had gone below, but not one spoke to Molly when she appeared amongst them. Mrs. Mavor was nowhere to be seen; not a friend was near to comfort the unhappy girl. So she was forced to make her way alone through the crowded saloon, where on all sides people were discussing her father's conduct, and abusing him for his insolence. And when at last she reached the solitude of her cabin, Molly flung herself on the berth, weeping bitterly.

For some time Molly lay weeping on her pillow; then, when all was still, and she fancied every one must have gone to bed, she arose, threw a light shawl over her head, and went up on deck, to make sure that her father was comfortable. She entered his cabin in much trepidation; but, to her delight, she found him sleeping peacefully, all signs of his recent agitation having gone. The girl stood gazing at him for a few moments, and then stole away.

It was a glorious night. The moon shone brightly over the still, calm waters of the Mediterranean, and not a sound was heard save the working of the engines as the *Clyde* cut her way through the sea.

"How tranquil everything is now," murmured Molly, looking up

and down the deserted deck. "How different it all is since last I stood here. And just before that terrible scene how delightful it was—how happy I felt! Papa, papa! why did you behave so? How can I look these people in the face to-morrow? I feel so ashamed — so miserable. Mr. Temple must feel angry too. Heigh ho! it is always the same. We make a few friends and papa sends them off. It was all so very happy to-night. But now, we can never, never be the same again — never;" and, covering her face with her hands, Molly burst into tears.

"Is it not lovely?" asked Mr. Temple, coming up suddenly to her side.

"Exquisite," she answered quickly. "But I only — came up to look after papa. And, oh! Mr. Temple, thank — you — so much for your kindness. I—I hope you were not vexed. He does not know you are an Australian, remember."

"I know; and I am not vexed, believe me."

"Thank you so much. Good-night: I must go now."

"Stay a few moments longer, Miss Dean, pray do," he said, putting out his hand to detain her. "Your father is asleep, and I trust the excitement will do him no harm."

"I—I hope not," answered the girl; and as she spoke the tears rushed into her eyes once more. "Poor papa—he scarcely knew what he was saying. And every one is so angry with him."

"Yes; I am afraid they are not generous enough to remember the state of his health, and to make allowances for him. But do not fret, Miss Dean. You must forget it, and act as if nothing unpleasant had happened."

"I cannot do that," she answered sadly. "Judging by the cold looks I received to-night, I am sure no one will speak to me to-morrow; at least, not as I should care to be spoken to. Papa and I must keep to ourselves for the remainder of the voyage. Indeed, we should have done so all along, only people were so kind—and you—"

"Forced myself upon you," he said, smiling; "cheated your father into making a friend of an Australian in spite of himself."

"I did not mean to say that. Papa is always glad to see you, and I — like you. But it will be better to treat us as strangers — and — and not come near us any more."

"You surely do not mean to forbid me to speak to you or your father?"

"I shall not forbid you — but —"

"So long as you do not forbid me, I shall not mind. Your father informed me just now that he never would speak to an Australian again. But I intend to make him do so pretty constantly."

"You are very forgiving," said Molly, faintly. "But the passengers will one and all avoid us; and it would be too bad if you had no one to talk to but papa and me. You are very kind, Mr. Temple. But I fear you would soon tire of us. We —"

"Tire of you? Never — Oh, Molly!" and catching her hand he imprisoned it within his own; "to live with you — to die with you is what I most desire. I love you, dearest —"

"Mr. Temple — you — I —" faltered the girl, while she struggled to release her hand.

"No — you shall not go. Not till you tell me — could you — do you love me?"

"Yes — I — that is —" said Molly, trembling; "but oh! you forget papa —"

"I forget nothing, dearest. I know you could not leave your father; and I shall never ask you to do it. He shall be my father also, and go where we go. That is, if you love me well enough to be my wife. Tell me, Molly — is this happiness to be mine?"

"Yes," she whispered, "if you wish it — and do not mind papa."

Then, after a brief pause, in which they both stood silent, lost in happy dreamland—

"Dick Temple, are you on deck?" called Mrs. Mavor, as she stepped along in the moonlight.

"Yes," he answered gayly, "here I am — and here," drawing Molly forward, "is my affianced wife."

"Your — aff — why — dear me! it is Molly Dean. Well, I am surprised."

"Surprised? Are we then such an unsuitable couple?"

"The most suitable I ever saw," she replied. "But I am astonished and bewildered. I never expected such a conclusion to your indifference and her dislike."

"But surely you have heard the saying, 'It is safe to begin with a little aversion,'" said he merrily. "And Molly's was so apparent, that you should have seen how it would end."

"I am getting old; that is my only excuse. But I am delighted," she said, kissing the girl affectionately. "I wish you every joy. Dick Temple is one of the best fellows alive. I told you so long ago, but you would not believe me."

"Indeed, I did believe you," said Molly shyly, "only — I did not care to acknowledge it."

"Well, that was very wicked of you; your manner deceived me completely; I thought lately you were polite to Dick because your father wished you to be nice to him. But that reminds me, Mr. Dean thinks you are an Englishman, Dick; he'll never give his daughter to an Australian. Dear, dear, what shall we do?"

"I am not uneasy," said Dick. "He may bluster a bit; but he'll give in, in the end. Having conquered Molly's aversion, I feel pretty sure of managing the old gentleman. To-morrow he shall know all."

"I trust he may receive you well. Your father's conduct has caused a great deal of ill-feeling on board. The passenger are indignant with him."

"Yes; I fear so," said Molly sadly. "And I think you and Dick should leave me and papa to ourselves. I cannot bear to bring trouble on my friends."

"Nothing can trouble me now," cried Richard. "The more they leave us alone the better."

"You think so, do you?" said Mrs. Mavor dryly. "Well, I confess I like variety. But, then I am not in love. However, as I

wish to avoid any further row, I must tell you a plan which would certainly put an end to all worry. For the last two hours I have been thinking it all over, wondering how we should manage to live through the rest of the journey. My dear friend, Mrs. Stewart, who has been confined to her berth for some days, sent for me to tell her what had happened on deck. I went at once, and we have been talking the matter over ever since. Now she advises that Mr. Dean, I, and you, Molly, should go on shore at Naples."

"That is impossible," said the girl decidedly. "Papa would never do it. He would hate to wait there for another steamer, and he cannot bear railway travelling."

"But Dick means to go overland from Naples to London, and surely you—"

"Dick has changed his noble mind," said that gentleman. "Dick is Miss Molly's slave, and follows where she leads. He intends to remain a fixture on board the *Clyde* till she reaches Gravesend."

"Then I hope my own plan may prove successful," said Mrs. Mavor. "For, if not, we shall have an unpleasant time. The ladies in Mrs. Stewart's cabin are perfectly rampant."

"Poor fools," said Dick between his teeth. "But, pray, tell us what your plan is? Mrs. Stewart's is a failure."

"Well, my dear Dick, strange as it may appear," she remarked, smiling, "you are a great favorite on board!"

"Indeed? That is truly wonderful; but what has it got to do with the matter?"

"Everything," she answered gravely; "for on that rests the whole success of my scheme."

"You amaze me," he said, laughing, "and I am all impatience to have your scheme unfolded."

"Do not be frivolous, or I shall leave you to find your own way out of this difficulty. Well, my idea is this. You are a favorite; the passengers like you and enjoy your society."

Dick bowed, but did not dare to speak.

"The news of your engagement will cause a sensation on board. It will be something to talk and speculate about; your fiancee will be a person of importance; and—"

"But how can we speak of our engagement till we have Mr. Dean's consent?"

"Of course you cannot. But you must go to him early in the morning, tell the terrible tale of your nationality, and ask his consent to your marriage. Send me a message immediately, and I shall soon whisper it about for you."

"That sounds very well," said Dick. "But, meanwhile, things may be very unpleasant for Molly. I should not care to let those people know of our engagement if I saw them cut her at the breakfast-table. I do not want their patronage."

"No, I am sure you do not; no more do I. But I want peace on board, if it can be managed."

"So do I!" cried Dick; "but I have no notion of going down on my knees to obtain it."

"That will not be necessary, unless, perhaps, Mr. Dean proves difficult," answered Mrs. Mavor, smiling. "But, seriously, you must agree to do what I tell you, or my plan will fall through, and all the other passengers will remain our bitter enemies forever."

"That would be too bad," said Molly. "Please, Dick, let us take Mrs. Mavor's advice."

"Certainly, dearest. I will do anything you wish."

"That sounds promising," said Mrs. Mavor. "And, now listen to what I say. At the first peep of dawn, Richard, go to Mr. Dean's cabin; he is awake early, and delights in a cup of coffee. Take it to him, be pleasant and amiable, and when you have put him in a good temper, break your news to him very gently. Molly must follow you soon, listen to his answer, and let me know it at once. If it is favorable, I shall have much pleasure in announcing the fact to my lady friends; and you must neither of you appear till it is well circulated. That is my plan."

"But we are both in the habit of going to breakfast," said Dick.

"Then you must change your ways," replied Mrs. Mavor decidedly. "You must get your breakfast as you can. To-morrow, neither you nor Molly must be seen till lunch time. Meanwhile, I shall talk about your engagement, throw out hints about your riches, your country house, your property in Australia,—in fact, rouse the curiosity of all on board, and make you and Molly subjects of intense interest."

"You are certainly a strategist," said Dick, laughing. "But I fear your news will not cause the sensation you expect."

"We shall see; I am full of hope. The fact of your being an Australian is in our favor. If you manage Mr. Dean properly, and with tact, I am sure to succeed in my undertaking, and peace will be restored."

"I will do my best, believe me," said Dick. "His consent is a great deal more important to me than the good wishes of the passengers."

"Of course it is; but we may as well secure both, and be happy."

The next morning, when the sea was tinged with the glorious light of a red-gold sunrise, Molly stood at the door of her father's cabin. The sound of voices within fell upon her ear, and she knew that Dick was fulfilling his part of the compact.

"You have conquered Molly's aversion, you tell me?" she heard Mr. Dean exclaim, "and you fancy it will be equally easy to overcome mine, which has been growing and increasing for years?"

"You liked me for myself," answered Dick boldly. "You believed me worthy of your friendship when you thought I was an Englishman. Am I less honorable, less deserving of esteem now, when you know me to be an Australian?"

"No; for whatever your country may be, you are a gentleman, Dick — a good, honest fellow. I have hated Australians — why I cannot tell — but I have. It was wrong to take up a prejudice in such a way, and I am sorry. There are true men in every nation. You have taught me that even Australia has sons of whom she may be pretty proud."

"Thank you; your kind words encourage me," said Dick.

"Molly is my one treasure — my little ewe-lamb," continued the old man with emotion. "But I could not wish her a better fate than to be your wife. Take her, Dick, and may God bless you."

Then Molly waited to hear no more, but, with burning cheeks and throbbing heart, sped quickly to her cabin. There she found Mrs. Mavor, and flinging her arms round her neck, she whispered the good news of her father's consent.

* * * * * * *

And Mrs. Mavor's plan for the reconciliation of the passengers was quite successful. The announcement of Molly's engagement to Richard Temple softened all hearts towards the girl. It was an unexpected event, and it caused no small sensation. So, when Molly appeared at luncheon, she was greeted on every side with smiles and congratulations. Her father's behaviour seemed entirely forgotten. And as that gentleman remained in the seclusion of his cabin for several days, no further remarks were made.

The rest of the voyage was accomplished in peace. For Dick's sake, Mr. Dean began to think more kindly of the Australians, and to treat those about him with politeness. So Molly and Dick were extremely happy during these last weeks on board, and were sorry enough when the *Clyde* reached Gravesend.

But some four months later, when they were married, they revisited the lovely spots along the Mediterranean that they had seen together. And when Mr. Dean came to die, early in the following year, he died with the happy consciousness that his daughter was well provided for; that he had given her to a husband who would love and cherish her as his very life.

CLARA MULHOLLAND, in *Merry England.*

The Habit of Sunday Stuffing.

THIS habit has grown to be common in our large cities where men live at a distance from their business places, and, therefore, take a light lunch every day during the week. When Sunday comes they have leisure for breakfast, and little exercise during the forenoon; then have a royal dinner at two o'clock, and perhaps lazy lounging and "lying off," as it is called, during the afternoon; they thus eat twice as much on Sunday as they do other days. The appetite is just as good as it would be if they were engaged in their ordinary occupations, but the needs of the system are not half so great when a person is idle as when he is actively or laboriously engaged in business, and the result is that Monday is a blue day to very many. It is a day of headaches and ill-feeling, and by Wednesday, perhaps, they get back into the normal track again, and by Saturday are ready for another stuffing on Sunday. We believe that dyspepsia in city men originates, in nine cases out of ten, in the practice of overeating, and taking little exercise on Sunday.

Connecticut's Irish Ninth.

A RECORD OF DEVOTED PATRIOTISM AND GALLANT DEEDS — SKETCHES OF ITS SERVICES AND BATTLES.

II.

THE question has not been unfrequently asked: "Why is it that military organizations recruited almost of the same material which compose like corps in an army should so often seem possessed of superior qualities over all others — say, for instance, battalions or regiments? Why do they get the reputation of being the corps *d'élite* of a military division; and why do they become to be considered the most formidable opponents of the enemy with which they are contending?"

There is a moral view as well as one of physical courage to be taken of this question. Marshal de St. Arnaud, of France, in the Crimean war has considered the Zouaves "the first and bravest soldiers of the world." They were recruited, officered, and organized with that Christian soldier, Col. de Lamoriciere, for first commander at their head. They were selected because, animated with that spirit of the Crusaders, they carried their attachment for the flag of their country above and beyond all mercenary consideration, all question of fortune, and their aim to set an example of every military virtue their chief thought. In a previous chapter I was able to point out that the men of the Connecticut Ninth Regiment — with the proverbial characteristics of a strong and tenacious race — exhibited many of the qualities of its habitual patience in suffering and fortitude under much comparative humiliation and privations. They had, however, a solemn duty to do and an example of suffering, trial, and military virtue to set. Their souls and actions rung out that they came from: —

COL. THOMAS W. CAHILL, 9TH CONN.

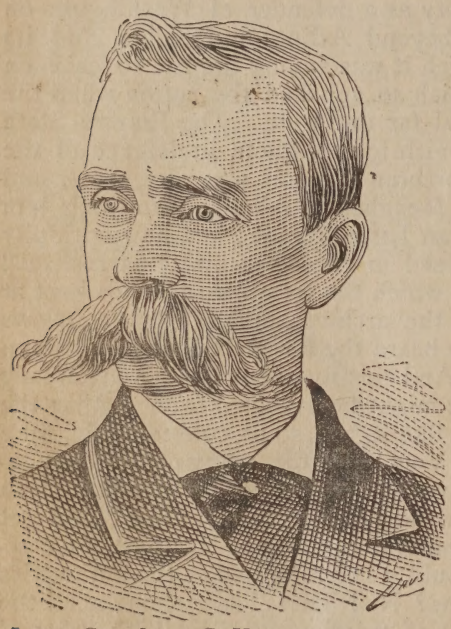
> "The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find
> That repose which at home they had sighed for in vain.
> Join, join in our hope that the flame which we light
> May be seen yet in Erin as grand and as bright."

At the outset the men of the Ninth Connecticut were put to a severe strain, but the mettle was in them, and they proved that to the qualities of patience and patriotism they could exhibit, for principle's sake, a fixed scorn for death in battle. It was after the first Bull Run disaster that many of the spirited Irishmen of the State promised Capt. Thomas W. Cahill pecuniary assistance and co-operation in raising a regiment that would proudly bear the standard of Erin side by side with that of the Stars and Stripes. The Sixty-Ninth New York Volunteers had already shown its capacity as a defender of Washington on the ramparts of Fort Corcoran, beyond Arlington Heights, and its bravery in the disastrous field which it was among the last to leave on that terrible day, July 1, 1861, which so appalled the nation when the news was flashed from the capital far and wide. The Empire State wanted more such material to furnish for its quota in defence of the Union, and was glad when a Corcoran Legion was suggested, and welcomed the gallant and gifted Meagher to Albany, furnishing him every facility for the formation of an Irish Brigade; and how faithfully and gloriously was that trust reposed in these organizations realized! Massachusetts had its Irish Ninth, which the trembling officials kept at Washington to protect them and the archives, and the brave fellows chafed like caged tigers when they heard the far-off booming of cannon in the vales beyond Centreville. And this regiment had given already so many proofs of what excellence might be expected from it that the old Bay State wanted one or more like it, and steps, consequently, were taken to organize the 28th Mass. Vols. So, too, many other commonwealths were glad to avail themselves of the services of Irish-American organizations. But not so with the old Nutmeg State. The Ninth got its numerical denomination and ground to camp on at Hartford, the capital. Would it get arms? No! Would it be uniformed as the authorities had done for the other organizations? No! These latter shone in all the new-fledged pomp and circumstance of "glorious war," while the "boys" of the Ninth were not even permitted to accustom themselves to the use of arms preparatory to meeting the foes that would disrupt the country. That was the kind of patriotism which the Connecticut authorities manifested. However, Col. Cahill showed indomitable pluck, and his command stood by him, and the result was, that in their service they were enabled to have inscribed on their banners Biloxi, Christian Pass (where they captured the colors of the Third Mississippi) New Orleans, Brashear City, Vicksburg, Baton Rouge, Chuckaloo, and, with Gen. Phil. Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia; it saw rapid and active work at Winchester, Berryville, Snicker's Gap, and at the famous battle of Cedar Creek, the roar of the guns of which the dashing Irish-American cavalry leader heard twenty miles away.

While the Ninth at Hartford was earnestly waiting for recognition, so far as arms, equipment, uniform, and assignment to duty on the part of the authorities, Gen. B. F. Butler, by authority of the war department, was organizing his New England Division. Gov. Buckingham, of Connecticut, asked him to accept the service of the Irish regiment. He promptly sent for it, and it soon found itself under cover at Camp Chase, near Lowell, Mass. Through some frolics which

members of the regiment had played in Hartford, a terrible fright seized upon the officials of the spindle city, and they accordingly swore in a large extra force of police. The *Recorder* says: "After a few days the extra police were dismissed; their services were not needed."

In company with the Twenty-Sixth Massachusetts, Col. E. F. Jones, transportation was taken by Col. Cahill and his command at Boston, Nov. 21, 1861, on board the steamer *Constitution*, and after a pleasant voyage arrived at Ship Island, Mississippi Sound, December 3d, and here they received arms but no uniforms. It is said that some of the poor fellows went barefoot, and some drilled in old blouses and flannel drawers. A few weeks after reaching Ship Island, Col. Cahill took occasion to seize some stores embracing the needed uniforms and under clothing, the property of an enterprising sutler, who was subsequently reimbursed from the coffers of Uncle Sam. The transformation externally was very becoming to the men of the Ninth. Henceforth, while in the department of the Gulf, the regiment "was selected for every hazardous enterprise and to fill the more important positions." Of twenty regiments at Ship Island there was none that for soldierly qualities excelled the Ninth, according to the testimony of a commanding officer of that post, Gen. Phelps. It spent twenty months of very active service in the department of the Gulf, picketing dangerous posts, raiding, fighting; and in the summer of 1862, at the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., it severely suffered. It lost 153 men at this latter place. While serving on and around the Mississippi, the following narration of the character of some of its picket-post work, performed under Capt., afterwards Lieut.-Col. John G. Healy, is taken from the files of the New York *Herald* of 1863, and will be read with interest in the light of a touch of the history of the time: —



LIEUT-COL. JOHN G. HEALY, 9TH CONN.

[Special from regular correspondent of the New York *Herald*.]

Important Arrest on Lake Ponchartrain.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 2. An important arrest was made on Lake Ponchartrain on Saturday night. Capt. John G. Healy, of Co. C, Ninth Connecticut Volunteers, commands the post at Hickock's Landing. His force consists of two companies. On the night in question, the captain, being on picket duty, got the wink of a party of men who were crossing the lake with the intention of running the blockade. He promptly had two boats manned, one of which he commanded in person; the other was in charge of his first lieutenant. About six miles from the shore a small speck

was discovered from the captain's boat, which turned out to be the boat he was in pursuit of. The stranger had sails set and vans out; but though Capt. Healy's boat had oars alone, he neared the other rapidly. There must have been some tall pulling among Uncle Samuel's children that night. On reaching hailing distance, the suspicious boat was hailed two or three times; but, as no answer was elicted, a rifle was fired to teach her crew good manners. The bullet, it was afterwards ascertained, took effect in the cap of one of the men belonging to the rebel boat. It had the effect intended; for the boat hove to, and the loyal craft went alongside, when there was found on board some $800 worth of quinine; about the same value in chloroform; thirteen boxes, containing each two dozen of cotton cards; three boxes of assorted medicines, together with a lot of miscellaneous articles, just what the rebels most need. On one man $400 in money was found. But the best part of the prize was a mail-bag containing seventy letters. The bag was thrown overboard; but the action was seen by Capt. Healy, and, as the water was shallow, he had no difficulty in recovering it. The contents of the letters have not been made known, of course; but they tend to implicate not only persons in New Orleans, but some of the leading men of the North.

At Lakeport, Company G for a long time picketed from Bayou St. John to Point Aux Herbes, a distance of fifteen miles. Through these bayous a large contraband trade was carried on; but here, too, the men of the Ninth made many a dash which resulted in important captures, and much valuable material confiscated, and information turned in to the Government.

When New Orleans fell, and its citizens made a threat of revolt, it was the Ninth Regiment which was paraded through the city — thus selected as the champion regiment — to show the people what manner of men its people would have to cope with were they to attempt to trifle with the authority of the Federal Government. What a change this from the aspect of the "Wild Irish boys" at Hartford, Lowell, and first advent on Ship Island! Col. Cahill became acting mayor of New Orleans, and the aristocracy of Lafayette Square in a short time begged that the Ninth Regiment be constantly detailed to remain camped there, in preference to all other troops, for their better protection, and the courtesy they received at the hands of its gallant-hearted members.

After the battle of Baton Rouge, Gen. Butler issued his "general order No. 57," in which he makes special allusion to the Irish Ninth in the following paragraph: —

> . . . Michigan stood by Maine, Massachusetts supported Indiana, Wisconsin aided Vermont, while Connecticut, represented by the Sons of the Evergreen Shamrock, fought as our fathers did at Boyne Water.

At this battle, on the death of Gen. Williams, Col. Cahill succeeded to the command of the brigade, which he fought and handled with the skill and bravery of a tried and capable leader. At the expiration of its term of service the command only numbered what would make four companies. These re-enlisted, and after the unusual furlough of ninety days, returned from Connecticut to the front under the command of Col. John G. Healy, and was assigned to the army of the James. It subsequently was transferred, as already stated, to the Valley of the Shenandoah, serving with Sheridan's command. One of its fine exploits there was in developing an ambushed rebel brigade, from which

it captured fifty prisoners. At the famous battle of Cedar Creek, which came near being a most disastrous rout, it kept its organization and *morale* in good form, and was the last to be forced to retire from the Union works. When Sheridan dashed on to the field, leader and horse foaming, an aid called his attention to the fact that the Connecticut Irish was one of the very few regiments that was not demoralized by the reverses of the day.

The great cavalry chief rode close up to them. They gave him a cheer that must have thrilled him. Sergt. Morrow shouted to him: "Go in, General, we'll follow you to — !"

"I'll lead to — or back to your old camp!" was the hoarse rejoinder of the famous leader. The Ninth took the infantry lead, and the day became turned into one of glorious victory for the Union arms. It was thus that an Irish-American chief and men saved another day from most disastrous results to the Union cause.

At this battle, when the color-sergeant fell, Col. Healy grasped the flag, and with a cheer at the head of the command, made a gallant rush and was the first to plant the Federal colors on the Confederate works.

It remained in Virginia until January, 1865, and then went with its division to Baltimore, and subsequently served on provost duty until August 3, 1865. In its term of service, its casualties and discharges for disability incurred in its long and arduous duties numbered, according to official reports, 621, out of a total of 1,285, recruits and all.

On the 17th of September, 1879, Hartford witnessed one of the grandest of displays on the occasion of the transfer of the battle flags from the State arsenal to the magnificent new capital, where were assembled the dignitaries of the State, and invited guests, including the Right Rev. Bishop McMahon, Gens. Burnside, Benham, Schofield, Warren, and Crawford. Tens of thousands of people crowded the city from its own and neighboring States, to participate in the patriotic ceremony. Everywhere throughout the city the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. "But," says an American report of the event at that time, "the most thrilling incident of the parade was when the Ninth Regiment, under the command of Col. Healy, and headed by its old war band, struck up St. Patrick's Day, and the veterans passed under a green flag, suspended across Weathersfield Avenue." The most thrilling cheers rent the air in welcome to these heroic sons of the Gael, survivors of the great war for the preservation of the Union. Among the spectators on this occasion was the Ex-Governor Miles, who a few years previously disarmed the men of the same race. Who can but pity his reflections on the occasion. The Ninth's glorious record will be among the proudest made by devoted adopted citizens to the great Republic.

STUDENT.

OUR sole pretension should be to be united to God, as our Lord was united to His Father when He died on the cross. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

A Year.

ONLY a year ago —
Yet it seems so long to me —
Since the gentle smile, the winning way,
That blessed our life-path day by day,
And won our hearts a year ago,
Didst flee to the better world, — ah, me!

Only a year ago!
To me how long, — ah, me!
Many a hope and many a fear
Have come to me in that long year:
Tears that none may know,
Hopes that are better dead, — ah, me!

Only a year ago!
To me how long, — ah, me!
Calmly she sleeps, nor heeds the tread,
As I kneel in reverence o'er her bed.
Life's pangs she will no more know, —
Will no more know, — with thee!

Only a year ago!
To me how long, — ah, me!
But why repine? A few more years,
A few more sighs, and a few more tears,
And we shall rejoicing go
To that fairer land, — to thee!

South Walpole, Mass. J. FRANK CLARKIN.

The Year and the Calendar.

ON the day after the 5th of October, 1562, the people of Italy, Spain, and Portugal wrote the date October 15. Ten days had been dropped altogether. This was because of the adoption of what is known as the Gregorian calendar, because it was decreed by a bull issued by Pope Gregory XIII.

The early division of time was very irregular and inaccurate. The reckoning by months did not bring out even years, and it was only when astronomy became something like an exact science, that the actual length of the year was known.

In the time of ancient Rome there were but ten months, and the Roman kings fixed the length of the year at 355 days. When this inexact division caused trouble, an extra month was inserted here and

there to restore the system to a degree of order. We owe it to Julius Cæsar that the year was fixed at 365 days, with an additional day once in four years. The fourth year in which the day is added is bissextile, or, as we call it, leap year. The year of 365 1-4 days is known as the Julian year.

But even this is not accurate. The true solar year is 365 1-4 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 49.62 seconds long. That is 11 minutes and 10.48 seconds shorter than the Julian year. The Julian calendar was adopted forty-six years before Christ, so that in A. D. 1582, more than sixteen centuries later, the error had amounted to about ten days.

It was this error which the Gregorian calendar corrected. But in making the correction it was necessary to guard against a similar accumulation of error. That object was accomplished in this way.

The error amounts to nearly eighteen hours in a century. Accordingly it was decreed that each year whose number was divisible by one hundred should not be a leap year unless it were divisible by four hundred.

Consequently the year 1900 will not be a leap year, but the year 2000 will be one. Three leap years are admitted every four hundred years by this plan, and the result is that the average civil year differs from the true solar year by less than twenty-three seconds. This difference will amount to a whole day in something less than four thousand years.

The new system was adopted gradually. By the Roman Catholic world it was adopted almost at once,— the last of the Catholic countries making a change in 1587. But it was not until 1700 that Protestant Germany adopted it; and in England and America the Gregorian calendar was not used until 1752.

The Greek Church has never sanctioned the change. In Russia to this day the old style is still in use, and the error, which was only ten days in 1582, is now more than twelve days. The Russian Christmas does not come until nearly a fortnight after all the rest of the Christian world has celebrated it.

It is also a curious fact, of which few are probably aware, that, until one hundred and thirty years ago, the year began in England and this country, not with the 1st of January, but on the 24th of March.

Before that time, however, the practice had become common of indicating that there was a doubt to which year the days in the first three months belonged. Thus, in the old Boston newspapers of the last century, we see such dates as this: "February 4, 1723–24," — from which anybody can discover that the date, according to the Gregorian calendar, is February 15 (eleven days' correction), 1724.

The year is a varying quantity according to the standard by which it is measured. Of course, it is the time within which the earth makes her passage around the sun. But if this time be measured by the period of the earth's return to the same apparent place in the heavens, as seen from the sun, it is a "sidereal year," 365 days, 6 hours, 6 minutes, 9.6 seconds.

The time in which the earth makes the circuit from her perihelion— that is, the point of her orbit where she is nearest to the sun — around

to the same point again, is the "anomalistic" year: 363 days, 6 hours, 23 minutes, 48.6 seconds.

The "tropical" year, however, is that which astronomers have selected as the true polar year. It is the time included between two "vernal equinoxes." This vernal equinox is that instant in the spring of the year when the equator of the earth, if extended, would pass through the centre of the sun.

It is also the time when the days and nights, all over the globe, are of equal length. The period between two vernal equinoxes is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, 48.6 seconds.

Sister Louise: A Valiant Woman.

SISTER LOUISE, the head and founder of the twenty-seven houses of the Order of Notre Dame in this country, with their seven hundred sisters and twenty-three thousand girl-pupils, mostly free scholars, died on the afternoon of the 3d of December at one o'clock, at the convent in Cincinnati, Ohio, of which she was the Superior. Six houses of Notre Dame on the Pacific Slope, although the sisters went direct from the mother-house in Namur, Belgium, also lose in her one of their principal founders.

Sister Superior Louise was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and her dying hours were worthy of her laborious and Christian life. Some weeks before her death the physicians pronounced death but a question of a few days, but she said quietly that the time had not yet come, and rose again and took full charge of affairs. Early on the 24th of November it became apparent that the end was near. Sitting upright, as required by her heart trouble, and surrounded by her sorrowing children, she spent the days and nights as usual, attending with minuteness to every detail of duty, and preparing for the end, which she now knew was at hand, as calmly as if it was a mere question of routine. Describing the sad, impressive scene, an eye witness said she had a word of comfort, of sympathy for each. Forgetful of self, she speaks to all as they come and go. "Have you no message?" her assistant asks. "No; I have told you all, I think. Keep the world out. Let its spirit on no pretense creep in." So well in order are her affairs that the helm glides from her hand, leaving nothing to be told. Of a cheerful disposition, she keeps her spirits to the end. Although breathing with difficulty and very weak, she insists on performing all her religious exercises to the end, at the exact hour and without shortening the time. To one sister who asked for some word to remember, "It must be short," was the answer. "Submission to the will of God; make this your life; relish it above all things. Do not," she said again, "think of my death. Go on with your occupations. You gain nothing by grieving; on the contrary, you lose much." To another she said: "I have always done thus for

such and such persons. I would like to do it now," speaking of her charities, which were numerous, wisely given, and unknown except to the recipient and those whose duty it was to know. Then she dictated what she wished, and, taking her glasses, looked at the sister's memorandum to see that she had been understood.

Josephine Susanna Vander Schrieck was born Nov. 14, 1813, in Bergen op Zoom, in Holland. Her parents lived in the Rue Bosch, where her father carried on a large business in the transportation of freight and passengers, an important occupation before the time of railroads. In 1818 her parents moved to Antwerp, where her father became a prosperous merchant. He had been educated as a lawyer, and was a learned man. He spoke Latin fluently and was of a very philosophical turn of mind. From him Josephine seems to have derived many remarkable qualities.

Josephine had naturally a very lively disposition. She first attended a day school in Antwerp, and then went to Namur, Belgium, the mother-house of the Sisters of Notre Dame, as a boarder. At an early age she exhibited traits of great charity. On her return to Antwerp at sixteen she associated herself with some companions, in order to instruct in the ordinary branches the poor children of the schools for the making of lace. She became the idol of these children, the love they bore her seeking every means to find expression to the honor of their protectress.

Already at this early age the desire to become a religieuse had arisen in her. Her father and family were earnestly opposed to her so becoming, and it was nine years before she obtained consent. But her will, steadfastness, and determination conquered at last. She often laughingly said that she had to wait a year for each of her brothers. She was one of twelve children — nine boys and three girls. In 1837, at the age of twenty-four, she left Antwerp for Namur, accompanied by her father and two sisters. The parting from her home and friends was a sorrow to all, on account of her sweet and beautiful disposition. The girls of the lace school were desolate.

The journey was a sad one. While making the necessary arrangements at the convent, Mr. Vander Schrieck told the Superior that he hoped his daughter, with her high education and talents, would not be obliged to go to the washtub, or perform any other menial duty. The Superior answered that each sister received all necessary care. The next day, October 15, her father left her at the convent, where she became "Sister Louise." On May 16, 1839, she received the black veil, and in 1840 she came to America. She embarked with six other sisters at Antwerp. When it became known that she was to sail, her family and friends gave her an ovation, and tributes of respect and love were showered on her. She came over in the *Elise Thornton*, a sailing vessel, and reached New York in about fifty-one days; thence to Cincinnati, where they first opened a school on Sycamore street, opposite the old church where St. Xavier now stands. A year after they bought the house belonging to Mr. Spencer. The old mansion still stands, surrounded by large brick buildings covering half a square. Sister Louise was always in a manner the head of the sisters. She had to

transact the business, as the Superior could not speak English. Sister Louise herself required practice to gain fluency. In the second year she was local Superior, the first one going to Dayton. In 1845 she became Superior over all, the first Superior returning to Europe. For the first five years in Cincinnati she taught all the higher branches. Her mind was as well cultivated as her heart, making her an admirable teacher. Her power of governing was so marked that it has been said she was "fit to rule a kingdom." Her charity was great — so secretly and quietly given, running through so many channels, that it cannot be estimated. In a word, so many and so varied were the qualities of her heart and mind that praise cannot reach her. Those who lived for years in daily contact with her could never find words to express their admiration. It is said that in all the forty-five years of her work in Cincinnati she never had a difference with any one of any country or creed, while her friends among all sects and races were a legion.

A letter from her brother, a successful merchant in Antwerp, reached her Tuesday, in time for her to hear his pleasant words of sympathy and hope. Sister Louise only revisited Europe once in the forty-six years. In 1861 she went to the Mother House, at Namur, and remained quietly there about three months.

She died at the age of seventy-three. She, who had helped so many to die, knew how, through her faith, her hope, her charity, to face death herself.

Sister Louise will rest in the "God's Acre" of the sisters near Mount Notre Dame Academy, Reading, O. All the Superiors of the convents in the East were present at the funeral, at which Archbishop Elder celebrated the Mass of Requiem.

Sister Louise had been forty-nine years in religion, forty-six of them in this country, and was on the very eve of her golden jubilee. Her beautiful reliance in God, her unceasing work in thought and deed for others,— leaving no time for self,— her perfect system, her mastery of detail, her combined firmness and gentleness, were elements of character which enabled her to accomplish a life-work whose far-reaching results for good cannot be told in ordinary language, but of whose rich fruit many of the thousands who weep and pray for her to-day have had evidence abundant.

EVIL OF INDORSING.— I affirm, says Judge Waldo Brown, in the *Boston Traveller*, that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men than, perhaps, all other causes. I think that our young men especially should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note. What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement, or rascality, fails to pay it.

England's Trouble is Ireland's Hope.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, a leading English journal, says:—The storm cloud darkens abroad, and as it darkens, it fills with new hope the men who are struggling with indomitable resolution against injustice consecrated by law in the sister country. "England's extremity is Ireland's opportunity." England is the friend and ally of Germany. Germany is apprehensive of war. General Boulanger and Admiral Aube demand £20,000,000 next spring for the French army and navy. There is a glitter of bayonets in the air, and already the contingency of early war looms darkly probable before the minds of men. In so far as this weighs upon the brows of England it lightens the heart of Ireland, and with cause. We are maintaining injustice in Ireland. Our law is being converted into what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach described as "an engine of oppression." We are prosecuting the men who ought to constitute the executive government of Ireland because they are endeavoring with such means as alone are possible to them, to protect an impoverished tenantry from the ruthless exaction of an impossible rent. Ireland has passed once more into the region of arbitrary power. Police constables are instructed to seize money which does not belong to them, public meetings are to be broken up, and members of parliament are to be put on their trial on a criminal charge for conspiracy to commit what at the worst is only a civil offence. In Kerry the government employed Sir Redvers Buller to enforce reductions. In Galway, apparently because there have been no outrages, they have left the tenants to seek protection as best they can. They have sought it in the Plan of Campaign, which, as Mr. O'Brien remarks, "only seeks to deal with extreme cases, in which neither the private nor the public exhortations of the government can induce certain landlords to do what the vast bulk of the landlords acknowledge to be necessary for the peace of the country." And as a reward these men, who ought to be held in the highest honor, and who would be so held in England if the victims of the oppression against which they were striving were Englishmen, are being prosecuted by the government as if they were common felons. The inevitable result is that the first thought of every Irish patriot on hearing of possible trouble abroad is one of hope, that at last, in the hour of England's need she may be compelled to do that justice to Ireland which in the hour of her strength she rudely and stolidly refuses. We are not talking of Home Rule or of national aspirations. Resolve if you will to ignore the national sentiment. You cannot and ought not to ignore the demand for simple justice between man and man. It is all very well to repeat the parrot cry about the law. English people will never begin to understand the Irish question because they cannot be got to remember that, according to the admission of their own recent legislation, our law in Ireland was in nine cases out of ten robbery and injustice incarnate. It is now so in relation to the demand for rent in full, regardless of the fall of prices. All these "vigorous measures" which

pseudo Liberals in this country applaud, misled by the phrase of legality, are steps on the downward road. The government are striking at the cause of equity. They are punishing men for trying to prevent the law being converted into an engine of oppression, and they are adding still more to the detestation and hatred with which England is regarded as the strength of the unjust and the ally of the oppressor. If the Irish had left in them half as much resolution and self-reliance as the English and Scotch they would revolt. But the poor Celt is spirit-broken and despairing, and he will probably wait until we are at hand grips with our foe before he even begins to prepare to deal that deadly blow at our heart which we shall then avert in the old way by conceding to menace what we have refused to justice, and an Irish parliament will once more come into existence, not as a pledge of good-will but as a confession of impotency extorted by threat of war.

Good Resolutions and How to Keep Them.

It is reasonable to think that with the beginning of the new year many good resolutions will be made by persons in every walk and condition of life. The bad will resolve to be better; and the good, or those striving to be so, will resolve to become more perfect. Every one, except the wilfully blind, will determine to turn over a new leaf with the opening of the new year. Some resolutions will be kept; many will doubtless be broken.

Assisted by and relying on God's grace, Catholics, who propose to themselves to spend the coming year better than they have spent the past will, if they are in earnest about it, find little difficulty in keeping their good resolutions. If we have the good will and are honestly striving, as we ought to be, to do better, God will crown our high resolves with His grace, removing every obstacle that may stand in our way. Let us begin, then, not relying on our own strength, which is weakness, but on God's assistance to keep our good resolutions. With God's help, all things are possible to us; without Him we can do nothing.

It is easy enough to understand why so few succeed in keeping the set of resolutions made at the commencement of each new year. Briefly told, the chief reason is this: *There is no heart in half the good resolutions that are taken.* Because they lack the essential qualities of earnestness and determination, resolutions become very frail things, indeed, that are sure to be soon or easily broken.

Again, too many rely on their own strength, and not on God's assistance, to keep their resolutions. Hence, as a matter of course, they fail in their good intentions and do not keep the promises, more or less solemnly made.

There are others who rush into dangerous occasions, and then — good resolutions are cast to the winds.

These are some of the reasons why good resolutions are not kept. If we "*watch and pray*," we will be sure to keep our promises made on entering the new year.

Perhaps we may be of assistance to some in suggesting material from which an excellent set of resolutions may be formed. We commend to that special class, to whom the words are addressed, the Pastoral letter issued by the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

Death of an Irish Missionary.

TWELVE months ago we noticed the ordination at Lyons, France, of three Irish missionaries, formerly students of the African Mission College, Blackrock Road, and their subsequent departure for the missions of their society in Equatorial Africa. Of these, one, the Rev. P. Dornan, has already sacrificed his life in the great work of charity to which he had so generously consecrated it. He died at the mission of Lokoja, a small town on the river Niger, on the 17th of August, only eight or nine months after his arrival there. The Rev. Father Dornan belonged to a respectable family in Belfast. He studied at the African Mission College, Blackrock Road, for two years, when this institution was yet in its humble commencement, and, in a spirit worthy of the vocation, bore his share of the hardships which circumstances then necessitated there. During a subsequent course of four years in Lyons, his unassuming and constant piety, faithful observance of his rule, and unceasing efforts to prepare himself for his work, will long be remembered by those whom his example edified. Ordained priest in July of last year, he was named for a newly founded mission on the Niger, which, in the difficulties of its commencement, needed men of zeal and self-sacrifice such as his. Full of health and strength, he sailed from Liverpool in October following for his post, where an early grave awaited him. Arrived at Lokoja, he gave himself heart and soul to the work; but transplanted too far from his native North, the climate of the tropics soon told on him. He was stricken down again and again with coast fever, to which he finally succumbed on August 17th in the 29th year of his age, and the second of his sacred ministry. His death was calm and peaceful, that of one who felt he was giving his life for God and could go before him with confidence.

THE best thoughts, affections, and aspirations of a great soul are fixed upon the infinitude of eternity; destined as such a soul is for immortality, it finds all that is not eternal too short, all that is not infinite too small.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

The Pope's Jubilee.

THE Catholic movement for the fitting celebration of the Pope's Jubilee, in 1887, is continued with zeal and enthusiasm in the Old World. The journals of Ireland, France, Belgium, and Austria announce that the approaching Jubilee will give occasion to a splendid demonstration in favor of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In the Catholic Congress of Lille, where the Catholics of Northern France were represented, it was proposed that, besides the prayers that should be offered for the triumph of the Church and the preservation of the Sovereign Pontiff, an exposition of objects of art and industry, especially as they are related to worship, should be provided for. Paris promises, amongst a large number of other objects, to send a splendid tiara and some excellent church organs. Belgium is compiling a magnificent edition of the works, letters, encyclicals, and discourses of the Holy Father. Friburg has already collected the sum of 400,000 francs; Austria, Bohemia, Dalmatia, Corinthia, and Carniola, and many other provinces in Upper and Lower Austria are busily at work, forming committees of the most distinguished Catholics to do the highest honor to themselves and the Pontiff on this occasion. In Italy the movement is so remarkable that even the Liberal journals feel obliged to record this preparation for a grand demonstration of affection to the Pontiff. Naples will send a golden throne. Rome prepares its offerings through the medium of the various Catholic Societies established in that city. These will consist largely in works of art, especially of religious art, such as chalices, ciboriums, copes, chasubles, stoles. The ex-officers of the Pontifical Army will present his Holiness with a splendid inkstand of silver, with decorations in gold, surmounted by a statuette of St. Michael the Archangel. On the front of this inkstand there will be medallions representing SS. Joachim, Leo, Francis of Assisi, and Thomas Aquinas, and other objects of great value will also be presented. What is being done in the United States?

HOW HARELIPS ARE CURED. — A delicate though common operation that has been frequently performed of late is the curing of harelips. The harelip is when the upper lip is divided from the nose to a point in the centre of the mouth, and is a deformity common among infants. The practice in its cure is to make a cut on each side of the division and then sew the aperture up until the wound grows together and heals up. A slight scar is left, but it is nothing as compared with the original deformity. The delicacy of the operation consists in avoiding the numerous arteries which form a network through the upper lip and which, if severed, might cause hemorrhage, possibly resulting in death. — *Chicago News.*

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LOVE STRONG IN DEATH.

WE watched him, while the moonlight,
Beneath the shadow'd hill,
Seem'd dreaming of good angels,
And all the woods were still.
The brother of two sisters,
Drew painfully his breath:
A strange fear had come o'er him,
For love was strong in death.

The fire of fatal fever
Burn'd darkly on his cheek,
And often to his mother
He spoke, or tried to speak:
"I felt as if from slumber
I never could awake:
Oh, mother, give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"A cold dead weight is on me —
A heavy weight, like lead;
My hands and feet seem sinking
Quite through my little bed.
I am so tired, so weary —
With weariness I ache:
Oh, mother! give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Some little token give me,
Which I may kiss in sleep—
To make me feel I'm near you,
And bless you, though I weep.
My sisters say I'm better—
But then their heads they shake:
Oh, mother! give me something
To cherish for your sake!

"Why can't I see the poplar,
The moonlit stream and hill,
Where, Fanny says, good angels
Dream, when the woods are still?
Why can't I see you, mother?
I surely am awake:
Oh, haste! and give me something
To cherish for your sake."

His little bosom heaves not;
The fire hath left his cheek!
The fine chord—is it broken?
The strong chord—could it break?
Ah, yes! the loving spirit
Hath wing'd its flight away:
A mother and two sisters
Look down on lifeless clay.

GOD'S CHILDREN.

UNCHARITABLE October was fast changing the aspect of things in general,— stripping bushes and trees, blighting the grass, and preparing Earth for her winter covering. The winds, chasing one after the other, hustled across the Charles, and swept dust and leaves before them into and through the avenues of granite blocks which form the fashionable quarter of Boston. Among the dust and leaves a little street-urchin, half resisting the wind, half yielding to it, was carried aimlessly along.

Necessity forces her children to seek aid by various means; and after she has sent them forth, Fate follows and guides their footsteps. So with this little waif: Necessity had driven him out upon the streets, and Fate, enveloped in a gust of wind, caught him up and landed him in front of one of the granite dwellings. Almost involuntarily he caught hold upon the iron rails which enclosed one of those grass-plots

common to Boston city mansions, and just at this moment the little fellow's eyes grew wonderfully large and bright. There was a flower-bush standing in the centre of the plot, and on this bush a solitary flower wavered to and fro, patiently awaiting its doom. He gazed upon it with wistful eyes: "Oh, if I could only smell of it!" he murmured. "I wonder if heaven has such pretty ones. Mother told me before she went there—" but a gruff old gardener was threatening him in a moment; the customary voice of menial authority harshly interrupted his musing, and he turned away frightened. A pair of kind eyes, however, had been watching him, and a kind little heart had been filling with tender compassion; for now another boy, of about eight years, appearing upon the scene, hastily snatched the flower from the bush and placed it, with a few kind words, in the hands of the outcast; then as suddenly disappeared again within the iron gateway,

With a joyous heart our wanderer braced his tiny form against the wind, resting only when his faintness compelled him to do so, and trudged heavily along, until at length he dragged himself into a cheerless tenement house, where a warm-hearted stranger had given him a scanty apartment for shelter. He hastened to this little cell, and loosening the single button of his jacket, brought out his precious gift and placed it in a broken glass which he had filled with water. That night he dreamt of paradise, filled with flowers, and of his mother and little sister who had gone there only a few short weeks before.

The following morning he tried to get up, but, notwithstanding his efforts, he could not, so he contented himself with watching his flower; but when night came again he kissed it regretfully, for its petals were dropping from it and it was slowly dying. He was dying, too.

That very night God took the little soul to Himself, and the next day found the child and the flower dead together.

. . . . . .

Two whole months had passed away. Earth had been cleared from the October leaves and dust, and Christmas had been ushered in with a shroud of snow. The joyous feast was drawing to its close; evening had set in, and one by one the houses on the avenue were being lighted up, for this was the night when prodigal sons were wont to return home, and gayety and feasting marked all the hours.

One home alone looked desolate. There only one light burned dimly. Within the lighted room another boy lay dying. Rich hangings, costly toys, and priceless pictures surrounded him, but he minded them not. A woman was the only other occupant of the room, and she was kneeling before a crucifix praying that God might spare her child. Suddenly the child called her and pointed towards the ceiling: "Look, mother, the boy I gave the flower to—I told you and you kissed me for it—see him now, he looks like the angels you told me about to-day. See, mother; he is smiling and coming to me—he is taking my hand—I am going with him to see God. Good-by, mother; come to me soon."

And as the happy young soul accompanied the angel, the latter bent and softly whispered: "You were kind to me, and for that kind-

ness God has sent me to bring you to heaven. To-day has been a joyous feast-day there; and to-night God will place you in the garland that is to adorn His beloved Son."

CASPAR PISCHL.

OLD BRUNO.

"AUNT MARY, please tell us a story; tell us about 'Old Bruno,' whose picture hangs in our room. You must have loved him very much to have his portrait taken."

"I did, Jenny, and so did my brother Harry, too. In his own way, the dog returned our affection, but Harry was his favorite. He was a large, slow-moving dog, with an eye that could look fierce and savage, or droop with a gentle softness when Harry's little head rested on his own. In his old age he became cross, and, much to our sorrow, he was often chained to his kennel. But he was always gentle to us; he would let my brother climb on his back, pull his ears, and even take away the bone he so carefully guarded.

"Harry was at one time very ill. Bruno missed his friend, and grew quite restless, and whined so piteously that mother let him come into the house. Not finding Harry, he searched through the house, and finally settled himself down at my brother's door. With crossed paws and closed eyes he seemed to sleep; but the moment the door was opened he bounded in. Looking towards the bed he saw his sick favorite and gently approached him, as if he knew the boy needed quiet. Putting his cold nose on Harry's hand, he wagged his tail with keen delight. Harry had taken no notice of any one for days, and we feared he never would again. But Bruno's touch aroused him, and looking up with a smile, he said, 'Dear doggie.' This was enough for Bruno; without more ado he lifted his great paws and put them on Harry's neck, and the boy nestled close to him, and thus fell asleep.

"The poor dog soon grew tired of his position, but made no attempt to get down. Mother lifted Harry's head away, and Bruno, with a sigh of relief, quietly laid himself down at the bedside. Every day he was at his post, and only by the greatest coaxing could he be got away. No one in the family was happier than he when Harry's light step was once more heard in the house.

"While I am talking about dogs, I must tell you a funny story about a shoeblack's dog. An Englishman was one day crossing one of the bridges over the Seine, in Paris, when a little poodle dog ran up to him and rubbed his muddy paws over his nicely polished boots. Seeing a shoeblack stationed on the bridge he went to him and had the damage repaired. The next day, passing over the same bridge, the same thing occurred. The Englishman, somewhat surprised at this, determined to watch the dog. To his amazement, he saw him go towards the Seine, dip his paws in the mud by the side of the river, and then return to the bridge and rub them upon the boots of the first nicely-dressed person that passed. He watched him still further, and found that he belonged

to the shoeblack. Questioning him about the dog, he owned that he had trained him to do this, and added, by way of excuse, 'Trade is so bad, Monsieur!' The gentleman, struck with the sagacity of the dog, bought him and brought him to London. He kept him tied up for some time, and at length allowed him to run loose; the dog only stayed with him a day or two, and then made his escape. A fortnight after, he was found with his first master, pursuing his old occupation on one of the bridges of Paris."

CYRIL'S DREAM.

Cyril Peyton was in a brown study.

By this we do not mean that the walls around were draped in russet, that the furniture was upholstered in that autumnal shade, that the floor presented the same hue, and that Cyril Peyton was the presiding genius of this sombre apartment. Oh, no!

There were no dreary walls surrounding Cyril's solitude, but far away on each side stretched the blue hills, and the deep green fields, and the wild summer flowers.

Overhead was the bright fleckless sky, and all around were the gay birds carolling merrily, and the warm sunshine kissing lovingly the verdure-covered mound on which he lay, and lingering on the mossy stone that served him for a pillow.

Yet Cyril saw none of these. He was, as I have said, in a brown study, which means that he was thinking — thinking deeply.

Cyril was home on vacation, and boyishly supposing that vacation meant dissipation, he had entered into an engagement with some rather wild and headstrong lads of his acquaintance to join them in a day's outing all to themselves.

When Cyril's mother heard this she strictly forbade her son to take part in any such wild frolic.

Much disappointed, Cyril carried the news to one of the proposed excursionists, who laughed at the prohibition, advised Cyril to get out of "leading strings," and take a "stolen march,"—assuring him at the same time, that such an independent action would give a new zest to his enjoyment.

This then was the weighty matter which engaged the boy's thoughts, while the heavenly blue of that summer sky looked down on his troubled face, and the airy fragrance of the summer atmosphere floated in pleasant odors around him.

Was Cyril quite insensible to the beauties of nature? Oh, no!

At last he began to see the wonderful beauty of the sky overhead, and the landscape around, and the fields lifting their velvety bosoms to the gilding rays of the genial sun, and he thought with longing heart of the public recreation grounds "a good stretch off," in which the venturesome truants had elected to spend part of their holiday.

Cyril remembered that from the eminence on which he lay, could sometimes be seen the extreme top of the flag-staff which marked the

centre of those pleasant haunts, and turning his gaze in that direction he tried to discern the object of his interest. But Cyril started suddenly, for in the landscape before him he saw an object which filled him with wonder and amazement.

It appeared at first hazy and indistinct, but by degrees Cyril could distinguish each minute detail of the place, and knew it was Landeckin.

At first he recognized the church, then the cemetery grew upon his vision, and then the tombstones, some black and tottering, as it were with age, and Cyril could see the place which his father had pointed out to him as the tomb of all the Peytons.

It appeared disturbed and trampled. And yes, so it was; the tomb itself yawned wide, ready to receive a new occupant, and upon the tombstone above Cyril could already see the letters blocked out of another name about to be added to the long list of those gone before.

Cyril tried to decipher the words, but the letters were dim and indistinct in the freshly cut stone; yet after a while he mentally traced the vertical and diagonal lines of a Roman M then A and U D.

Maud!—Cyril gave a great cry. "There is no Maud to go there," he said. "There is only Granny, who is not Maud, but Ellen. And there is Aunt Jane and Aunt Ellen; there is no Maud but—Mamma!"

Cyril closed his eyes that he might not again read that white and ghostly name. When he again looked he saw, a little above him, the interior of his own home. While he gazed at it in wonder his sister Minnie advanced, looking pale and sorrowful.

She walked slowly forward and cautiously opened the door—Cyril knew it well—which led into his mother's sleeping apartment.

He could see into the room also, and could plainly distinguish the white features of his mother as she lay motionless on her pillow.

She moved not nor spoke when Minnie looked in, and Cyril watched until his eyes ached, then he pressed his fingers upon them and looked again. This time he saw his two younger sisters, Allie and Ray, kneeling in prayer.

They were *alone*. Allie was weeping as she lisped her childish petition, and Ray looked pale and frightened.

Cyril rubbed his eyes again and again, but there they remained, the lonely little ones praying and weeping and trembling.

But stay! what is that?

Cyril has made a new discovery which fills him with awe.

Two white thin hands are holding together those of baby Ray, keeping the tired little fingers upright, as Cyril had so often seen his mother do night and morning.

Cyril understood all now, with a bitter, bitter pain of heart.

His mother, he knew, was dead, gone from them forever in this life, and the presence of the white supporting hands proved that the little ones were still her especial care.

But he—Cyril! the boy caught his breath with quick gasp,—he had thrown off that restraining hand, and nevermore, nevermore should he feel its loving, caressing touch.

He gave a great sob, followed by the cry of "Mother, mother, only

come back to earth again, and I shall be guided by you in every *act* of my life."

"Cyril, Cyril, why, you great lazy boy!" "Mother, look! look! It is asleep he is on this lovely bank!" "Wake up, sir, wake up!"

Cyril started to his feet to see the children trooping up the hill, with very little sign, indeed, of tears on their merry upturned faces.

A little way behind Cyril beheld the gladdest sight of all, his mother, walking leisurely along, the sunlight glistening round her like an aureole.

With one bound Cyril cleared the heads of the children and hung around his mother's neck. "I have broken with the independent *Picnickers*, mother," he said, joyfully; "so you and I and the little ones shall go for a ramble through the woods."

"I'M ONLY A FLY."

"DEAR little lady, do not brush me off again, but listen, and I will tell you something you never heard before."

"What can *you* have to tell, who go buzzing about, walking up and down one's nose, and bothering one so that one gets cross? Where did you come from, and where do you go in winter?"

"Ah, little lady, you ask many questions in a breath, but I can answer them all. Small as I am, and troublesome as you think me, I have my use, or I would not have been made. I am of the family called horse-fly. Once on a time I had no legs, and was called a maggot, and when in that state I fed on manure and the refuse of your table, and ate up what would have been disagreeable to you if it had not thus been got rid of. When, as a maggot, I had grown to full size, a sort of hard skin covered me all over, and I lay as if dead for a time. By and by the skin burst, and I came out a perfect fly, having two wings and six legs with which to start on my travels. My head, if you would look at it, has many curious parts in it. In front are the *antennæ*, as they are called — two little horns, useful to me in many ways. If you could *catch* me and look at me through a magnifying glass, you would see a trunk or proboscis, which is quite wonderful and has great strength. I have no jaws to bite with, so when I find a nice lump of sugar I moisten it a little and then suck it, and that I enjoy as much as someone else I know. I do not need to wear spectacles, for my eyes are large, and are made up of about four thousand tiny pieces. To be sure, I walk, as you say, 'topsy turvy,' but that is easily done, for I have pads on my legs which cling to everything. I live through the winter by hiding in some warm corner; but many of my family do not provide for the future, and are overcome by the first frost."

"Mr. Fly, with your wonderful eyes, you should see where you are not wanted, and not wake up the baby by walking over her dear little face. If you are so useful, why don't you attend to your business and not go idling about, for you know idlers are *sure* to get into mischief."

THE BON-BON BOX.

One day, when Jennie's mother was occupied in putting in order a cupboard, a servant came and told her that a lady of her acquaintance wished to see her. She went immediately to the parlor, telling her daughter Jennie and her little nephew Leopold on no account to touch the things that were upon the table.

Scarcely had she closed the door, than Jennie approached the table.

"What are you going to do, little cousin?" said Leopold; "have you not heard what my aunt said?"

"I heard it very well," replied Jennie; "mamma told us not to touch these things, but I do not care. Look, see how beautiful these artificial flowers are; one could say they were real."

"That's true," said Leopold, who had also approached the table; "and this beautiful plume, red and white."

"It is a duster to take off the dust; but what is in this beautiful gilt box? I'm sure it is full of something good," and taking the box she immediately opened it.

"If my aunt knew it she would scold us," said Leopold.

"Nonsense, I only wish to see it; but, you know, mamma promised us a box of bon-bons this evening if we were good during the day, and we have been *very* good; perhaps this box is for us. Yes, I'm sure now that this is our box."

"No, for they were chocolate bon-bons that my aunt promised us."

"And who says that these bon-bons are not chocolate?"

"My eyes say so, for chocolate is nearly black, and these are white."

"And why should there not be white chocolate?"

"It is impossible, for I never saw any."

"A good reason, indeed! I suppose you have seen everything. However, I will make myself sure of it," and taking a piece she put it into her mouth. "Chocolate or not, these bon-bons are very good," she said, "judge for yourself, Leopold."

"But auntie forbade us."

"I don't believe she would care if we took a few."

So Jennie gave one to Leopold, and when he had eaten it they took a few more out of the box and ate them, and then placed it on the table, and went to play in a corner of the room.

But in a quarter of an hour they both felt great pains in the stomach, and began to be terribly sick.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what have we done?" cried Jennie; "perhaps it is poison we have taken!" and bursting into tears, she ran to tell her mamma what had passed.

"You are well punished for your disobedience," said her mother. "This box was full of Ipecacuanha, used to make people sick, and as you have taken a good dose, you will be sick for the rest of the day."

"But, mamma, why did you not tell us what was in that horrid box?" said Jennie, who was suffering very much.

"It was enough that I forbade you," replied the mother. "You must obey your parents, even if they give no reasons for their orders, for their tenderness is a sufficient guarantee that they will not command or forbid anything but what is for your good."

THE CAMEL.

THIS animal is intelligent and docile. As soon almost as it is born the keepers bend its four legs under the stomach, and cover the animal with a carpet, on the borders of which they place stones so that it cannot get up. The trainers leave it so for some time, without letting it suck, so that it is early accustomed to drink rarely. The "breaking in" generally takes place when the camel is four years old. One of the fore legs is raised and tied up; the animal then gently falls upon its knee, and in a short time learns to do so at a word. The owners do not allow their camels to carry burdens before the age of three or four years. If they are too heavily loaded they are discouraged, shaking the head and starting up.

The camel has one great fault; it is spiteful, and becomes dangerous to those who drive it too roughly; it long remembers any ill-treatment, and when it can catch its enemy, takes him up with his teeth, lets him fall down on the earth, and stamps on him till he is crushed. The expression "camel's temper," in the East, means an unfortunate man. This bad humor is but short lived, and the camel, after all, is an excellent animal, which has not any dislike to the donkey, the horse, and the mule. On the contrary, whenever it finds itself in their company, the camel is very good society. This beast has a singular power of finding pools of water. A camel has been known to rush headlong to hidden waters when men were not aware of its presence.

TEA.

TEA is the dried leaves of an evergreen shrub of the same family as the camellia. The plants are bushy, with numerous leafy branches, and grow to the height of from three to five feet. The leaves are from two to three inches long, and half an inch to an inch broad, and of a shining green color. The flowers are white, of considerable size, and resemble those of the myrtle.

The seeds are gathered in October and kept in sand to the next spring, when they are sown either in the rows in which they are to grow, or in a bed from which they afterwards are transplanted. The first gathering of the leaves does not take place until the second or third year; then the young leaf-buds are sometimes gathered early in April, though the most important crop is secured during the last of

April or first part of May. The third gathering, in July, furnishes leaves of an inferior quality, while the fourth crop, which is gathered in August, is still more inferior, and is composed of old leaves of but little value.

After the leaves are stripped, they are carried to buildings to be dried. This is done, first, by exposure to the air, then by placing them in pans and subjecting them to sufficient heat to expel the moisture. After being heated a few minutes the leaves become soft and pliable, and moist upon the surface; they are then thrown upon a table, and workmen roll them into the curled form we see in ordinary tea; they are then again exposed to the air, and again roasted over a fire, and then rolled; the drying process is sometimes again repeated.

The tea-plant lives from ten to twelve years.

SQUIRRELS.

GRANDFATHER loved all helpless things, from babies down to the little wrens.

He would sit in his porch and watch the birds feed their young, and scatter crumbs to them, making us keep quiet while they picked up the bits of bread.

One day he had an addition to his family which quite delighted us.

Two bright-eyed squirrels came to the feast, and after having a good meal, filled their cheeks with crumbs and ran off as fast as possible. We started to follow them, but grandfather said, "No, boys, let them alone; they will soon grow tame, and you can watch them put by their winter store."

We obeyed him, but still we wished very much we could take a peep into their nest, and see what they had there.

They became quite tame, and would sit up and nibble at the cherries we gave them, and the wrens, seeing there was a plenty for all, would perch on a bough near by, looking on and wondering, no doubt, where they put all their treasures.

Our obedience was finally rewarded, for the gardener, in ploughing the field, found a deep hole, and there, safely stowed away, was a quart of nuts and corn, all packed closely, ready for winter, and in a tree near by was a squirrel, "chipping" and fretting over our discovery.

"Oho!" said we. "Mr. Squirrel, we have found your storehouse: but you need not worry; we will not disturb it, but will cover it nicely and leave you to enjoy it."

Grandfather said he would go to his nest and have a sort of long sleep during the winter, and towards spring be bright and frisky again, and have his nuts to live upon until summer came once more.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE recent election of HON. HUGH O'BRIEN as Mayor of Boston for a third term is a compliment seldom achieved in Boston. He had a powerful opposition to meet, but he met and defeated not only the disaffected in his own party, but the combined Republican party with all its wealth and power. Long may he wave!

THE Christmas collection taken up at St. Mary's Church, Endicott Street, Boston, on Christmas Day, was $1,477.

THE editor of the *Ave Maria* has collected for Father Damien $1,063.90.

THE *Louisville* (Ky.) *Commercial*, the leading paper of that city and of the State, copies our article entitled the "Irish Element in the Southern Confederacy," and remarks:—"There is re-printed in this issue of the *Commercial*, from DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, the complete history of the battle of Sabine Pass, Texas, a contest which Mr. Jefferson Davis pronounces the most remarkable in the military history of the world."

FEBRUARY 22D—Washington's Birthday. We give a brief history of the Father of this great country in our issue this month.

HIS HOLINESS AND AMERICAN HISTORY.—At a recent interview granted by the Holy Father to Signor Velez, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Columbia to the Holy See, the conversation turned on Christopher Columbus. The Pope showed the deepest interest in the movement which there is in America and in Italy for the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of the New World. He made known that it was his desire to co-operate in that movement by the publication of Vatican documents referring to the discovery and to the history of that region. This is very important, and the fulfilment of the Pope's intention will, doubtless, cast a new light on the earlier history of America.

THE collection at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on Christmas Day, amounted to twenty-three hundred dollars.

NEW YORK TABLET.—This paper is now under the editorial management of Col. Michael Dwyer, a veteran in the war of the Rebellion. In our early days of journalism *The Tablet* was established by the publishing house of D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Both are dead. The wife of James Sadlier still survives her husband, and has recently published a book on Purgatory. No one is more competent to publish a book on that subject. No one could write such a book without her experience in life. But she has compiled a work which should be in every family. What family, may we ask, has not some suffering soul in purgatory? Perhaps not one. However that may be, it is our bounden duty to pray for our departed friends.

The Tablet has moved into a new building, a description of which was given in a recent issue. We, too, had a great building in Boston, but the fire fiend struck it and demolished it in a few hours. We trust our esteemed contemporary may escape fire and other calamities, and continue to prosper in its new quarters.

The Capuchins.

THE corner-stone of a monastery for the Order of Capuchins was laid with appropriate ceremonies at Herman Station, in Butler County, Pa., recently. The new building is to be four hundred feet long and eighty feet wide, and, with basement, will be four stories high. It will be built of brick. The building is to be used as an institution of learning, chiefly to educate priests, but other branches will be taught. This is the only monastery of the Order of Capuchins in the United States, and will consequently be the mother-house of the Order in this country. Before long, houses are to be founded in the West and through the South. The Order, at the present time, maintains nearly twenty thousand members, eighty-two missions, served by nearly three hundred priests. They have twenty-three stations in Switzerland, nine in the north of Italy, eleven in the Levant. In Asia they have stations at Byrout, Gazir, Saida Damascus, Mount Lebanon, and Aleppo. In Georgia there are five stations, and four in Mesopotamia. In the East Indies they have fourteen missions, seven in Africa, and four in South America.

THE largest farm in England has been thrown upon its owner's hands. It is in Lincolnshire, and consists of 2,700 acres. The tenant paid £1 per acre. This year a reduction of 50 per cent was made to him, but finding, although an experienced and energetic farmer, that even at this reduction he could not make two ends meet, he has thrown up the farm.

Introducing Anarchy.

THE New York *Sun* in an editorial on the Church, says that the German and Polish emigration of the last twenty years has introduced socialism and anarchy into this country. This is only partially true, says the *North-Western Chronicle*. Along with the other immigrants have come undoubtedly some Socialists and yet fewer Anarchists, but they have been in the minority. Thousands of Catholic Germans and Poles have made their homes with us during the period mentioned, and the churches, asylums, and benevolent institutions which they have erected all over the land are the undisputable evidences that they are the enemies of Socialism and the foes of Anarchy, and that although coming from the same countries, they have nothing in common with the Scwabs and Spies who have disgraced New York and Chicago during the last few years.

Marriage of Michael Davitt.

MICHAEL DAVITT was married in Oakland, Cal., on the morning of the 29th of December, to Miss Mary J. E. Yore, at the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. James Canning. At 7:30 Mr. Davitt and his prospective bride attended Mass at St. Francis de Sales' Church, after which an elegant wedding breakfast was enjoyed. At 10:30 the ceremony, which was strictly private, was performed, the parlors of Mrs. Canning's residence being beautifully decorated for the occasion. Mr. Davitt first met his bride at a musical entertainment in Oakland. He was struck with her fine voice and sought her acquaintance. Miss Yore is a daughter of a merchant of St. Joseph, Mich., but for six years has lived with her brother in Oakland and supported herself by her musical accomplishments. She is twenty-eight years old, and her marriage recalls a tragic incident in her early life when she narrowly escaped drowning. She and her mother were thrown into the river by accident, and when they were rescued the mother was dead, but the child, Mr. Davitt's bride, was clasped safely in her arms, as it were, and had suffered no harm beyond the bath.

A CENSUS recently made shows that the present population of Paris is 2,344,550 inhabitants.

EASILY EXPLAINED.— The new turn in Irish affairs is very easy of explanation. Since the rents were fixed under the land act of 1880 (Mr. Gladstone's last land act), the value of all kinds of Irish farm produce has fallen from 15 to 25 per cent. Many of the better disposed class of Irish landlords have recognized this fact and voluntarily taken off from 15 to 25 per cent. of their rents to meet it. The worst class of rack-renting landlords say, "No, pay up in full, whether you are able to or not, and if you can't pay go out on the roadside in mid-winter and starve." The "plan of campaign" we hear spoken of so much, is simply a common agreement by the tenants of these merciless rack-renters to stand all together and withhold all rents until a reasonable rebate or discount is conceded.

THE LATE DR. HYNDMAN.—The citizens of Boston will not soon forget a physician of the above name who, until recently, lived and prospered in this city. He came here some forty years ago without much of this world's goods, but by constant attention to business became quite wealthy. His health failing, he went to England, and died in Liverpool on his way to London. He had two daughters, one of whom married a physician in London, and with whom his widow resided. Within a few months Mrs. Hyndman also died. In her will she bequeathed to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, $50,000; to the Cathedral in Cork, of which place she was a native, $25,000; to Rev. Fr. Moylan, Brighton District, $5,000; and to other parties, $20,000; making in all, $100,000.

A Magnificent Book.

WE are indebted to Mr. William J. Feeley for a copy of "The Providence Plantations" for two hundred and fifty years. An historical review of the foundation, rise, and progress of the city of Providence, with a graphic description of the city at the present time, and of its industries, commerce, manufactures, business interests; educational, religious, and charitable institutions; civic, scientific, and military organizations; also, sketches of the cities of Newport and Pawtucket, and the other towns of the State, for which Providence is the commercial centre. Together with an account of the celebration of the two hundredth and fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Providence, including the oration of Chief-Justice Thos. Durfee, list of organizations and societies participating, and other matters connected therewith, being an historical souvenir of this occasion. Illustrated with many engravings of historic places, old buildings, and with views showing present appearance of many of the prominent streets, business blocks, and residences of the city; engravings of ancient and notable documents, portraits of mayors, distinguished governors, eminent statesmen and divines, military heroes, and prominent citizens of Providence and the State. By Welcome Arnold Greene and a large corps of writers.

The above is the title-page of a very elegantly gotten-up book of 470 folio pages, containing an account of the State, with its religious and industrial resources. There is a chapter devoted to the Catholic Church, with a fine engraving of the new cathedral and a good portrait of its late bishop. On the whole, it is the finest book in relation to the State, or any State, we have ever seen. The editor and his assistants deserve great credit for producing so elegant a book in all its bearings.

Memories of the Past.

THE sale of the late Dr. Madden's library and collection of Irish historical relics took place a few days ago in Dublin, and created some excitement and much discussion. For two days crowds of the learned and curious attended the auction and strenuously endeavored to become possessed of some one of the many souvenirs of the Nationalists of the past—of the men of '98, and of the special hero of 1803. Dr. Kenney, M. P., is now the happy owner of the cast of Emmet's face, taken four hours after his death on the scaffold—near St. Catherine's Church. The same honorable member also obtained a fine cast of the face of the brave Wolfe Tone, taken by Petrie, and of which two copies were made—one for the infamous Major Sill, and one for the patriot's parents. Mr. Harrington, M. P., Secretary of the National League, made large purchases of old official documents, as well as of a lot of "begging letters," addressed in the past by many a local "lion" to various viceroys.

IT is stated that the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, Bishop of Limerick, to a seat on the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland.

Cæsar and Mammon.

Catholic Citizen: As a general thing it is well to let Cæsar shift for himself. The Church has been kind to Cæsar and Cæsar has been ungrateful to the Church.

Mammon is one of Cæsar's understrappers. The Church has denounced Mammon's bad life, but at the same time she has shielded the culprit from lynch law.

Archbishop Corrigan's recent pastoral antagonizes some of the mob-law theories that outraged labor is disposed to apply to Mammon, but the Archbishop does not ignore the rights of the toiler. His words in the pastoral are: "A man is strictly entitled to that of which he is the producing cause, to the improvement he brings about in it, and the enjoyment of both." The Knights of Labor in their

declaration of principles enumerate among their objects the following: "To secure to the workers the full enjoyment of the wealth they create." This, says the *Catholic Examiner*, almost identical language, let us hope, is only a sign of the harmony of the Church with the cause of labor.

Extravagance at Funerals.

BISHOP WIGGIN, of the diocese of Newark, N. J., is the first of the prelates to enforce that decree of the Plenary Council at Baltimore relating to the extravagance at funerals. He directs the clergy not to allow a funeral to be held in any of the churches if there are more than twelve carriages in the procession, and directs the keepers of cemeteries to exclude extra carriages from the cemetery. This is a most righteous measure. The burial of the dead, with the costly display of flowers and the long train of carriages, has grown to be a heavy tax on the meagre resources of the living. A rule of expenditure that applies to rich and poor alike will relieve those who cannot afford it from the misconceived obligation of making a display.

THE fifteenth centenary of the miraculous conversion of St. Augustine will occur on the 5th of May next. The festival will be celebrated with the utmost solemnity by the Augustinian Fathers throughout the world.

WE see it stated in the Liverpool *Catholic Times* that his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has given $50,000 to found a burse at the American College, Rome.

CARDINAL GIBBONS has received a notification from the Vatican of the appointment of Father Bernard J. McManus, as a Monseigneur. Father McManus is one of the ablest and most prominent priests in Baltimore. He is an Irishman by birth, but he came to this country when he was a boy.

EN IRLANDE. — The journal *La France* has an excellent article under the above title, by M. Clavequen. A few sentences will be of interest to our readers: — "To those reasons, so evident, another must be added that carries great weight with it. There are in Ireland 10,000 landlords, of whom 1,500 possess great estates composed of from 30,000 to 100,000 acres and more. The rest belongs to squireens, who have more pride than property, and as much debt as the prodigality of generations could accumulate. How were these latter able to hold their property so long? Well, simply by raising the rents of their miserable tenants in proportion as their debts increased; and during two centuries there was no remedy for that state of things! When the agrarian tribunals reduced their rents twenty-five per cent. a third of those little landlords were absolutely ruined. Some of them emigrated, but the greater number remained in Ireland, adding their misery to that of the old Celts. You meet with them everywhere, and they are easily recognized by a certain air of pride and appearance of poverty, as displayed in their greasy coats and their patched trousers."

WHENEVER you are angry with one you love, think that that dear one might die that moment, and your anger will vanish at once.

IN spite of his great age Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits, who is now in his 92d year, is still able to go out. Though stooping somewhat, Father Beckx looks as if he might live for years.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P., has been re-elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. Haslett, late M. P. for West Belfast, is elected Mayor of that town for 1887.

BOSTON CITY ELECTION.—The election may be summarized as a complete rout of the machine which attempted to make a purely partisan contest for partisan ends. Mayor O'Brien's plurality over Alderman Hart is 4,668, and his majority over all 1,104. The board of aldermen stands seven Democrats to five Republicans, with the chance that a recount of the votes in the fifth district may make it eight to four. The common council contains a Democratic majority of eight. The executive and legislative branches of the city government are both lost to the party that set out to gain their control by partisan methods.

THE HOLY FATHER has been pleased to approve the decree of the Sacred Con-

gregation of Propaganda naming the Very Rev. Thomas J. Dowling, Vicar-General of the diocese of Hamilton, Canada, Bishop of the vacant see of Peterborough, province of Ontario; as also the decision of the same Sacred Congregation to transfer the see of Arichat, Nova Scotia, to Antigonish, which has always been the residence of the titulars of the see, which will henceforth be known as that of Antigonish. The Holy See has likewise issued the brief nominating Mgr. Redner, Bishop of Culm, Prussia. The Pope has further raised to the dignity of Supernumerary Prelate Abbreviatore del Paco Maggiore, Mgr. de Giovanni, Canon of the Basilica of St. Lorenzo *in Damaso*. His Holiness has forwarded to Bucharest the munificent sum of 40,000 lire to aid in the building for the seminary in that city, to which the Emperor of Austria has also contributed 50,000 lire from his private purse. The journals of Athens announce that M. Tricoupis, President of the Council of Ministers, has sent thanks to his Holiness for the 10,000 lire sent by the Pope for the benefit of the sufferers from the recent earthquake in the Peloponesus.

BREEDING IRISH LIONS.—In the gardens of the Royal Zoölogical Society o Dublin, whose lion-breeding has become famous, no less than 131 lion cubs have been born since 1857. They were the offspring of 9 lionesses and 4 lions, one lioness having been the mother of 55 cubs. Of 131 cubs 110 were reared. The females greatly exceeded the males, the numbers being 74 to 56, with the sex of 1 unrecorded. No lion or lioness ever lived in the gardens for more than sixteen years, and it is probable that twelve to fourteen years is the average duration of lion life. This interesting family traces its ancestry to a pair of lions brought from South Africa in 1855.

GEN. BULLER has been appointed to the Under-Secretaryship at Dublin Castle, vacated by Sir Robert Hamilton.

IT is said that His Holiness has signified to the Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of Colombia, accredited to the Holy See, his desire to take part in the celebration of the fourth centenary of the New World, which will be commemorated in 1892. He will have published for the occasion all the Vatican documents referring to the discovery of America by Columbus, and to the history of that country.

THE Belgian bishops have taken in hand with practical zeal the work of converting to the Faith the inhabitants of the Congo, a region recently placed under the protectorate of the King of Belgium. A seminary destined to prepare missionaries for that sphere of labor has just been founded in Louvain, and dedicated to St. Albert. In this institution will be received young students and priests of all nationalities desiring to consecrate their lives to the propagation of the Faith amidst the population of the Congo, who await the blessings of civilization, together with the grace of baptism. Besides instruction in the different branches of the sacred science of theology, the missionaries will receive lessons suitable to the requirements of the people whom they hope to evangelize, and special attention will be paid to the study of hygiene, a knowledge of which is indispensably necessary in an equatorial climate. The new seminary is under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Malines. The missionaries whom it will send forth into "the dark continent" will belong to the ranks of the secular clergy, and in the exercise of their functions they will depend upon the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

Mr. Gladstone's Letter.

MR. GLADSTONE, in a letter to Prof James Stuart, member of Parliament, says he thinks that the home-rule measures are conservative in the truest sense of the term. He adds that if he can help in some way to settle the affairs of Ireland he will confer upon Great Britain a service greater than any he has as yet been able to do.

HIS Grace Archbishop Walsh, in the course of an interview with a special correspondent, said he could not conceive any act of authority more directly calculated to plunge Ireland into confusion and anarchy than the suppression of the National League, and that the full responsibility for the existing state of things must be thrown on those who rejected Mr. Gladstone's Land Purchase Bill, and Mr. Parnell's Tenant's Relief Bill.

A GIANT is coming to London. He is an Austrian. He calls himself Winkelmeir. He is 8ft. 6in. in height, and is one of the tallest men who have lived since the days of Anak. He is very much taller than Marian, under whose outstretched arms the ballet used to dance at the Alhambra; but she died before she had done growing, and Winkelmeir will never be any taller. He is said to have nothing to recommend him to notice except his age, being, like most giants, without any particular intellectual energy.

IT seems slightly insincere for a man to advocate the rule "Train up a child in the way he should go," etc., and then send that child to a godless school, where no religion is taught, and that in defiance of the law of his Church. There are some very queer people in this world.

THE total subscriptions to the Charleston relief fund throughout the country amount to about $815,000, leaving a loss of over five and a half millions by the earthquake and the cyclone of 1885 to be borne by individuals, corporations, and the Government.

AN IMPORTANT CASE. — In consequence of a complaint made by James H. Stillman, of the District Executive Board Knights of Labor, five suits have been entered at Boston by the United States District Attorney against the Bay State Brick Company, of Cambridge, for importation of French Canadians under contract as laborers in the yards of the company. The case is attracting unusual interest among Cambridge knights, as it is the first case to be tried in this part of the State under the law. The law imposes $1,000 damages in each case. The trial is to take place in the early part of next May.

OUR readers should not forget to purchase the excellent books written by Father Moriarty. Among them are: "Keys of the Kingdom," "Stumbling Blocks make Stepping Stones," "All for Love; or, From the Manger to the Cross," etc. They may be had of all booksellers.

IDIOCY NO DISQUALIFICATION. — An Anglican clergyman, who assured his congregation that he had made the subject of "the serpent in Paradise" the favorite study of his life, told his hearers that "the serpent before the fall did not go upon its belly, but that it walked upon the tip of its tail." One of the congregation wrote to the bishop that this funny parson might be removed. The Anglican bishop respectfully replied: "If you have anything to bring against his moral character I can deal with it; but I regret to say that the mere fact that the man is an idiot is no disqualification." A level-headed Anglican bishop that!

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS have purchased the famous educational property known as the Charlier Institute, facing the Central Park, New York, and running from Fifty-ninth Street to Fifty-eighth Street. Altogether it is the most desirable property in New York, for their proposed High School. They bought it for a mere song, so to speak, $156,000. They made a clear $100,000 by the purchase, for if it were built for them it could hardly be more suited for their purpose. Much of the credit of this successful purchase is, we believe, due to the management of the Pine-Street banker, Mr. William P. O'Connor, who represented some clerical and lay friends of the Christian Brothers that had determined to secure it for them. We understand that an offer of $200,000 for this property, made by a Catholic body, was refused last spring. The Christian Brothers are to be congratulated. They have now an opportunity not surpassed by any in the English-speaking world. We are sure their labors and success will amply justify the expectations of Catholic New York.

REV. THOMAS SCULLY, of Cambridge, is exerting a strong influence in favor of temperance. In a recent sermon he commended the women who stood at the different polling-places to distribute the "No" ballots, and said that the only regret he felt was that Irishwomen were not also there, as they had suffered the most in having the earnings of their husbands squandered for rum.

CARDINAL JACOBINI has tendered his resignation as Papal Secretary of State, owing to ill health. The Pope refuses to accept his resignation, but the appointment of a successor to the Cardinal is under discussion.

Smart Sayings from the Western Watchman.

THEY talk about the ballet as "poetry of motion." There is more poetry in the jumps of the bull-calf than in the contortions of a shameless, half-naked woman teetotuming on her big toe.

THE San Francisco *Monitor* says Michael Davitt's prospective bride is worth sixty thousand dollars at least. Davitt is the brightest talker of the whole lot of Irish agitators, and as for courting he can beat them all with one hand.

HENRY GEORGE is engaged on an elaborate answer to the pastoral of Archbishop Corrigan. We are glad of it. When the young prelate of New York gets through with the great agitator you can bring in the brush and dust pan.

POOR John Bull is puffed up with rage. The Maid of Erin spurns his advances and Turkey has actually jilted him. The London *Post*, speaking for the English donkey, gives the Bride of the Dardanelles due warning against any more coquetting with the Bear of the North.

IT seems Paul Bert called for a priest before he died. Three considerations make us accept the report as true. The Catholic papers of Paris say it is true. It is just like the old infidel that he was to try to cheat the Devil at the last moment. Lastly, the entire infidel press of France are engaged in the task of proving the story impossible. It makes very little difference. The only ground on which to hope for the salvation of a French infidel is congenital insanity.

THE Orange coroner's jury at Belfast, Ireland, rendered a verdict of guilty against nine policemen for shooting down rioters in the discharge of their duty, but the Government refuses to prosecute the police.

THE earthquakes may prove a blessing to South Carolina after all. One of the newspapers of that State says: "A negro preacher in this country thinks that the earthquake shocks are to make the colored people emigrate to Africa, where no shocks have ever been felt. He thinks it is their duty to go and civilize the land of their fathers, and that the earthquake will result in great disaster to them if they do not go."

THE collection for our Holy Father, Leo XIII., was taken up in the churches of the diocese of New York on Sunday, Oct. 24. From the official return supplied to the *Catholic Review* by the vicar-general and chancellor, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Thos. S. Preston, we see that the total reached the handsome sum of $15,220.04.

SIR JOHN PHEAR, speaking at the Plymouth Liberal Club, remarked that the question of Home Rule for India was even of greater importance than Home Rule for Ireland. India would soon make a demand, compared with which the demand for Ireland would be as nothing. Even conservative landlords were convinced that Mr. Parnell's bill was right in principle.

Catholic Vocalists and Protestant Worship.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER issued a circular to the pastors of the different Catholic churches of Cincinnati, informing them that it had recently come to his notice that several singers of the Catholic faith were employed in Protestant and Hebrew churches to assist in their services. Such services, further said the circular, were erroneous, and Catholics were committing a fault by taking part in them. His Grace therefore directed all pastors to notify any member of their congregation or choir that whoever hereafter took part in the Hebrew or Protestant service was guilty of sin, and by persisting in so doing would deprive himself or herself of the sacraments of the Church. The archbishop further made a provision that if a person was in poverty and earned their living by their vocal talents, they would have to consult him, the archbishop, and he would carefully consider their cases and circumstances. Some of the best musical talent in Cincinnati are Catholics, and a good proportion of them sing in the Hebrew Temple and Protestant churches. The archbishop added that he wished success to all Catholics desiring to sing at charitable entertainments, public concerts, or private houses, saying that his admonition applied solely to those now singing in Protestant houses of worship.

MR. GLADSTONE, acknowledging the receipt of O'Connell's "Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon," which was presented to him by Cork gentlemen, writes: "I wish to say that in my judgment of all

the legitimate means of promoting the cause of what is known as Home Rule in Ireland, none is more important than to bring into view sound historical information of what English constituencies to a large extent, and, indeed, also the majority which rejected the bill of the late government, it is to be feared are still deplorably ignorant."

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, opposes night marriages. He has issued a decree that hereafter marriages must take place in the morning with a Nuptial Mass, or in the afternoon.

A TALENTED YOUNG JOURNALIST. — Within a year or two, striking and well-written papers on Catholic art matters have been appearing in the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror*, St. Louis *Western Watchman*, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, etc., over the signature, *Th. Xr. K.* These papers gave evidence of so much curious knowledge, rare artistic judgment, and unusual research, being pervaded moreover by a reverent and truly Catholic spirit, that much curiosity as to their authorship was excited. We are glad to be able to state that *Th. Xr. K.* is Thomas Christopher Kelly, a young Irish-American, a hard-working member of the editorial staff of the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*, and one of whom — if his strength but continue to match with his talent and diligence—great things may be expected in time to come.

We copy the above from *The Pilot*, and cheerfully add our congratulations to that of our contemporary.

IN reading over some historical sketches we find that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered for the first time on Illinois soil on the 20th day of June, 1673. Now, within the boundaries of the State about six hundred priests daily approach the altar and offer the same unbloody Victim, as a propitiation for the sins of men.

Feasts of Precept.

IN France there are four holidays of obligation: Christmas, the Ascension, the Assumption, and All Saints. In England there are eight: The Circumcision, the Epiphany, Corpus Christi, and SS. Peter and Paul, in addition to the four observed in France. Ireland has ten, which include the eight observed in England, and with them the Annunciation and St. Patrick's Day. In the United States up to the present there has been considerable difference as to the number of holidays of obligation. Some States or dioceses have observed five, others nine, others again still more; the result being great confusion amongst Catholics, and no little wonder amongst non-Catholics who noticed the divergence of practice. Moreover, Catholics living and working in the midst of non-Catholics labor under many difficulties in consequence of the obligation of hearing Mass on such days. Under these circumstances the archbishops and bishops of North America, assembled together in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, petitioned the Holy See to have the number of feasts of precept throughout the States fixed at six: All Saints, the Immaculate Conception, Christmas, the Circumcision, the Ascension, and the Assumption.

IN order to show the universal extent of the circulation of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, we may state that we have a recent order to send our MAGAZINE to St. Petersburg, Russia.

WANTING THE EARTH. — It is not the earth that is wanted. Half the people who jostle and crush each other in the struggle for employment in the cities have run away from the earth, have abandoned the farms which were given them, or which they could have owned at a very small cost, and neither poverty nor argument can induce them to go back. As for those born and bred in the cities, they could no more make a living on the farms than a fish can live and thrive upon dry land.

CANADA HAS ANOTHER BISHOP.— There is great rejoicing in Peterborough at the information that the Holy Father has named the Very Rev. T. J. Dowling, hitherto Vicar-General of the Bishop of Hamilton, to be Bishop of Peterborough, vacant by the death of the late Bishop Jamot. Very Rev. Father Dowling has long been known, and most highly esteemed, for his learning, zeal for the faith, and wisdom in administration. The clergy and people of Peterborough have good reason for their satisfaction at his appoin ment.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MORAN, in the presence of five thousand persons, recently laid the foundation stone of an institution for the deaf and dumb at Waratah, Australia. The building will cost about ten thousand pounds. The site was purchased some months ago on behalf of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

AMONGST the bequests of the late Dean Kenny, of the archdiocese of Sydney, New South Wales, is a fund for aiding colonial students studying for the priesthood in Carlow College, All Hallows College, St. John's College, Sydney. The Dean's late residence is set apart as a home for aged priests.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL was the principal guest at the Eighty Club and delivered an address on the Irish question. The desire for home rule was, he said, keenly set in the hearts of the Irish people, and he declined to discuss separation, because Ireland would have nothing to gain and everything to lose by such a step.

AN ARCTIC MISSION.—Good Hope is the most distant Catholic mission in the northwest of America. It is within the Arctic Circle. Bishop Clut, coadjutor to Bishop Farand, has labored for twenty-eight years in this frozen district, where the only food is fish and dried cariboo. His strength finally failed him, and last winter he was confined to his bed for months at a time. Seeing the shattered state of his health, the good missionaries urged him to take a few months' rest in a country where bread and potatoes are not unknown as they are in Good Hope, and where he could rebuild his broken-down constitution. He is now resting at Montreal, Can.

THE REV. T. H. WALLACE, rector of St. Joseph's Church, Lewiston, Me., has donated to the Catholics of that city the princely sum of ten thousand dollars towards the erection of a new church. He has recently purchased a handsome lot of two hundred square feet in the most desirable part of the city, at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. The lot occupies a commanding site, facing the park. It is Father Wallace's intention to begin work on the erection of the new church in the early spring. It will be a brick structure, costing from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. That Father Wallace's people are filled with gratitude towards him for his noble generosity, and fully appreciate the great good he has accomplished in their midst, is well attested.

THE REV. P. J. DONAHUE succeeds Bishop Curtis as secretary to Cardinal Gibbons. Father Donahue was a lawyer before he studied for the priesthood. His secular education was finished in the University of London, England, where he graduated in the liberal arts in 1874. He then entered the Columbia University, Washington, D. C., where he graduated in law in 1876. He practised his profession in Washington from 1876 to 1882, when he concluded to cut short a prosperous career and enter upon a higher field of labor. He therefore entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Baltimore, where in June, 1884, he obtained the degree of bachelor in sacred theology, and in the following year the decree of licentiate. He was ordained in December of last year, and at once appointed to St. John's, serving there, under the guidance of the venerated Rev. B. J. McManus, until recently appointed to take Bishop Curtis' place at the Cathedral.

PETER PENCE.—On a recent occasion, the Holy Father received in private audience the Rector of the North American College, who presented 12,099,85 lire Peter Pence from the diocese of Manchester, N. H., 16,314,37 lire from the diocese of Buffalo, N. Y., and £237,12s. 1d. from the diocese of Kansas City, all in the United States. His Holiness, after numerous affectionate inquiries relative to these dioceses, was pleased to express his appreciation of, and gratitude for this renewed testimony of the filial and devoted affections of his children of the New World, and charged Dr. O'Connell to convey to the Bishops of the three Sees above named, his sincere thanks, and his heartfelt apostolic benediction for themselves, their clergy, and the faithful under their pastoral charge. The Rector likewise laid at the feet of the Pope, in the name of Mr. C. Webster, publisher of the work, a handsomely bound copy, in two volumes, of the "Memoirs of General Grant," which the Holy Father examined with considerable interest, and asked who was the person represented in the portrait of volume I.; but on opening volume II. exclaimed: "This

is the portrait of the General as I remember him when he was in Rome and paid me a visit," and desired the Rector to thank, in his name, the donor of the work, to whom he further sent a special blessing. Finally, Dr. O'Connell introduced to his Holiness, by permission of the latter, three young American Catholics, one from the diocese of Newark, N. J., and two from that of Baltimore, Md., one of whom is a ward of Cardinal Gibbons, the Pope saying to the last-named: "You are no doubt greatly attached to your guardian," and spoke in affectionate terms of the Cardinal; and went on to give paternal counsel and good advice to the entire party.

Justin McCarthy's Last Sayings.

We will obtain home rule as sure as the sun will rise to-morrow, and, I venture to predict, will obtain it in less than three years. We may get it from the Tories, but we would much rather get it from Gladstone. But we must act for Ireland alone, and we will take home rule from any government, but nothing short of home rule. We will take it from Randolph Churchill and the Tories if necessary, but we will give them in return no manner of thanks whatever. The honor will belong not to the men who technically carried the movement through, but to those who struggled and worked for it in its infancy; and when it is accomplished the first monument reared to its glory will bear the names of William Ewart Gladstone and Charles Stewart Parnell.

REV. JOHN CARROLL, of Chicago, Ill., who is ninety years of age, and who was ordained by his uncle in 1820, at Halifax, N. S., where he was born, was the guest recently of Rev. John S. Foley, of Baltimore, Md.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER, of Cincinnati, has proclaimed a crusade against the shameful abuse of profane language. He seeks to enlist all the Catholic boys and girls of his diocese in this holy warfare. He urges them to offer daily acts of reparation, and to pledge themselves against ever imitating the bad example of those who outrage God's holy name, and invoke evil on themselves and other creatures. The habit which Archbishop Elder so vigorously condemns is, unfortunately, only too rife in this country. One can scarcely move in our large centres of population without being shocked by blasphemous words. Our youth could not be invited to engage in a more noble cause than that in the promotion of which Archbishop Elder desires to excite the interest of the little ones of Cincinnati.

SEVENTY-SEVEN.—The grand old man reached his seventy-seventh year on the 29th of December. Mr. Gladstone wrote as follows to the chairman of a banquet given at Chester, in honor of Mr. Gladstone's birthday: "The strain of the last year has been considerable, but never, during my half century of labor, have I more clearly seen that I was at work in behalf of my countrymen in all parts of the three kingdoms, and in behalf of the true union, and greatness of the empire, which, in this year of her majesty's jubilee, we ought to cherish more warmly and loyally than ever. In this conviction the recent progress of events confirms me daily."

SISTER MATHILDA, of St. Francis' Hospital, La Crosse, Wis., was among those who took part in the recent examination of the State Board of Pharmacy, held in that city. She maintained a general average of 95 per cent., the highest that has ever been maintained by a candidate since the board began to hold examinations.

REV. DR. O'REILLY has sent to the Treasurer of the Irish National League in Dublin five thousand pounds. This makes $40,000 transmitted by Treasurer O'Reilly since the Chicago Convention.

A VETERAN. — The President's approval of the act providing for the retirement of Vice-Admiral Rowan and Rear-Admiral Worden on the full pay of their grades, instead of on the usual three-fourths pay, completes a note-worthy measure of special honor and emolument. The Vice-Admiral, who was born in Ireland, is almost an octogenarian, and had served in the navy just sixty years last February. The statutes exempt the Admiral and the Vice-Admiral from the usual retirement for age at 62, or he would have been retired long ago. The present special act of granting him full pay may serve as at once a birthday and a Christmas gift, for he was born, we believe, on Christmas Day, 1808. Rear-

Admiral Worden, who is in his seventieth year, is also excepted from the usual retirement through having received by name a vote of thanks from Congress for his distinguished services in the *Monitor*, which, as a lieutenant, he commanded during her famous battle with the *Merrimac*. In that encounter he was terribly, and almost fatally injured. His name will be associated forever with an inestimably important victory.

A New Order.

FR. KENELIN VAUGHAN, one of the five priest brothers of Bishop Vaughan, of Salford, England, is about to found a new order, whose object will be to promote throughout the whole world a public manifestation of penance as amends for the terrible apostacies of nations and persons, with the view of satisfying divine justice, of averting the arm of God's anger, and propitiating for the world his divine mercy and pardon. As a means of accomplishing this end, he proposes to establish a society of priests who will live in the sanctuary and expiate by perpetual adoration and penitential work the sins of men, and especially those immediately directed against His divine presence in the Holy Sacrament. This proposal has found favor with the Bishops of the Old and New World, and of the Holy Father; and as London is the centre of the apostacy of modern days, it will be the centre of this movement.

A Lucky Irishman.

THE English Board of Admiralty have awarded Mr. Louis Brennan, a native of Castlebar, County Mayo, the sum of £100,000, for his invention of a torpedo. The *Irish Times* London correspondent writes of it as follows: "The Brennan Torpedo has, at last, been definitely approved of by the authorities. Experiments with this formidable weapon have been made at Sheerness for two years; and the exhaustive trials made have established the value of its invention. The torpedo is worked by two thin wires wound by a stationary engine ashore. It can be steered with perfect accuracy for two thousand yards, by night or by day, in rough or smooth water. It weighs nearly a ton, and is thus able to carry an unusually large explosive charge. Its speed is twenty knots, and although the experiments at Sheerness have all been made at the Garrison Point Fort, it is believed that the torpedo may be easily controlled by the engineers of a man-of-war."

CATHOLICITY IN GERMANY.—An eminent German-Catholic writer, Dr. Majunke, who was formerly editor of the *Germania*, has published a history of the Kulturkampf. After dwelling upon the incidents of the long struggle, out of which the faithful Catholics of the fatherland have at length emerged victorious, the author formulates the demands of the Catholic party of to-day. These are, principally, the constitutional guarantee of their religious rights, the exercise of a proportional influence in matters concerning education, and the repeal of the laws of expulsion against the religious Orders. In addition to these essential points, they claim, he says, the restoration to Catholic worship of the churches at present used by the old Catholics, the suppression of the legal penalties relative to public excommunication, the removal of the restrictions placed upon religious worship, the suppression of parish priests nominated by the State, etc. The present cordial disposition of the Emperor and Prince Bismarck towards the Holy See justifies the hope that these grievances, or at least the greater portion of them, will be removed without much difficulty.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.—The readers of our advertising pages in the January and present issue, will have seen that the enterprising publisher of the *Catholic Review*, *Illustrated Catholic American*, etc., has issued a dollar weekly in connection with these publications. We refer to our advertising pages for a full account of the great advantages offered by the publisher, Mr. P. V. Hickey,—the enterprising publisher of Catholic literature for the million.

IRELAND is not the only country where the bailiff in his official round is not welcomed with open arms by his victims. In Birmingham the other day, two officers of the County Court were beaten, one of them within an inch of his life, while endeavoring to levy a distress warrant for the paltry sum of 7s 6d. The wounded officer is in the hospital, suffering from fracture of the skull. He was beaten in the presence of a crowd of two or three hundred persons, who rendered him no protection whatever.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Frank A. Fasy, Philadelphia, Pa.

A MEMOIR OF FATHER FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN, S. J. That great and good son of St. Ignatius Loyola, who lived and labored for more than thirty-one years at old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. "*Delectus Deo et hominibus.*" By Eleanor C. Donnelly, with an introduction by Rev. Ignatius F Hortsmann, D.D., chancellor of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia.

This charming book is published for the benefit of old St. Joseph's Church, Philadelphia. Making a volume of 468 pages. The author is not only a good poet, but an excellent prose writer, as this book abundantly testifies. The price is $1.50. We shall notice the book more at length in a future issue.

Sampson, Murdock & Co., Boston.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY, 1887.

This is the fifty-second year of publication. The value of this publication can be seen by the length of time it has been published. It is a welcome annual visitor to the home as well as the counting-room. It is published by Sampson, Murdock & Co., 155 Franklin St., Boston.

Lynch, Cole & Meehan, New York.

THE IRISH-AMERICAN ALMANAC FOR 1887.

This is the thirteenth year of the publication of this almanac. It is issued from the office of the *Irish-American*, a paper that has done great service to the cause of Ireland. The contents are varied and interesting and cannot fail to interest the sons and daughters of the Gael. Our readers, by referring to our advertising pages, will find the table of contents. The price is only 25 cents.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Would That I Could Forget," words by H. B. Farnie, music by Felix Kestor. "Rest, Spirit, Rest," quartet by Borke. "Await My Soul," quartet by W. Horsley. "I'll Be All Smiles Tonight," words by M. J. Ludlow, music by Geo. Ponis. "White Wings," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by Ciro Pinsuti. "Angus MacDonald," words by F. E. Weatherby, music by J. L. Roeckll. "Sweethearts and Wives," words by N. G. Travers, music by E. J. Symons. "Guide us O'er Life's Troubled Sea," words by Frank N. Scott, music by C. A. White. "Sing Songs of Rejoicing," Christmas Carol, words by Geo. Russell, Jackson, music by E. H. Bailey.

Instrumental: "Second Gavotte," by B. Godard. "Morning Dew," by W. Pfeiffer. "Don Cesar," Potpourri, by C. D. Blake. "The Water-Sprite," by G. Lange. "Sweetheart Waltz," by Strauss, arranged for Violin and Piano. "Twilight," by Carl Bohm. "The Calm Sea," by W. Smallwood. "Birds of Armenon," by G. Bachmann. "Canzonetta," by V. Hollaender. "Golden Sunset," by F. C. Turner. "Sylphes," Caprice Valse, by G. Bachmann. "Valse Caprice," by T. P. Ryder. "Grande Valse Brilliante," by Schulhoff. "Hunter's Return," Grand March, by A. W. Holt. "In the May," by F. Behr. "Aspiration," Melodie, by Sidney Smith.

Books: "Strewing Flowers," Waltzes, by E. H. Bailey, arranged for Orchestra. "Czerny's 30 New Mechanical Studies." Books 4 and 6, "Haydn's 5th Mass in C," with Latin and English text. "The Folio," for January, 1887. All the above published by Messrs White, Smith & Co., in their very best style.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

A NEW work by Prof. Stokes, of Dublin, entitled "Ireland and the Celtic Church," will soon be issued. It describes, from original authority, the origin and introduction of Celtic Christianity, the social life of St. Patrick's age, the invasion of the Danes, the doctrines, missions, and scholarship of the Irish monks, and traces the course of the events which led to the conquest by Strongbow and the Normans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE veteran publisher, Major P. M. Haverty, of New York, has outdone himself in the composition of his well-known Almanac for 1887. The familiar green cover, with the circular window looking out on Blarney Castle, is preserved. The contents are made notable by a number of Alfred Percival Graves's Irish ballads, including the very best of them, "Herring is King," "Father O'Flynn," etc. The Almanac is a treasure of Irish interest. Only 25 cents.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

FATHER ANTOINE JOURDAN, S. J., is dead, aged seventy-five. His death resulted from his falling down stairs at the Jesuit college in New Orleans and fracturing his thigh. Father Jourdan served six years in the French army in Algeria, and was a participant in many a combat with the fierce Arabs of the desert. Returning to Lyons, his native city, he devoted himself to classical studies, for which he had always shown himself exceedingly apt, and soon was made President of the Lyceum. He became a Jesuit in 1844, at the age of thirty-three, and three years later came to New Orleans with fourteen others to establish a Jesuit mission, of which he was the Superior for many years.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. G. Muller, S. J., the oldest missionary of the Bombay Vicariate. Born in Switzerland in 1812, he joined the Society of Jesus in January, 1834, and arrived in India on the 20th of August, 1855. The good father spent a laborious life in almost all the stations of the Bombay Presidency. From the year 1875 he was attached to St. Mary's College, Mazagon.

THE REV. PETER PAUL FITZPATRICK, S. J.—A holy priest, whose life was a constant struggle for the saving of souls, died on December 10, near the Feast of his Immaculate Patroness, whom he served zealously. He was one whose pure life and burning zeal made him effective in the work he loved — the saving of souls. This was the Rev. Peter Paul Fitzpatrick, S. J., of St. Ignatius' church, Baltimore, Md. He had been ill for the past two or three weeks, but the end came suddenly; he died of paralysis of the heart. He worked hard down to the very day he was taken ill. He visited the Carmel at Baltimore, Md., on the Feast of All Souls for the last time. He was then completely worn out, having just finished the last of three successive missions. While doing this he had attended to his regular parochial work. As an evidence of Father Fitzpatrick's unquenchable zeal, Father Smith, S. J., repeats his answer when the latter had hesitated before exhausting work at the last of the missions. "Some poor soul may be saved!" This cry, ever appealing to his heart, gave strength to him in the weakness of approaching death. He died at Loyola College, at the age of forty-seven years. He was born on June 29, 1839, and was baptized one month later by the Rev. William Matthews of Washington, D. C. The name originally intended for him had been from his father and maternal grandfather, "James Eugene." But the eccentric old priest who baptized him insisted in naming him for the Saints upon whose feast he was born, saying, "I baptize him Peter Paul, for a holy priest of God." And, strange to say, the thirty-third year of his birth saw him ordained a Jesuit Father. Bishop Gibbons, of Richmond, ordained him.

THE death is announced of Canon Serafin Balestra, ex-director of the deaf and dumb institute, Buenos Ayres. The deceased, who received medals and high distinctions from the proudest sovereigns and several of the highest scientific institutions of the world, died so poor that he did not leave sufficient funds to defray his funeral expenses.

REV. JOHN LALLY, of the Archdiocese of Boston, died at Baltimore, Md., on December 9, aged 26 years. He was a native of Boston, was an altar boy in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, graduated at Boston College in the class of 1881, and made his theological studies at the Grand Seminary, Montreal, Canada. He was ordained priest in the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, on December 20, 1884. He was appointed curate first at the Church of the Assumption, Brookline, and subsequently at St. Mary's Church, Waltham. In both places he won the esteem and affection of the people.

THE REV. THOMAS L. LYNCH, a friend of Catholic education in New England, died Dec. 1. Father Lynch was born in the town of Athlone, and came here while yet a babe, where his parents settled. Here in this parish, under the lamented Dr. Carmody and the never-to-be-forgotten

Father Peter Kelley, he served as an altar-boy. By them he was sent to Holy Cross College, and graduated with high honors. Then he entered the seminary at Montreal, and after a three years' course, he was ordained sixteen years ago on the eighteenth day of December. His services were required in many places. He was a curate under that ideal of the New England priesthood, Father Hart; he was afterward rector of the cathedral at Hartford, then at Westerley, and then at Danbury. From Danbury he came home to die. Such a life you may say was short. It was short, but it was long enough when God wills it so.

Father John A. McCullum, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on Dec. 31st, at the pastoral residence 41 Adelphi Street. The pastor took part in the services on Christmas. Only his intimate friends knew that he had been in failing health for two years past. Father McCullum was only 43 years old. He was born in the north of Ireland, but was brought to this country when a child by his parents.

The Rev. Patrick Malone, assistant pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in East 14th Street, New York City, died at New Britain, Conn., Dec. 20. The deceased was born in County Clare, Ireland, and was 48 years of age. He was ordained at Troy in 1872, and was sent to the Church of the Immaculate Conception.

The death is announced of the Rev. Charles J. Boylan, a member of Bishop de Goesbriand's council for a number of years and the most prominent priest in the diocese of Vermont. Father Boylan was born in Kilneleck, County Cavan, Ireland, about fifty-six years ago.

The death of Rev. James K. Berans, of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Taunton, Mass., evening of the 30th December, came like a shock upon the community. He officiated at Mass on Sunday the 19th, and very few knew of his subsequent sudden illness. Though a man of magnificent physique and apparent good health, he has for a few years past been subject to sudden and severe attacks of illness. In August, 1879, he was appointed pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart where he has labored ever since. His people held him in the highest regard and affection, and his death is deplored by the people of the city generally. He was buried with his family in Springfield.

Rev. John L. Madigan, of Potter County, Pa., diocese of Erie, died of pneumonia, Nov. 6, 1886. He was born in the city of Kilkenny, Ireland, about fifty-six years ago. He made his classical studies in St. Kieran's College, his native city. He felt a predilection for the American missions, and was adopted by Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, and pursued his ecclesiastical studies with credit in the seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West. When nearly ready for his ordination, Bishop Young, of that diocese, was consecrated for the new diocese of Erie, which was at that time almost one vast wilderness. He asked for some volunteer students. The young levite, whose death we here record, was the only one to respond. He went with the new bishop to Erie, and was ordained on the Feast of the Transfiguration, Aug. 6, 1886, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Erie. He was the first priest ordained by Bishop Young. He was immediately afterwards sent to the Mission of Newel Creek, where he said his first Mass with a fervor never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. For upwards of ten years his mission embraced the whole of McKean and Potter Counties. He bore with wonderful joyousness indescribable hardships. The new country had no good roads; many hilly parts were almost pathless. With his strong horse and faithful Newfoundland dog as companions, he never failed to make the regular rounds. He loved above all others the poor and afflicted of his flock, and frequently shared with them his scant apparel and frugal meal. After the death of Bishop Young he labored in various parts of the diocese. The last ten years of his life were spent in Potter County, where he built three churches, two of which are said to be gems of the kind. While constructing these temples for the master he loved so well, he deprived himself of the necessaries of life. His robust constitution succumbed. As a recompense for his self-denial, it would seem that he was favored with a presentiment of his death. Feeling ill, four days before his death, he left his house for that of the nearest priest's, Father Flood. His sickness was not thought serious. The end came so quietly and quickly that Father Flood had barely time to anoint him, when the soul of the zealous missionary went to receive its reward. His request was that he should be buried in

the secluded spot where he had said his first Mass. There, by the murmuring brook, on the shady hillside, where song of the wild-bird and chirp of the grasshopper are undisturbed, the devoted country people will visit the hallowed mound unretarded by summer's heat or winter's cold. Though those lips are clay and the pastor's voice is still, yet will he preach eloquently. The memory of his good works will serve as a spur to those who soon must, with him, sleep that dreamless sleep. The writer cannot, in a notice like this, do justice to the noble character of dear Father Madigan. He died, after thirty years on the mission, without so much as *one dollar*. The value of his horse went to defray his funeral expenses. His respected friends in Ireland are to be congratulated on having had such a priest in their family. May he rest in peace!

LAY PEOPLE.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT JOURNALIST. — From the Brooklyn, N. Y., *Examiner*, we learn of the death of James A. McMaster, the Nestor of Catholic journalism, on the morning of December 29th, at St. Mary's Hospital. He has been known for the past forty years as editor of the New York *Freeman's Journal*, and was always an uncompromising defender of the Catholic faith. Mr. McMaster was born in 1819, in the upper part of York State, his father, the late Rev. Gilbert McMaster, being a noted Scotch Presbyterian minister of the time, who traced his ancestry back to the stern Covenanter, Claverhouse. Brought up in the iron tenets of his father's creed, Mr. McMaster was sent to Union College, where, under the Presidency of the celebrated Eliphalet Knott, he made his studies, but did not graduate. After leaving the college his active mind turned much to controversial research, and, becoming dissatisfied with his old creed, he was received into the Catholic Church about forty-six years ago, and wished to study for the priesthood. For that purpose he joined the Redemptorist Order, but found after a year or so that his vocation did not lie in that direction, and left to re-enter the world again, and became a journalist. The New York *Catholic Register* was commenced in 1839, and the *Freeman's Journal* in 1840. Both were combined in January, 1841, under a united title and editorial control of the late James W. White. He was succeeded by Eugene Casserly, afterward United States Senator from California and son of the famous classical schoolmaster of old New York, Patrick Sarsfield Casserly. In 1842 the paper came into the hands of Bishop Hughes, who, in 1847, sold it to Mr. McMaster, and he has been its editor and proprietor ever since. He invested its columns with the vigor and fire of his own individuality, and, when in his prime, and before the era of telegraphs and other modern accessories of journalism, it was one of the influences and features of metropolitan life, and the recognized official organ of Catholicity in America. Mr. McMaster was always an Ultramontane of Ultramontanes, and has often been called the Louis Veuillot of American journalism. In personal temperament and his literary style he very much resembled Carlyle, and few could equal the variety or penetration of his invective when he chose to hurl it at the unfortunate object of his ire. He ranked high as a theologian, but was utterly lacking in all the lighter qualities that go to make up the versatility of the modern journalist, and hence his bent would probably have had more scope in a review or pamphlet than in the editor's chair. In American politics Mr. McMaster was an uncompromising Democrat and strict constructionist of the Constitution. He was a follower of Douglas in the stormy time before the rebellion, and on the death of the "little giant" drifted, with the opening of the war, into a fierce State rights advocate. In this course he came into conflict with the Administration. The *Freeman* was suppressed by Secretary Seward in 1862, and Mr. McMaster was locked up in Fort Lafayette, where he remained for some time. On his release he resumed his editorial chair, which he has held uninterruptedly ever since. He married early in his career, but his wife has been dead some years. He has four children living, three of whom are in religion, one a Sister in a Philadelphia convent, and two are Carmelite nuns in Baltimore; the fourth, a son, about twenty-two years of age, is engaged in the *Freeman* office. Mr. McMaster has been a resident of Brooklyn, N. Y., for several years, living near his great friend, Major J. D. Keiley, on Clermont Avenue. He had associated with him in the editorial management of the *Freeman's Journal* another Brooklynite, Mr. Maurice F. Egan, who has, in fact, been its conductor for several years, since

Mr. McMaster's health began to fail, and who in all probability will now succeed to the control of the paper.

MR. JAMES HEARN, the Broadway clothier, died at his home on E Street, South Boston, on Saturday morning, December 18. He was a native of the County Waterford, Ireland, and came to America when quite young. He was about fifty-six years old, and leaves two daughters and a son. He was twice married. His first wife was Miss McConville. His second was a daughter of the late Terrence McHugh. He was highly esteemed in the community and one of the pioneers of the district.

JOHN O'FARRELL, a venerable man, and the respected father of the Right Rev. Bishop of Trenton, died in Limerick, Ireland, recently, of old age, being past eighty years.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. James Burke, which took place on December 1st, at his residence, 76 Leinster-road, Rathmines, Dublin. Mr. Burke, who was in his sixty-eighth year, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in due course, and was afterwards called to the English and Irish Bars. He was closely associated with O'Connell in the Repeal Movement, and devoted himself to the cause which he espoused with characteristic energy. He was, however, best known to his fellow-Catholics through his literary work. Besides being the author of the well-known *Abridgment of Lingard*, he was for many years editor of the *Lamp*, and a regular contributor to the Catholic press. R. I. P.

WE regret to hear of the death of Mr. George Crompton. The melancholy event took place on Wednesday morning, Dec. 29, at his residence in Worcester, Mass., where he carried on extensive business. Mr. Crompton was a native of Lancashire, Eng., and was born in 1829. He leaves a widow and nine children — six daughters and three sons. Several months ago he was attacked with pleurisy, and as the result of an exposure to cold, Bright's disease set in, which terminated fatally. Mr. Crompton's family are devout Catholics, and a few days before his death he was baptized by Bishop O'Reilly, and received all the sacraments of the church before his death. The funeral took place from St. John's Church on the 1st of January, and was largely attended. Fully 1,500 persons were in the church, and about 2,000 were unable to gain admittance and waited in the street. Mass was offered by Father Griffin, and Right Rev. P. T. O'Reilly eulogized the life of the deceased. He spoke feelingly of his personal relations with him, and of his final conversion to the Catholic faith. The pall-bearers were Hon. W. W. Rice, Hon. P. L. Moen, Hon. John D. Washburn, Hon. T. L. Nelson, Messrs. William H. Jourdan, Horace Wyman, Charles A. Chase, and Stephen Sallsbury. The body was placed in the tomb at Rural Cemetery. We deeply sympathize with the family in their afflictions.

BERNARD KELLY, member of Parliament for South Donegal, died suddenly, while visiting his constituents, on Jan. 1.

DEATH OF A CELEBRATED VIOLINIST.— Mr. John Kelley, celebrated for over half a century as a violinist, died on the 3d inst. in Victoria, Texas, where he had been residing for some time accompanied by his wife. The career of the dead musician has been a long and varied one. A native of Ireland, he came to America over fifty years ago, and at once became prominent as a violinist. In 1844 he accompanied the celebrated Ole Bull on his first American tour, and appeared with that distinguished artist in all the principal cities of the United States. He was among the early emigrants to California, and for many years spent the greater part of his time in that State. His masterly skill on the violin, together with his genial disposition, soon won for him a host of friends among people of the Pacific coast, and there are many aged California pioneers still alive who, during the early settlement of that now giant commonwealth, found in the magic of his wizard bow a solace for the longing for distant homes and absent loved ones. With the enthusiasm and generosity of his Celtic origin no man was so humble as to fail to enlist his sympathy, and the gains of his professional career, always large, were scattered with a lavish hand in aid of the poor and unfortunate. Besides his sorrowing wife, Mr. Kelley leaves three children by a former marriage, two of whom are residents of California.

MESSRS. FEELEY & Co., gold and silver smiths, church ornaments and medals, Providence, R. I., have issued one of the prettiest calendars of the season. We presume that any one wanting the calendar will be supplied by writing as above.

IN Italy the nuns are persecuted; in Germany they are the recipients of favors from the highest personages of the realm. The Sisters of St. Catherine, in the diocese of Ermeland, had the pleasure on the feast of their holy patron to receive through their bishop, from the Empress Augusta, a precious gift, consisting of a magnificent crucifix, accompanied by a letter full of tender sympathy.

More Money For Ireland.

Irish-American: A call to arms on behalf of Home Rule for Ireland has once more been made by the Irish Parliamentary Fund Association, better known as the Hoffman House Committee, which last year raised $150,000 within a few months. The call was issued by Judge Edward Browne, the secretary, and the meeting was held on Wednesday afternoon at No. 20 Nassau Street. Judge Browne presided, and among the other members present were Gen. James R. O'Beirne, J. P. Farrell, Commissioner James S. Coleman, R. M. Walters, and Morgan J. O'Brien. It was stated that there was still a balance of last winter's fund of $50,000, which will be sent to Ireland on the first urgent call. The question was discussed as to the advisability of renewing the public meetings, and it was decided to begin by having one on January 17.

A SUCCESSOR to Dr. McGlynn has been appointed.

HENRY LABOUCHERE is not far out in saying that the Irish tenants are simply repeating in Ireland the tactics of the English trades-unionists, which Parliament has legalized by statute. The trades-unions combine for higher wages for their work. The Irish tenants combine for a larger share of the profits of their toil, in the shape of more reasonable rents. Essentially it is the same thing, and in the end the Irish tenant, like the English artisan, will carry the day. It is the landlords who will finally be coerced, as they ought to be. A worse set of horse-leeches never sucked out the vitality of a people.

IRELAND is gaining steadily on the road to Home Rule.

MR. POWDERLY has issued a circular to the Knights of Labor in which he condemns the Anarchists, and commands that no subscriptions for their benefit be collected in the ranks of labor, and states that all moneys subscribed for them must be immediately refunded to the contributors. Mr. Powderly is right; labor has no sympathy with anarchy.

AS the Yankees have always beaten the crack English yachts sent here to contest for the American cup, a Scotchman, backed by a syndicate, is building on the Clyde a yacht which, he thinks, will outstrip both the Yankee and the Briton, and secure the laurels for "The Land o' Cakes." We like his pluck, but know that since the days of Paul Jones no Scot or Briton ever outsailed a Yankee skipper, and feel confident that they cannot do it now. They will be welcomed, however, to the contest, as the race is free to all, and none more so than the Scotch cutter *Thistle*.

THE war-cloud in Europe looks threatening.

ADDRESSING a temperance meeting at Blackburn, England, the Bishop of Salford said the moral condition of English society, both with respect to divorce and impurity, dishonesty and intemperance, was far lower than was generally supposed.

WE regret to state that Rev. Dr. McGlynn has decided *not* to go to Rome. Sorry!

ACCORDING to a correspondent of the *Temps* (French paper), the Pope, in a recent communication to some of the Catholic powers, lays stress on the great difficulties which exist and increase every day between the Church and the Italian government, and adds that "events have shown the impossibility of upholding the Supreme Pontiff at Rome by the side of another sovereign."

Organ Dedication.

A MAGNIFICENT organ has just been built by Messrs. Cole & Woodberry Bros., of this city, for the Church of the Holy Family, Rockland, Mass., of which Rev. John D. Tierney is pastor. The instrument was formally dedicated on the evening of Dec. 23, by Mr. J. Frank Donahoe, organist of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, assisted by Miss Nellie T. Nolan, organist

of the church, Mrs. Fobert, soprano, Mr. Chubbuck, tenor, of Whitman, and Mr. J. J. McCluskey, basso of the Cathedral. A varied and interesting programme was presented, thoroughly displaying the capabilities of the organ, which is a credit to its builders, both for fine and powerful tune and thoroughness of construction.

MR. GLADSTONE in a dispatch to a liberal meeting on the 9th of January, said: "Irish affairs are all moving in the right direction."

QUEEN VICTORIA will be 68 on the 24th of May next, and will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her accession to the throne on the 20th of June. Anglomaniacs will please prepare to 'owl themselves 'oarse, says the *Boston Daily Globe.*

THIRTY-THREE thousand dollars was realized from a fair, recently held in St. Stephen's parish, Boston. Father Moran has an excellent school for girls in his parish. Now the boys are going to have one. The North End Catholics cannot be beaten.

FIRST COLONY OF ITALIAN SISTERS.—We learn that the first colony of Italian Sisters to settle in this country have reached Philadelphia. We hope others will follow. A contemporary observes that "the Italians are the only clergy in the world who have not followed their people into their foreign settlements."

IN 1310, the bakers of Dublin were drawn on hurdles at horses' tails through the streets, as a punishment for using false weights, and other evil purposes. This happened in a year of great scarcity, when a cronage of wheat sold for twenty shillings and upwards.

THE smallest book in the world is in the possession of the Earl of Dufferin. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs, and it is said to be only half the size of a postage stamp.

"STRANGER THAN FICTION."—A writ of entry was brought to recover certain real estate in the possession of Sarah A. Burns in South Boston. It appears that Augustus F. Lang, in whose name suit is brought by his guardian, conveyed the premises some time ago to certain persons, who, for value, conveyed to the defendant. The suit was brought to recover the premises on the ground that Lang, when he made his deed, was insane, and that he was therefore incapable of making a valid conveyance. The case, after being on trial in the Superior Court for several days, has resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff.

As the defendant took the deed after having the title looked up at the registry, where there appeared to be nothing wrong, and there was no intimation that Lang was insane, the rather important question arises, When is a purchaser of real estate safe, if he cannot depend upon the registry and upon the examination made by his conveyancer? The reply is simple: The Massachusetts Title Insurance Company issue a policy, which furnishes the buyer absolute guarantee, and he thereby avoids all risks.

The Boston Office is at 23 Milk Street.

"THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES" heretofore published and edited by Rev. A. A. Lambing, has been transferred to Martin I. J. Griffin, and will hereafter be published and edited by that gentleman.

ATTENTION!—Some of our subscribers are finding fault with us because their MAGAZINES are not stopped when they return them to us. When we get a MAGAZINE back, we cannot tell by the name on it what city or town it came from. Parties returning to us MAGAZINES which they wish stopped, should put the name of the town they live in on it, so that we can cancel them from the book. Copies are received by us weekly that we cannot find where they come from, consequently we cannot discontinue them.

THE statement of the Paris *Univers* regarding the baptism of young Manlio Garibaldi has been contradicted by his mother, who, in a letter to the *Gazetta di Torino*, denies the report, and declares that the baptism neither has taken place nor ever will take place, as "the traditions of the family must be respected, and the will of the father in this matter must also be decisive for the future."

USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

A HEALTHY DIET.—The custom is becoming common in the towns and villages, at hotels as well as private houses, to have for breakfast oatmeal, wheaten grits, or other cereals, with Graham "gems," and fruit, so that the traveller or guest may choose between such diet and the usual meat and hot-cake food, that our farming communities must fall into the habit sooner or later, and give their children at least a chance to work out their own salvation. How much clearer is their head, how much less craving the appetite for drinks and stimulants, how more under subjection their temper, and how more healthful their whole system, when the food is mainly of an unexciting nature, and how soon the taste is formed to enjoy, and to cease to crave after the flesh-pots which have heretofore yielded their more noxious supports. There are many farmers and their wives who are considering these things, but hesitate about differing from their neighbors, or are, as is too common in this country, afraid of their children; but let them once more try a change, and have their morning and evening meals consist of grains and fruit, with well-baked bread and not always fresh and hot, and such vegetables as they desire, and milk for the children, water and tea for coffee, and see if, after a sufficient length of time to produce effects, there is not more health, peace, and contentment in the household, and a consciousness that the way is not being prepared for subsequent violence and breaches of God's and man's laws occasioned by gross appetites and indulgences.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE.—This is one of the most valuable articles in a family, and when it has once obtained a foothold in a house it is really a necessity, and could ill be dispensed with. Its medicinal qualities are very numerous; for burns it is a quick application and gives immediate relief; for blisters on the hands it is of priceless value, searing down the skin and preventing soreness; for corns on the toes it is useful, and good for rheumatism and sore throats; and it is the quickest remedy for convulsions or fits. Then it is a sure preventive against moths: by just dropping a trifle in the bottom of drawers, chests, and cupboards, it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and storerooms by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves; it is sure destruction to bed-bugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts if thoroughly applied to the joints of the bedstead in the spring-cleaning time, and injures neither furniture nor clothing. Its pungent odor is retained for a long time, and no family ought to be entirely out of a supply at any time of the year.—*Scientific American.*

HOW TO JUDGE CANNED GOODS.—A hint about tinned goods, meat especially. Note, when about to purchase, the condition of the tin; if bulged outwards, don't have it, even as a gift! We will explain the process of canning, to give weight to our warning. The meat is packed in tins while raw, then sealed, and cooked in an outer vessel of boiling water, with sometimes the addition of a chemical to raise the temperature. When cooked, the can is pierced, and as soon as the air and steam have been expelled it is soldered. Experts know when it is ready for soldering; a moment too soon and the mischief is done, because if air is left in, the tin bulges, and the meat will not be good. On the contrary, if the tin has sunk, it is an infallible sign of goodness; it proves a vacuum, which is natural, as the meat shrinks when no air is left in the tin. Some may say, what matter if air be left in the tin? Simply this: nitrogen, an element of air, imparts to bodies with which it comes in contact a tendency to change and decay. Often, on opening a tin of preserved goods, people are heard to say, "the air is escaping," instead of which the slight hissing sound is the result of the air rushing in, another proof that there was a vacuum. Well, we go so far as to say that, assuming the outward sign of goodness referred to, a label bearing the name of a good importer, and also a reliable vender of the article, whether meat, fish, milk, soup, or vegetable, the chances are a million to one against any one being injured, much less poisoned, by tinned goods. Another caution, though: always look out for any little globules of solder that sometimes find their way inside the tin; and take care, specially in the case of salmon and lobster, to empty the contents, into an earthenware vessel.

The Humorist.

JUDGE: "Have you anything to say before the judge passes sentence upon you?" *Prisoner:* "Well, all I got to say is, I hope your Honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

JOSH BILLINGS' GUIDE TO HEALTH.—Never run into det, not if yu can find enny thing else to run into. Marry yung, and if yu make a hit, keep cool, and don't brag about it. Be kind to yure mother-in-law, and if necessary, pay for her board at sum good hotel. Bathe thoroly once a week in softe water and kasteel sope, and avoid tite boots. Exercise in the open air, but don't saw wood until you are obliged to. Laff every time you feel tickled, and laff once in a while enny how.

"THEM biled potatoes," said the tramp, "was a little bit soggy."—"It's not often ye get as good a dinner as that, I'll warrant ye," declared the woman.—"Not at this season of the year," the tramp asserted, "but in winter I get all I want to eat, and it don't cost me a cent."—"What do you eat?"—"Snowballs; they're a heap better'n soggy potatoes."—"I should think they'd make your mouth water," said the woman, slamming the door.

BOTH WENT BACK.—Several years ago, there lived in Dardanelle, Arkansas, an eccentric hotel-keeper known as—well, say Uncle John. He was violently opposed to the title of governor, declaring that he once knew of a gang of thieves whose password was governor; and on many occasions guests who thoughtlessly gave him the title were driven from the house. Commercial travellers "put up" at this hotel. Those who were acquainted with his peculiarities took great delight in assuring drummers who had never before visited the town that by calling the old man governor special attention would be paid. One day Harry Collins, a young drummer for a New York house, decided to visit Dardanelle. "By all means stop with Uncle John Pash," said a companion; "he is the best feeder in the country, and—say, call him governor, and he will nearly kill himself waiting on you." When Collins arrived he was received with a welcome that was delightful to contemplate, and during the course of affable conversation Collins remarked, "By the way, governor, how are—" The old fellow became furious. He had been teased several times that day, and he knew that the title was intended to be an insult. The drummer became angry, and swore that he would not stand such abuse. "Come out here," said the old man. Collins followed, and was conducted to the bank of the river, not far away. "Now," exclaimed the old man, drawing a revolver, "we'll settle this thing! Two of us came down here; only one of us will go back." The drummer took out a pistol half as long as his arm, and remarked, "I'm going back." "Well," said the old man, returning his own pistol, and eyeing the one held by Collins, "I reckon that under the circumstances we'd both better go back."

AT a recent banquet, the Earl of Carnarvon said that "in these days, clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a Jeremy Taylor." The next day a newspaper reported him to have said, "In these days, clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor."

Major B.—"Yes, Mrs. Thompson, I had a sad disappointment in love. The lady jilted me. She is dead now. I forgive her." *Mrs. T.*—"Ah, Major, I sympathize with you." *Major B.*—"Were you also disappointed in love, Mrs. Thompson?" *Mrs. T.*—"Yes, indeed" *Major B.*—"And the cruel man—I hope he was punished. What became of him?" *Mrs. T.*—"I married him."

"DEBT," remarks Josh Billings, "is a trap which a man sets and baits himself, and then deliberately gets into."

Counsel (to witness): "The previous witness swore that when found he was breathing like a porpoise." *Witness:* "I dunno 'bout dat, sah." *Counsel:* "You were present?" *Witness:* "Yes, sah." *Counsel:* "You examined him carefully?" *Witness:* "Yes, sah. I 'zamined him keerfully." *Counsel:* "And yet you will not say that he was breathing like a porpoise?" *Witness:* "No, sah." *Counsel:* "Will you state to the court why?" *Witness:* "'Cos I nebber heard a po'poise breave, sah."

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Where was St. Patrick Born?

A SAYING which has passed into a proverb, "that the unexpected generally happens," is illustrated from a statement in the "Book of Armagh" concerning St. Patrick. The writer of that venerable book, in the ninth century, traced a likeness to Moses in the apostle of Ireland, by reason of his angelic communications, his fast for full forty days and nights, his long life of a hundred and twenty years, and his burial in an unknown grave. His burial-place is known, however, whilst his birthplace, which was probably known to the writer in the "Book of Armagh," is at present anything but generally agreed up. Yet in this age of ours, when so much has been discovered with the progress of science and scientific criticism, it is surely time to ask yet once again, Where was St. Patrick born? And if we cannot with certainty point to the country of his birth, though we hope so to do, we shall at all events show that the last word has not been said on the subject, and that further inquiry is still necessary.

When we take into account the filial reverence with which every step of the Irish apostle has been traced by his loving followers, it is strange that any doubt should exist as to his birthplace. Whilst he yet lived several Lives of him are said to have been drawn up; so that it looks like the irony of fate, that although four of these Lives are attributed to his four nephews,* the locality of his very birthplace is still a moot question. Not to speak of the many learned Lives and notices of the saint that have appeared in modern times, no fewer than sixty-six Lives had been written by the twelfth century. These sixty-six Lives have been substantially embodied into seven; and on these seven is founded most of what has been written since the twelfth century.

* "Trias Thaum." Scholium, Hymn of Fiacc.

It may not be uninteresting to the general reader to state that several places have laid claim to the honor of being St. Patrick's birthplace. A Gallic origin has been claimed for him; also an Irish origin; a claim has been set up for Rosnat Valley and Pepediac in South Wales; also for Cornwall; and lastly, for Scotland, by a far more considerable number of writers. Before the close of this article we shall have occasion to bring forward a seventh place, whose claims we have not yet seen advocated; and in doing so we are actuated by no national or polemical prejudices.

The settlement of the point is of no small moment to the many millions of devoted children of St. Patrick throughout the world, and not uninteresting to those Catholics everywhere who feel interested in all that concerns one who, singly and personally, left a more enduring record than any other saint, perhaps, since the days of the Apostles.

The learned editor of a work which heads this article intimates that the claim to the honor of being St. Patrick's birthplace may be confined to two places — Boulogne in France, and Killpatrick in Scotland. The learned Jesuit refers those who wish to see the claims of France advocated to Dr. Lanigan and Mr. Cashel Hoey, while for the claims of Scotland he refers to Dr. Moran; and he adds that the evidence, it appeared to him, was in favor of Scotland.* Accordingly, I shall chiefly confine my remarks to these claimants.

Most of what has been written on the point is grounded on a few words found in all the Lives of St. Patrick, with some slight variations. These words describe his birthplace as "*Nemthur, Bonnaven Taberniæ, Nentria*"; one party connects Nentria with France, the other with Scotland. The learned Dr. Lanigan and his followers maintain that the words mean that he was born in "Boulogne, in the district of Tarabauna, the modern Terouanne, in the province of Neustria." Now in changing *Bonnaven* into Boulogne, *Taberniæ* into Tarabauna, and *Nentria* into Neustria, Dr. Lanigan offers a violence to language which cannot well be allowed. Moreover, it is stated in the Patrician documents (p. 24) that St. Patrick, after escaping from captivity to his home in order to go to Italy, had to cross the British Sea. I need not say that if he had been in France, he need not have crossed British waters. Again, we read among the sayings of St. Patrick, that he "entertained a fear of God as a guide in his journeys through France, Italy, even in the islands of the Tuscan Sea." Here we see that France and Italy have been viewed in the same strange light by him. The same idea is expressed in the gleanings (Collectanea) of Tirechan. He says that St. Patrick spent seven years in journeying by land and sea over champaign countries and mountains and valleys through France and Italy. It is stated in all the Lives and by their scholiasts that St. Patrick was a Briton. He himself makes the same statement in his "Confession." "After a few years," he says, "I was again in Britain with my parents" † (*in Britanniis eram cum parentibus meis*). And subsequently he confesses to a

* "Documenta," p. 21, n. c., "Killpatrick, prope Dunbarton in Scotia, ut videtur."

† Though "parentes" could in other contexts mean near relatives, here the word is translated by parents, the more so as St. Patrick is spoken of as a son. Besides, Jocelin says, "*paternis laribus constitutus*," ch. xv.

great anxiety to go to Britain as unto his parents, and not only thither, but as far as Gaul to visit his spiritual brethren. All this and much more that might be quoted establishes beyond doubt that France was not the birthplace of St. Patrick. Dr. Lanigan and his supporters may, indeed, say that Boulogne is situated in Britanny, and that this is a proper translation of the word "Britanniis." But it cannot be denied that Britanny or Little Britain was not applied to any part of France, at least the northern part, for a hundred years subsequent to the death of St. Patrick.

Having briefly disposed of the claims of France to the birthplace of St. Patrick, we have to consider the only rival claim that has been championed in later years. The bishop of Ossory has been justly considered the great advocate of this theory. He does not fail to advance everything that can be said in its favor, with the clearness, fulness, and tact peculiarly his own; and if his theory does not recommend itself to us, it is not from lack of able advocacy, but from its intrinsic weakness. The learned bishop, before working up his argument, lays down the grounds of his proofs. This he does with great ability. He ranges his argument under twelve heads; and, as his proofs appear to have been marshalled so as to give each other mutual support, I have no objection briefly to meet them in the order in which they are presented.

1. His first witness is Marianus Scotus. He says very justly that the name of Marianus enjoys the hi_hest reputation as a chronicler, and that he states St. Patrick to have been a Briton. We agree with Marianus, although not for the reason assigned by Dr. Moran, viz.: "that the various entries in his Chronicle which have reference to Ireland are all found to bear with them the impress of indisputable authority;" for we know that he maintained that St. Boniface was an Irishman, and we have good reason for thinking that Marianus was mistaken. Yet we admit his statement in regard to the nationality of St. Patrick; but he only says that he was a Briton.

2. The bishop's second proof is taken from a statement in the "Confession" to the effect that St. Patrick was a Briton. This would tell against France, but not in favor of Scotland.

3. The third proof is that manuscripts of the tenth century state that St. Patrick was born in Nemthur, and that the scholiasts on this passage explain it by Alclyde.

The identification of Nemthur with Alclyde in Scotland by a nameless scholiast may be admitted. The scholium appears on a hymn attributed to St. Fiacc, who died in the beginning of the sixth century. But what is the authority of the scholiast? Who was he? Let us judge of him by the other scholia. He says that St. Patrick "had as brother Sannan, and five sisters, Lupita, Tigris, Liemania, Darerca, and Cinneneve; that all having gone on business to Armoric Gaul, their mother being a near relative of St. Martin of Tours, seven sons of Facthmaide having been banished by the Britons, made a descent on Gaul, killed the parents of St. Patrick, and carried Lupita and Patrick captives to Ireland" ("Trias Thaum.," app. 5, ch. iv., p .225). Now let us read the gloss of the scholiast on the Book of Hymns: "Ocmius was his mother, and the mother of his five sisters, namely, Lupita, Tigris, Darerca,

Liemania, and Cinneneve ; his brother was Sannan. They all went from the Britons of Alclyde." Then the story of the above scholiast is repeated — the visit from Alclyde to the friends in France, the connection with them through St. Martin, the descent on the Gaulish coast by the British princes, and the captivity of St. Patrick and that of his sister in Ireland. All that concerns us at present is the identification of Alclyde with Nemthur. But the whole story is substantially open to objection. First, St. Evin, one of the oldest biographers of the Saint, and Jocelin state that St. Patrick had only three sisters, not five ; and hence the learned Colgan says that the scholiasts' statements cannot be reconciled either with fact or with each other, and that there is strong reason for doubting whether Lupita and Cinneneve were sisters of St. Patrick.

Secondly, there is good reason for doubting if St. Martin — who was a Pagan soldier when he came from Pannonia — ever had a sister or near relative in France so as to have established a connection with St. Patrick's family. And then, indeed, the journey of an entire family, and in those days, from Scotland to France ! Furthermore, Probus, whom the bishop styles " the most accurate of the historians of our apostle's life" (p. 309), differs from the scholiasts by saying that the Saint had only one sister, and that she was none of those above named, but Mila ; that the name of our apostle's brother was not Sannan, as say the scholiasts, but Ruchti, and that the parents were slain, whereas other Lives state that they had been only wounded. If, then, so many mistakes can be objected against the scholiasts, surely it is not too much to suspect a verbal mistake as to Nemthur or Alclyde. Furthermore, in contradiction to the Gallic descent, on the mother's side, from St. Martin, I may refer to the genealogy of the mothers of the Saints of Ireland, attributed to the venerable Oengus the Culdee, who traces St. Patrick, on the mother's side, to a British source.*

4. The fourth proof, like the third, is the testimony of a nameless scholiast on the Hymn of Fiacc. To his statements, being only a repetition of those by the other scholiasts, the same answer applies as given under the former heading.

During the lifetime of St. Columbkille in Scotland, and for centuries subsequently, the Irish were accustomed to visit Iona. There and in the surrounding country they saw the churches and holy wells dedicated to St. Patrick. Even the very rock from which his boat pushed away for Ireland was pointed out. Palladius, who was called Patrick, had, too, been in Scotland. Besides, it may be that our St. Patrick came as far as was possible by land from Britain to Ireland. What then with this familiarity with so many objects said to be connected with St. Patrick in Scotland, and forgetfulness of the Saint's real birthplace during times of confusion and irruption from Pagan barbarians, we can easily see how a remark, even from a nameless scribe, would be taken up and repeated in the tenth century. I am only giving a probable origin of the connection of Nemthur with Alclyde. I have proved by Dr. Moran's own witnesses that the scholiasts were mistaken on several

* "Book of Lecan," fol. 43.

important points in connection with Alclyde, and I shall prove by and by that they were mistaken in the identification of Alclyde with Nemthur.

But before showing positively the mistake as to Nemthur, let us see how Dr. Moran and his supporters handle the proof. Some of them make Nemthur mean a "heavenly tower," and say that the miracles performed there before, after, and during St. Patrick's birth entitled it to this heavenly character. I have never heard that Dunbarton or the original fortress of Alclyde was called a "heavenly tower." O'Flaherty says it got its name from the Tuath-de-Danaan hero, Nemidh, and that it was from Alclyde he and his followers passed over into Ireland; hence, Nemidh's tower or Nemthur! Dr. Moran himself prefers to derive it from Nemiath (chapel) and *tor*, a tower; and that thus Nemiaththor when contracted becomes Nemthur. The learned Brehon scholar, Eugene O'Curry, is quoted by Dr. Moran as saying that he met with the word written *Emptor*, or *Entor;* that the first syllable was merely an emphatic prefix, and that the word means the tower by excellence, or the isolated tower; and Dr. Moran adds that since O'Curry's time it has been decided that the *n* in Nemthur is merely euphonic, and that the word means simply a tower.

If there has been such an acquiescence in O'Curry's opinion, as stated, what becomes of the *Nem* portion on which Dr. Moran founded his chapel-derivation? The author of "Ogygia" gives a Tuatha-Danaan derivation, while, according to Dr. Moran, another genealogist derives the word "Nemthur" from some forgotten hero *Nen*, to whose history we have not been introduced. Now what does all this prove? Simply that the locality of "Nemthur," where St. Patrick is said to have been born, is quite uncertain, and that the word is likely to turn out to be a misprint. The allusion alleged to have been made to the word "Nentur" in a Welsh romance is only a repetition of the Irish MSS., and found only in comparatively modern manuscripts.

5. Archbishop Moran relies on the explanation already given of "Taburnia." It will be remembered that the words in St. Patrick's "Confession" are that he or his father was from the village "Bonnaven Taberniæ." It is generally agreed that "Bonnaven" means the river's mouth, and the several writers of the Life of St. Patrick explain "Taberniæ" as "the plain of tents," because the Romans used in winter to pitch their tents there at the mouth of the Clyde. Such is indeed the explanation given by writers who lived 500 years after St. Patrick, an explanation made to fit in with the theory of a Scottish birthplace. The archbishop appeals to the authority of O'Flaherty for the fact that the valley of the Clyde was called the "plain of Tabern," not from the Roman encampments, but from a Tuath-Danaan hero, Tabarn, who passed over, like our old friend Nemidh, into Ireland. Another to whom Dr. Moran refers says it comes from *Tabh*, the sea, and Erin; and hence the plain of the Clyde was called "Taberniæ," or the plain (not of Erin but) of the Irish Sea! We need not lose time in following these wild conjectures, but confine ourselves to the explanation generally given by the Irish writers of the Lives.

I may observe that there is nothing peculiarly distinctive in the

epithet "Taberniæ" as explained by "the plain of tents or tabernacles." The second Life has, "He was born in the city of Nemthor, in the plain of *Tabern* or tents." The third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Lives give the very same explanation of "Taberniæ" as referring to Roman encampments. But, as I have remarked, no distinctive feature is gained by such an explanation. Indeed, it may be observed that the Romans encamped on British soil not during the winter merely, and that there was no part of the Roman road or its surroundings, from Sandwich to the wall of Antoninus, on which they did not pitch their tents. They encamped not only in winter, but also in summer. They encamped, and a city grew about their encampment, and hence the name of Chester, and of many other towns in England. The thirty-three large towns and nine colonies that sprang from their encampments prove how childish it would be to describe a district by a mere Roman encampment. The author of the fifth Life says that "Tabern" is British, and signifies tents. Now, as "Bonnaven" or "Bunoun" is Irish, would it not have been more natural to use some Irish word in conjunction with it to express tents? We have had in fact the word *tabernacul* used as an Irish word to express that very word "Tabern," which the writers of the Lives translated into *Tabernacula*, tents; and so much at home was the word *tabernacul*, that we find it inflected into the genitive case *tabernacuil*.* On that account, then, we should expect that Irish writers would have translated the word "Tabern," which they say was British, into an Irish word in harmony with "Bonnaven" rather than into the Latin *Taberniæ* or *tabernacula*. Or if they rejected the Latin loan word *Tabernacuil*, they had at command the genuinely Irish words *sgor* or *fuar-boit* to express tents. Thus, the pure Irish writer, Dr. Keating, in his History of Ireland (Cashel: O'Callaghan), speaking of the Danes, says that the fields on each side of the road were full of tents (*sgoraib*). Again, the prince-bishop, Cormac, in his Glossary, says † that Finn came in the evening to the tents (*fuar-boit*). Thus an Irish word would have been at hand to express tent in conjunction with the Irish word "Bonnaven" rather than "Tabern," on the supposition that it stands for a tent. Then, also, why do we find the Latin termination in the word *Taberniæ*, as found in the "Book of Armagh"? Furthermore, "Taberna" meant an inn rather than tents. Dr. Moran refers to Festus as saying that the tabernacle was so called from its likeness to the *taberna* (=inn), and that this originally meant anything useful for habitation.‡ But who does not know that things may be like without being identical, and that the words (*taberna*) inn and tabernacle (*tabernacula*) were not identical in meaning or in form in St. Patrick's time, nor, if ever at all, for centuries previously. This difficulty struck the Irish writers; for after converting "Tabern" into "Taberniæ," they further added the gloss "Tabernacula." They felt that the first word did not express the meaning intended by them. Then, too, no ancient manuscript gives any countenance to the word "plain," which is gra-

* "L. Breac," pp. 121, 251, col. *b*.

† Sub voce, *Orc*.

‡ *Galerus*, a hat, may come from *galea*, a shield; *annulus*, a ring, may come from *annus*, a year; *casula*, a vestment, may come from *casa*, a house; but it would not follow that subsequently or originally they were the same, however like, words.

tuitously inserted to make "tabernіæ" even intelligible — "the plain of Tabern." There would have been as great an appearance of probability in designating it the house or citadel of Tabern, on the supposition that Nemthur, in which St. Patrick was said to have been born, had been equivalent to Alclyde fortress; and then it would mean the city of Tabern, whether the word was to designate the Roman encampment or the Tuatha-Danaan hero.

Thus one Life represents the Saint as born *in* Nemthur; the second, third, and fourth Lives, as born in Nemptur, in the plain of Tabernіæ; the fifth, as born in (the region of) Taburnia, the sixth in the plain, not *in* but *near* the city of Nemthur. Now as a sentence is all-important in deciding the meaning of a passage, a single letter is no less important in deciding the meaning of a word. Change letters and the meaning changes with them. The various writers are relied upon for a certain conclusion, and that from a word on which they ring many changes. They give us Tabern, Tabernіæ, Tabernaculorum, Tabuerni, Tibernia, Taburnia; also we have a *region* from one, a *plain* from another, a *country district* from a third; one places the birthplace *in* Nemthur, another *near* Nemthur. The conclusion forced on me from this discrepancy is, that if the best scholars have given so many various versions of two words, they have not hit on the true original reading.

6. The sixth of Archbishop Moran's proofs is founded on the remarks, in reference to the plains of Tabernіæ, of Probus, whom his Grace styles "the most accurate of the historians." And as a practical proof of his appreciation of him, he founds five of his twelve proofs on the words of Probus alone. Probus says that the parents of the Saint were from the village Baunave, in the Tiburnian district, not far from the Western Sea. This, in connection with some remarks of a Scottish writer on St. Patrick's birthplace, leads Archbishop Moran not to Alclyde, which his previously quoted authorities identified with Nemthur, but some miles away from Alclyde. And on this change of front the archbishop says that the distance of a few miles "does not seem to me an insurmountable difficulty in the case." He might as well have removed it a hundred miles; for his argument depended solely on making Nemthur identical with Alclyde. "No name," he writes, "could be more appropriate to this precipitous rock of basalt, which rises to the height of about three hundred feet on the north of the Clyde; 'it stands completely isolated from any other elevation.'"

7. Dr. Moran makes a distinct link in the chain of his argument from the remark of Probus — that Baunave and Tibernia were not far from the Western Sea. In reply, I have to remark that the Western Sea stretched along an extended line of coast. The Irish Sea is spoken of in the "Book of Armagh" by an Irish writer as "our sea." It was called the Irish Sea because it separated Ireland from Great Britain, just as the sea separating Britain from France was called the British Sea.* Hence in the ancient maps (*descriptio antiqua*) the Irish Sea is made to extend from the north in Ireland, opposite Scotland,

* "Documenta," &c., pp. 21–24.

down to the southern coast of Wales. In proof, I need only refer to the Irish story told in "The Battle of Moira": * —

> "At this time the sway of the Gaels was great among the Britons. They divided Albion between them as to holdings, and each one knew the habitation of his friends. And the Gael did not carry on less agriculture on the east side of *the sea* than at home in Scotia; and they erected habitations and regal fortresses there, and hence Glastonbury," etc.

This surely does not confine the Irish Sea, as the bishop would fain have it, to the points between Dunbarton and Antrim.

8. The archbishop finds an additional proof in the other words of Probus. He states that the Tiburnian district was in the province of Nentria. The learned prelate infers from this that Nentria is a Latinized form of Nemthur, another name for Alclyde; and that the whole province was called Nentrian from the capital Nentria or Alclyde.

Now, I feel bound to say that this is the wildest conjecture. And even though there were the appearance of authority for his assertion, the bishop should have suspected it. For it would be as much as to say Alclyde or Nentria, the capital, is in the Nentrian district! Who requires to be told that the capital of a province is in the province to which it gives it name?

9. Dr. Moran remarks that Probus adds, in connection with the Nentrian province, that "there giants are said to have dwelt in olden times," and that this circumstance points to the valley of the Clyde; especially as St. Cadoc, in building a monastery there many long ages ago, found the "grave of a giant;" and as O'Flaherty states that it was from this spot our old friends, the Tuatha-Danaans, passed over into Ireland; finally, that the Danaans were the giants and heroes of "our mythological history."

But if finding a large grave establishes a race of giants, we have them in Ireland. The "Book of Armagh" tells us that St. Patrick came on a grave, 120 feet long, where a gigantic Norwegian was buried,† and that the Saint raised him to life. If the country from which the Danaans came may be called one of giants, surely Ireland also may, into which the Danaans came and lived till exterminated by our Milesian ancestors. Tradition, indeed, connects the Danaans with feats of skill and witchcraft; and many stories would lead us to attribute the advent of the Danaans to us from other quarters than the banks of the Clyde. But I concede all the advantages that can be derived from "mythological history" to this theory.

10. The words of Probus supply a tenth argument. Speaking of St. Patrick's father and family and captivity, he says "that the Britons plundered his city Arimuric and the neighboring places." Now, the learned prelate "thinks it sufficiently probable" that there is question here of the Roman rampart called "Arimuric," which stretched from the Forth to the Clyde. He produced no authority for this statement. Now, if Probus be a witness, let him tell the whole truth: —

† "Magh Rath," published for the Irish Archæological Society, n. G, p. 229, Cormac's Glossary, *sub voce* Eime, &c.

* "Documenta," etc. p. 82.

"Whi'e as yet he (Patrick) was in his country with his father Calpurnius and his mother Concessa, his brother Ruchti, and his sister Mila, in their *city* Arimuric, there took place a great sedition in these parts; for the sons of Rethmit, King of Britain, devastating Arimuric and other adjoining places, killed Calpurnius and his wife Concessa, and carrying away captives their children, Patrick and his brother Ruchti, with their sister, landed in Ireland."*

Now, if I were disposed to reject the testimony of Probus, I might do so on the ground that he differs from all the other Lives as to the number and names of St. Patrick's sisters and the name of his brother; and this would not be captious criticism, for the compiler and publisher of the Lives tells us that this discrepancy shakes our confidence in the testimony of Probus.† But I will abide by his testimony. Does not Probus say that St. Patrick was in his country and city when the sedition took place, and that it consisted or resulted in the British princes devastating Arimuric, where St. Patrick was, and leading him thence captive? Does not this imply that the place of his captivity and his birth was one, whereas Dr. Moran would have the place of captivity different from the birthplace? When it is stated that Arimuric was devastated by princes from Britain, is there not an implication that Arimuric was not in Britain? And the profoundly learned Colgan, who has published for us these Lives, says that if the words of Probus deserve any credit, we must suppose that "Arimuric" was a misprint for "Armorica." Yet Dr. Moran appeals to this as a proof that Arimuric was in Scotland! Furthermore, if *Arimuric* meant the Roman rampart-termination in Alclyde or Dunbarton, how could Dr. Moran fix miles away from it the place of St. Patrick's birth?

The advocacy of a Caledonian origin for St. Patrick involves a puzzle and self-contradiction. For the authors of the second and third Lives state that in one of the descents regularly and frequently made by an Irish army ‡ and fleet on Britain (British isle) St. Patrick was led captive into Ireland; and thus gleams of truth break through the ill-patched legend.

11. A brief reference to St. Patrick by the late O'Curry supplies the eleventh point of evidence. It says "that in a village the name of which is *Urnia*, in Britain, near the city of Emptor, Patrick was born." Dr. Moran asserts that Hurnia means a place for prayer, which we may admit, and that Scottish documents state "that the church of Old Killpatrick, near Dunbarton, was in olden times a famous place of pilgrimage." He draws no inferences, nor indeed could he do so; if we may venture to draw one, it will be adverse to him, and it is this — that if Old Killpatrick, being a place of pilgrimage, be fixed on as the birthplace of St. Patrick, it contradicts the conclusion to which older authorities had led him. For we saw, under his fourth head of proof, that the birthplace should be, not near but identical with Alclyde or Dunbarton. And this Dr. Moran had so markedly emphasized as to flatly contradict one of our most distinguished hagiographers, who said that ancient

* "Quinta Vita," chap. xii.

† "Si aliquam veri apparentiam voluerit author ejusve transumptor hic habere, *in Armorica* erat scribendum cum, etc." — *Trias Thaum.*

‡ "Scotensis exercitus classe de more conducto," etc.

manuscripts pointed to a place *near* Alclyde as the birthplace of St. Patrick.*

12. The twelfth and last of Dr. Moran's arguments is adduced from Jocelin's supposed words. Dr. Moran thus writes: "Jocelin makes mention of the village Taburnia, and this is perhaps a mistake for Urnia." Dr. Moran, however, is himself more likely here to be mistaken than Jocelin. If an argument can be manufactured by saying that Taburnia was *perhaps* a mistake for Urnia, there is nothing that may not be proved, or rather, nothing can ever be proved. If all the old writers have been quoted to prove that Taburnia meant a district in which the town of which Dr. Moran was in search was situated, why now make it out to be a village (Urnia), so called not from Roman encampments, but from prayer and pilgrimage? If the bishop would have Jocelin speaking of a village where others can discover only a plain; some connecting a place with Roman encampments, while others connect it with a mythical Tabarn or plain of the sea; some making out that the word is British, while the "Book of Armagh" presents it in a Latinized form, I can only infer that his Lordship's premises are uncertain and his conclusion untenable.

I may now add briefly some direct proofs against the assumption that Killpatrick in Scotland was the birthplace of St. Patrick. And first we are told in the "Book of Armagh" that when St. Patrick had returned home after his captivity, his parents begged that he would never again leave home. He would not comply, but in order to qualify himself for the apostolic mission set out for the Apostolic See; "having," as the writer next adds, "sailed across the British Sea on the right." Now this implies that he began his journey at once by water. Well, this could not have happened, the British Sea being on the right, if he had embarked from Alclyde.†

Secondly, St. Patrick in his "Confession" declares that he would have wished to go to Britain and see his country and parents, not only thither but as far as Gaul: now the form of expression suggests, as appears to me, that his country was on his way to Gaul; but surely if Dunbarton were his country, he would in going there from Ireland be only turning his back on Gaul. Thirdly, it is admitted that the Irish and Scots belonged to the same Gaelic branch of the Celtic stock. Besides, it is an undoubtedly historical fact, that in the third century there set in such a tide of emigration from Ireland to Scotland that the opposite coast of Scotland got the name of Argyle (Airer Gael), the region of the Gael. Now the region of Argyle included, along the western coast, the country from the Humber to the Clyde. All this leads us to conclude that the language of Ireland and Scotland did not differ. Nay, more; down to the sixth century there was no essential difference between the Gaelic and the Erse. In the fourteenth century, the Remonstrance of the Irish princes addressed to Pope John XXII.

* "Rev. John O'Hanlon, 'Lives,' etc., vol. iii., p. 419, refers to some of these texts as saying that Nemthur was *near Alclyde*. There is nothing, however, in any of the texts to justify this statement." — *Dublin Review, loc. cit.* p. 304.

† "Documenta," &c., p. 24.

states the language of the Irish and Scotch to be in a manner the same.* So late even as the sixteenth century an Irish scholar could easily understand the Erse Catechism of the Reformed Common Prayer which was published by the Protestant bishop, Carsuel.† From all this I infer that the Irish language was not different from the language on the Clyde in St. Patrick's time; and indeed it could scarcely be otherwise in the circumstances, as there was no greater distance between Fair Head in Antrim and the opposite coast of Scotland, the Mull of Cantire, than between the opposite coasts in Kerry and Clare. If, however, St. Patrick had had to learn the Irish language in order to prepare for his future mission in Ireland, as his biographers assure us, we must infer that he was not from Argyle nor the Clyde.

Again, St. Patrick in his letter to Coroticus says that he had made converts at the end of the world: now how could he complain of being thrown at the end of the world, *extremis terræ*, if he were a native of Alclyde? "Ultima Thule," the end of the world in the North as known to the Romans, was nearer to the Clyde than to Ireland, and therefore a native of the Clyde could not complain of being at the end of the world in Ireland. Hence I infer that St. Patrick was not of Scottish birth.

Once again, it is to be remarked that Bede says that Alclyde stands on the margin of a gulf of the Irish Sea which runs inland. Now, if Alclyde or Nemthur stands beside the Irish Sea, how could it be said to be any distance, as implied by the "Book of Armagh"?‡ We are led to the same conclusion by an interesting story in the "Book of Armagh." St. Patrick left his nephew, St. Lomman, at the mouth of the Boyne, who after some time went up to Trim. Foirtchern, the son of Feidlimidh, a prince of the district, saw St. Lommam celebrating Mass, or reading his Office,—admired, believed, and was baptized. His mother on meeting St. Lomman was converted. The mother and son having told Feidlimidh what had happened them, he was pleased; and as his mother was a native of Britain, he saluted St. Lomman in the British language. And having inquired about the faith and his race, he received the following answer from St. Lomman: "I am a Briton, and Christian, and a disciple of Patrick." Now I infer from this that the British language was different then from the Irish, and that St. Lomman did not understand the latter. Furthermore, if St. Lomman's mother was taken captive in Alclyde, as Dr. Moran would have Probus prove, was it not natural that he would have learnt Irish from his mother, as Feidlimidh spoke the British language because his mother was a Britoness?

Besides, if we are to believe Probus, St. Patrick's sister was carried captive with him to Ireland. If so, does it not look singular that she was not able to get a husband in Ireland without having gone to Britain?

* "Scotochronicon," vol. ii., p. 281: "Linguam nostram quodamodo retinentes."

† Jocelin, ch. 185. Venerable Bede assures us that the Franks and Saxons sprung from the same Teutonic stem, but separated in the fifth century, understood each other in the seventh century.—Lib. i, ch. 25.

‡ "Documenta," &c., p. 21.

Then, too, we find that St. Patrick's nephew, Patrick Junior, though he had been for some time on the Irish mission with our great apostle, yet was buried in Glastonbury. And the name of another nephew by Darerca was Carantocus, British; does not all this argue a British rather than Scottish origin for St. Patrick's family?

Here I must say a word in reply to an objection or statement made by Father Shearman. That Coroticus, to whom St. Patrick addressed a letter of reproof, was from Strathclyde, and that on this account St. Patrick addressed him not as a fellow-citizen, but as a companion of the apostate Picts and pagan Scots. The statement implies that St. Patrick and Coroticus were fellow-citizens from Strathclyde.* But in reply it can be said that from the time of the Emperor Adrian, all Roman subjects received the right of citizenship; so that fellow-citizenship meant connection only with the city of Rome. Moreover, the being from the same province would not, strictly speaking, mean fellow-citizenship. Furthermore, Coroticus, who killed or captured St. Patrick's neophytes, was not, as stated by Father Shearman, from Strathclyde. The "Book of Armagh" intimates that he was from Wales; it states that he was king of Aloo.† The omission of an initial letter in a word was not uncommon. Thus we find the Gallobriges written Allobroges. Welsh meant a stranger, a term applied to them by the victorious Anglo-Saxons, when hunted into the mountains of Wales; and it is very curious that the term, in Irish, for what is strange or foreign is the same as that designating a Welshman.‡ Besides the positive statement of Jocelin that Coroticus hailed from Wales, puts the matter beyond any doubt.§

Finally, we learn from the "Book of Armagh" that St. Patrick's coming to Ireland was foretold by the Druids, and himself described as a foreigner coming *over seas from afar.*‖ Now whether this be regarded as a prophecy or a historical narrative, it does not appear applicable to one born on the Clyde, and separated from Ireland by merely thirteen miles of water.

We have now seen the various versions and contradictory incidents connected with the few words intended to point out St. Patrick's birthplace. The words have been handled by the ablest and most ancient scholars. What, then, must be our inference? This, that their premises are false. Our conviction is that so early as the eighth century, and even earlier still, a corrupt text was adopted. There had been many Lives of our national Saint before the seventh century. They were so perplexing and unsatisfactory, that at the command of the bishop of Sletty, Maccu-mactheni, directly connected with the famous "Book of Armagh," undertook to write a consistent narrative. This happened before the end of the seventh century. The venerable writer in his preface to the Life of St. Patrick expresses his diffidence, owing to the

* "Loca Patriciana," published for the R.I.A.A., 4th Series, vol. iv., p. 435.

† Fol. 20*ba*. ‡ Baxter's Glossary. *Alluid* (Alloo).

§ "Sexta Vita," ch. cl. In finibus quibusdam Britanniæ quæ modo Wallia dicitur tyrannus Cereticus.

‖ "Externum longinquo trans maria." Fol. 2*ba*.

great difficulty of the work, and "the diverse opinions and doubts of many who had never hit on one uniform plan of a history." He goes on to state that the difficulty was increased by the fact that the authors whom he had to consult were uncertain. Now, if before the year 699 there had been such uncertainty and confusion, what wonder that some verbal mistakes should have crept in subsequently, Hence, in the "Book of Armagh" one's attention is attracted by a notice, to the effect that owing to the effaced character of the manuscripts from which the Book was compiled, there was need of doubting here and of further inquiry there.

And in order fully to appreciate the "Book of Armagh," we should bear in mind that it was a national muniment, and under the guardianship of prince and primate. In a word, it contained documents said to have been written by St. Patrick's own hand. Supposing, then, that the Lives had been written soon after the Saint's death, as some are said to have been even in his lifetime, what wonder that there should have been a mistake or an effacement of some words, especially in that portion supplied by the Saint himself in his "Confession"? As then the authorized compiler of the "Book of Armagh" found some words effaced or undecipherable in the manuscripts bearing on the various portions of the Saint's life, we should be prepared to meet with them more frequently in the "Confession" so often handled by his loving disciples. In point of fact it has been found that some copies of the "Confession" are far fuller than others. This, perhaps, happened from the degree of effacement in the several manuscripts.

St. Patrick, in his "Confession," says that he was the son of Calpurnius, who was of the village "Bonnaven Taberniæ." As I had occasion before to observe, I consider that as Bonaven is Irish, the next word should naturally be Irish too, and that *Thaber* or *Tabur* may be such word. For if the word following *Taber* in the MSS. were *inde*, we should, before long, have *Taberniæ*. For we know that in old manuscripts it is difficult to distinguish between *in* and *ni;* and if we consider how easy it is to mistake *de* for *ae*, the stem of the letter *d* not rising above the horizontal level of the surrounding letters and faintly curving back to the left, we can easily, without any great effort of the imagination, see how *Taberninde* might become Taberniæ. And I now proceed to give some proof of this process having been gone through. The first page of the "Book of Armagh" containing the Life of our national apostle is missing, but fortunately we can supply the deficiency from the Bollandists' copy, which corresponds almost literally as it does substantially with the rest of the "Book of Armagh." Now the Life thus opens: "Patrick, *who* was also called Sochet, was a Briton by birth, being born in Britain, the son of Calpurnius a deacon, son, as he says, of Potitus, a presbyter, *who* was of the village *Bonnaven thabur indecha*, not for from our sea, which village we have frequently and unquestionably ascertained to be (uentre) Nentre." Here we have the words out of which *Taberniæ* was formed; and to facilitate the transformation the last syllable of *indecha* (*cha*) began a line, as given in the "Documenta," and thus was separated probably by a line from the first part *inde*, and thus the natural fusion of *inde* in course of time with *thabur*

instead of with *cha*.* Or we can naturally suppose that the contraction-mark for *cha* placed over *inde* would be easily lost sight of.

Now that we have, as I imagine, the correct reading, does it lead us to the Saint's birthplace? I thus translate the phrase: "He was of the Avon's mouth-village of the Indian well." This does not, I apprehend, lead us to Caledonia or Alclyde. Though Bunown, as it is generally spoken, or Bunavon, means in general the river's mouth, I prefer to think that it means here a particular river — the Avon. If I rightly interpret *indecha*, it means thermal or Indian. The *thabur indecha* would be "Indian or thermal springs."

The idea of old was that the sun rose in the east; hence, orient, or rising, and east were synonymous. The sun after being bathed in the ocean was supposed to rise full of freshness in the east, where his heat and energy were strikingly manifested. The belief that thermal springs were not uncommon in India is brought out in an Irish life of Alexander the Great. In his description of the country, a writer in the "Lebhar Breac" alludes, among other phenomena, to a well which each night "boiled from very heat." It may be remarked that while the noun is written India, the adjective is not in*di*cha but in*de*cha.† Now the "Book of Armagh" tells us that the village so described was called as of Nentre. The writer describes the place as familiar to Irish ears and Irish tongues; but as a historian he felt bound to state its original name or that of the country in which it was situated. This was very proper. Now "Nentre" is British, and means the "heavenly waters," *nen-dwyre*. Well, would it not strike a person that our old familiar Nemther or Nenthur was, after all, only a corruption of *Nen-dwyr?* Any person in the least acquainted with the Irish language can perceive the disposition to connect *h* with the letter *t*, and to insert a musical vowel between the harsh consonants. This is quite apparent in persons who usually speak Irish, and pronounce the words "country" and "troth" as "counthery" and "thuroth." The genius of the language as it is at present, so it was of old; and, if we are not mistaken, by such a process Nentria became Nenthur and Nemthurri, *Nen* in British and *Nem* in the Irish language signifying heavenly. In fact, the scholiast on St. Fiacc's hymn, which is assigned so early a date as the year 500, uses the word *Nemthurri*. We can easily conceive how this was translated into the "heavenly tower," in which the Lives have placed the birthplace of St. Patrick.

If we judge, as I think we may, that Avon was not merely generic but particular and descriptive, we can find several rivers that still retain that name. From amongst these we may notice one that rises in Wiltshire and falls into the Bristol Channel. Not far from its confluence with the Frome is Bath, famed for its thermal springs. Bath was called Aquæ Calidæ by Pliny, Aquæ Solis by the Romans in the time of Claudius. Bath would correspond with the heavenly waters of

"* Patritius qui et Sochet vocabatur, Brito nomine, in Britanniis natus, Cualfornio diacono ortus, filio, ut ipse ait, Potiti presbyteri, qui fuit vico *Bonnavem Thabur indecha*, haud procul a mari nostro, quem vicum constanter indubitanter comperimus uentre (Nentre)." *Documenta*, etc., p. 21.

† "Leabhar Breac," pp. 207*b*, 209*a*.

the British, and to the hot or Indian waters of the Irish language. One viewed it from the thermal property of the waters, another would view it under the peculiar influence of the sun ; a third considered it under its beneficent heavenly effects ; the perfervid imagination of the Celt would connect it with Eastern climes by association ; and the practical Anglo-Saxon, from the sensible application of its waters to the body, named it Bath.

If we place St. Patrick's birthplace near Bath to the east, we cannot, perhaps, be much astray. No doubt Bath is some eleven miles from the confluence of the Avon with Frome, and nineteen miles from the Bristol Channel, and as such could not literally be said to be at the river's mouth. But we should bear in mind that the literal meaning of *bun*, as in *Bonavem*, is not a mouth but a bottom. And even should there be any necessity of placing the Saint's birthplace near the Frome, there, too, thermal springs are to be found 74° Fahrenheit, and remains of Roman encampments at Clifton, Abbots-Leigh, and Rownham. There the tide rises to thirty feet on an average, and sometimes to the height of forty-nine feet, so that to all intents the Avon could be supposed to have lost its identity at its confluence with the Frome. But the meaning of *bun* in Irish, in its literal and even conventional meaning, is very elastic. Thus a river in Clare County, the *Raite*, falls into the Shannon on the right, some four or five miles on the west of Limerick. Well, this river gives its name not only to the lowlands through which it falls into the Shannon, but even to an extensive barony sixteen miles in length, and distinguished into Upper and Lower Bunratty from the character of the ground through which the river flows to the Shannon. But by connecting *Bonnaven* of St. Patrick's birthplace with Bath, it is possible to place it some miles lower than Bath on the Avon. For it is only reasonable to suppose that a gentleman or nobleman (St. Patrick says that he forfeited his nobility) would have his country seat or villa at a convenient distance from the capital, Bath. This is what might be expected from senators, who would love to copy the fashion as well as the laws of the Imperial city. This villa would be to Bath what Baiæ or some more convenient watering resort had been to Rome. This circumstance gives a key to the proper translation of the opening sentence in the "Confession" of our national apostle: "Who (his father) was of the village Bonnaven of the Indian wells (Bath); for he had a villa near (Bath), where I was made a captive." The Saint went on to explain how his father, though a decurion of the senate at Bath, should be said to belong to or connected with one of a cluster of seats or a village at Bonnaven.

Much credit need not be claimed for translating the plainest Latin sentence; but that theory is self-condemned which would not allow such a translation. Dr. Todd was divided between the rival theories, none of which he championed. He was puzzled by the Lives which stated that St. Patrick was born in Nemthur, and immediately after stated that he was born in the "Campo Taberniæ." All he had to say was that both places were identical or that the former was situated in the latter. His disjunctive is not correct. Neither was the case.

Dr. Todd, knowing that St. Patrick's father was of high senatorial

rank, would have him reside in a place of some importance, and accordingly translated his seat, *vicus* by "town." In giving some extracts from the "Confession" of St. Patrick, the learned professor, while giving a preference to the Bollandists' edition of the "Confession," yet strangely follows that in the "Book of Armagh." The present archbishop of Sydney says and does the same. He gives in his allusion to the "Confession" one line, and only one line, of the original; and his translation of that is more faulty than that of Dr. Todd. The line at the beginning of the "Confession" which Dr. Moran quotes runs thus: "Qui fuit vico Bonaven Taberniæ, villulam enim habuit." His translation is, "who (Calpurnius) lived in the village Bonaven Taberniæ. He had, close by, a small villa." Here he states that the senator lived in a village, that he had a small villa near (the village?), and he omits the translation of the word *enim* altogether. There is no room for the word in the Gallican theory of Dr. Lanigan, who, copying Ware, suggests *Enon* (the village) for *enim*, and asks what could be the meaning of *enim* there. Nor is there more room in the Scottish theory of Archbishop Moran for the word given in the several copies of the "Confession."* But the Saint gave a reason why he himself, born perhaps in Bath, and surely connected with it as was his father, should have to state that they had a claim on the village Bonaven where he was captured, for (*enim*) his father had a country-seat there. Dr. Todd's and Bishop Moran's great mistake lay in following implicitly the old Lives which made Nentur synonymous with Bonnaven, whereas it was synonymous only with Taberniæ or *Tobur indecha*, and indissolubly linking Bonnaven and Taberniæ, whereas they referred to different places — to a villa, and to a city by which that villa was individualized. The "Confession" does not oblige us to depart from the Lives, most of which assign the Saint's birthplace to Nentre or Bath.

If, then, the text directs us to Bath, let us see how the context and the historical surroundings will harmonize with it. Bath was an important Roman town. It was on the Avon. It was one of the chief nine cities representative of the nine colonies in Britain.† It was at Bath that the old Roman road from London on to Wales was intersected by the road leading to the north of the island; and so famous were its springs that vaulted aqueducts, covering many acres and conveying the waters from the wells into the Avon, have been discovered twenty feet deep under the present surface. Their waters average in temperature from 70° to 117° Fahrenheit.

The "Book of Armagh" states that the birthplace of St. Patrick was not far from the Irish Sea; nor is Bath. We have only to get through the Bristol Channel, and we are launched on the Irish Sea; or rather, we may say that the waves which wash the southern coast of Ireland sweep within the same parallel of latitude, into the mouth of the Avon, so as to cause the tide to rise sometimes to the height of forty-nine feet. In fact, a writer at the present day, giving a descrip-

*An able writer in translating the passage in the *Scottish Review* for July, 1884, in graceful language, helps himself selfishly to the use of both *Enon* and *enim*. He leans towards Paisley as St. Patrick's birthplace.

†Richard of Cirencester, *de situ Britanniæ*.

tion of the locality, could not describe it more accurately than by saying to an Irishman that it was not far from the Irish Sea.

Then all the Lives speak of a wonderful well in connection with St. Patrick's birthplace. Surely we have something very suggestive in the "Indian," "heavenly" waters of Bath.

Then, again, we are told that Patrick Senior was buried in Glastonbury, and that he was the tutor of our apostle.* This tutorship must have happened before his ordination. For the "Book of Armagh" tells us that the Saint left home for the Continent at the age of thirty, and began his mission in Ireland at sixty, after returning from the Continent. Now where but convenient to his home could we expect the Saint in his younger days to have gone to school, and Glastonbury is only seventeen miles from Bath?

Then, too, we are told that St. Patrick, when leaving home for Rome, at once had the British sea on his right; and this should happen from the time he embarked on the Avon till he touched the Continent.

We have been also told that giants dwelt in the province of Bath or Nentre. The Avon, on which it stands, takes its rise in Wiltshire. Who is not aware that there is Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, a stupendous structure, and naturally attributed to a giant race? Or if we turn our eyes south of Bath, we shall find within seventeen miles in the valley of Avilion the grave of the founder and leader of a race of giants — the Knights of the Round Table. The feats of these mighty men of yore have been for ages the theme of ballad and romance. The faint echoes of the high renown of these giants with which the old world rung have not yet quite died out.

> "Nay, nay," said Hall,
> "Why take the style of these heroic times,
> For nature brings not back the mastodon,
> Nor we these times?" . . . .
> The sequel of to-day unsolders all
> The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
> Whereof this world holds record.

So whether we look to Stonehenge in the east or the famous grave of the hereditary prince of the Siluri in the south, we can connect Bath with the reputed abode of giants.

The probability of Bristol being the port from which pirates carried off young Patrick to Ireland is not lessened by the fact that an active traffic had always been maintained between it and Bristol. Even during Anglo-Saxon times and subsequently the sale of children by parents is said to have formed one of the items in trade on the shores of Bristol. So much was this so, that such traffic was alleged as a cause of the Anglo-Norman invasion in the twelfth century, and it is certain that on that occasion the Irish bishops are represented as having met in synod, declared that the invasion was a punishment on the inhuman traffic in human kind, and directed all slaves to be made free. In this, one can see a proof, a coincidence, and a Nemesis. St. Patrick was led captive from Bristol to Ireland, and from it he would return, when free,

* Festology of Oengus Ceile de, Aug. 24.

to Ireland, in order to take an apostle's vengeance. The captivity of St. Patrick led to the ransom of millions from the thraldom of sin. The subjugation of Ireland, seven hundred years subsequently, has been the occasion of having St. Patrick's children, in the old and new world, instrumental in making millions free with the freedom of the children of God. If there be not in this poetic justice, there is at all events some compensation.

It is quite clear to my mind that Scotland, or Northern Britain, is not the birthplace of St. Patrick. It is equally certain that South Britain, and most probably Somersetshire, was his native country; and with the evidence before us we cannot avoid connecting the particular spot of his birth with Bath, on the banks of the middle Avon. If we are correct in this judgment, if we have lifted the veil in which corrupted texts of more than a thousand years have shrouded the birthplace of our illustrious apostle, our labors shall not have been in vain: and, as a result, a chapter in the life of St. Patrick, dealing with his birth, captivity, and alleged visit to the Continent, and that of his family in connection with his captivity, has to be yet written.

VERY REV. SYLVESTER MALONE, M. R. I. A., in *Dublin Review.*

Labor Statistics in Connecticut.

ARTHUR T. HADLEY, Labor Commissioner for the State of Connecticut, has presented his annual report of labor statistics. He recommends the general adoption of the practice of making weekly instead of monthly payments of wages for labor. He says that he has received reports from eighty-five establishments in which weekly wages have been paid. Thirty-nine of these report good effects, eight report bad effects, and thirty little effect.

After commenting on these different reports, Mr. Hadley arrives at the conclusion that "weekly payments are of no use to the best workmen, and may be worse than useless to the worst workmen, but to a large body who are neither exceptionally good nor exceptionally bad weekly payments are a positive advantage. A man may rise so high as to be independent of cash payments, or he may fall so low as to be unfit to trust with cash; but for those who stand between the two extremes, cash payment is a means for rising, the credit system a means for dragging them down."

He states, also, as an argument in favor of weekly payments, that it is "a fact that monthly payments, long hours, and child labor go hand in hand." There are fifteen thousand children employed in mills in Connecticut. Two-thirds of these work ten hours a day, and are paid monthly. He recommends that the system of cash payments, which is increasing, be enforced by law, and the assignment of wages be prohibited, in order to prevent evasions of laws intended to protect workingmen from usurious exactions which are imposed on them when such assignments are made.

A Dream of the Past.

I WOULD dream of the past — the lore-limned past,
In the shades of the twilight pale,
When the chivalrous soul, thro' weal or dole,
Was the armament of the Gael,
Ere Saxon clouds wove ghastly shrouds
'Round the summer of Innisfail.

I would dream of the learned seers of eld,
And the wondrous code they had —
Its blunt old saws and its Brehon laws,
And its justice wisdom clad —
Ere Allah shone from his diamond throne
On the palaces of Bagdad!

Oh, then, there was steel for the traitor wretch,
And death for the coward knave!
And a flogging dire, with a whip of fire,
For the hide of the willing slave!
And a cairn of glory to tell the story
Of Ireland's patriot brave!

I see thro' the haze of those storied days
Great Conn of the Hundred Fights;
And the Ollamh mind illume his Kind
With twice ten thousand lights;
And the arrowy steeds and daring deeds
Of Finn and his Fenian Knights!

I can see the foes of the emerald land
In flight from her might like stags;
And broad fields won by sire and son
'Neath the glow of her battle flags;
And Dathi's train like a hurricane
Sweep under the Alpine crags!

How I loved to hear with Fancy's ear
Kinkora's trumpets ring!
What hours I've spent in the sacred tent
Of Brian, the Irish king,
Whose Clontarf fame and hallowed name
The worshipping billows sing!

How oft have I knelt at Clonmacnoise
Where I quaffed Life's holy wine!
How I loved the dells by Drachenfells
With Killian on the Rhine!
Or paced the hoar quaint marble floor
Of St. Gall's classic shrine!

O halycon hours, ye can only live
In the chimes of the poet's rhyme!
Still life would be drear as a ghostly mere—
Bereft of that golden time
When Faith and Land were symbols grand,
And Manhood stood sublime!

Then let me dream on the tomb of the past—
In the shades of the twilight pale—
Of the days of old when Titans bold
Were the children of the Gael,
Ere a tyrant came to dye with shame
The glory of Innisfail

Milan, Italy, Nov. 1, 1886. EUGENE DAVIS.

The Cross.

THE Temple Theatre was recently destroyed by fire in Philadelphia — a city which, in Know-Nothing times, destroyed St. Augustine's Church. On the standing wall, over the sanctuary, the inscription remained — "The Lord Seeth." At a recent fire in the same city, a theatre was destroyed by fire and nothing was left standing but the tall, smoke-begrimed walls. But when the ruins had cooled off, and the firemen were enabled to explore them, the first thing that met their astonished gaze was a representation of the Saviour on the Cross. Impressed by the solemnity of the discovery, they stood for a few moments in reverential awe. The Crucifixion was one of the most artistic features of the Egyptian Musee. It occupied an alcove on the third floor, fronting on Chestnut Street. Everything around it was consumed by the fierce flames, excepting the figure of Christ. This was untouched. Heavy timbers within ten feet of the cross were converted into ashes, iron gas pipes were melted into shapeless masses, even the bricks in the walls behind it crumbled beneath the awful heat, and yet the waxen image of the Son of God remained uninjured. In the adjoining alcove on the east is a group picture representing the burial of Christ. The figures in this are, however, more or less scorched, and otherwise damaged. In the western compartment the Saviour is being led to execution; but this group, too, is in a damaged condition. The Crucifixion is the only absolutely unmarred exhibit left of the Musèe. There it stands amidst the bleak ruins that surround it, suggestive of the awful desolation of Mount Calvary. That the Crucifixion should be saved, when all else was destroyed, is regarded as miraculous by many devout people. When Mr. William Singerly's aged mother heard of it she at once expressed an eager desire to view the picture. Her son accordingly gave orders to Foreman O'Neil to have a gangway laid among the ruins so that she might gratify her desire. At noon Mrs. Singerly visited the ruins and was much impressed.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

ITALY.

III.

A VISIT to Italy, in order to be really interesting and instructive, requires a certain preliminary preparation. For more than two thousand years Italy has been the theatre of many of the greatest events of history. It is at once the cradle and the home of modern civilization and art. The capital of Italy was for many centuries the capital of the world. The proudest historic memories are associated with its name. The land itself is a vast treasure-house of works of art and of monuments of every age. To render these memories instinct with life, to understand and appreciate these monuments and works of art, some knowledge is requisite of the social and political history of Italy, during the centuries when it was something more in European affairs than a mere "geographical expression."

It is precisely in knowledge of this kind that the average American tourist is deficient, if we may judge from the specimens to be met with in the art galleries of Europe, roaming about in a dazed and bewildered fashion under the tutelage of guides. To many of these a reference to an oil-painting as "done in kerosene" would not appear particularly shocking. An instance is on record of the wife of an American Crœsus speaking in terms of enthusiastic praise of the painting of Jupiter and Io as "Jupiter and Ten." In Goldsmith's day the art-critic required but a scanty equipment of knowledge for his calling. All that was needed was "to praise the works of Pietro Perugino, and to remark that the picture would have been better had the painter taken a little more pains."

While it is true that the inborn taste or instinct which enables us to appreciate the beautiful in nature, will help us likewise to appreciate the beautiful in art, still some knowledge of the history and the principles of art will render our judgment in such matters more enlightened and exact. Accordingly, in studying any great masterpiece of painting we must not fail to take into consideration the knowledge of composition therein displayed, the boldness and correctness of the design, the truth of the expression, the vigor and harmony of the coloring. The true sources of our admiration of such masterpieces will be found on reflection to lie in the element of idealism which enters into, and purifies, and elevates a faithful and painstaking study of nature. So likewise, before passing judgment on any work of painting or sculpture, regard must be had to the stage of development in art at the period of its production. This is especially true of works of art before the fifteenth century. To rightly appreciate, for instance, a painting of Cimabue, of Giotto, of Fra Angelico, of Perugino, or a statue of John of Pisa, of Donatello, of Ghiberti, of Verocchio, we must transport ourselves to the times in which these great artists lived, and know somewhat of the state of art at the period in question.

The law of evolution or of progressive development operates in the production of great works of art, as well as in the inventions of science — both owing much to the labors of previous workers in the same sphere of action. Raphael's supremacy as a painter lies in the fact that he assimilated and made his own the special excellences of those who preceded him, or were his contemporaries. A great artist is in great part the child of his age. His rank must be determined rather by the progressive impulse which he imparted to the art of his time, than by the degree of absolute perfection which he attained. To understand, for example, the admiration and delight with which the Florentines greeted Cimabue's picture of the Virgin and Child, we must take into consideration the state of art in his day, since, compared with a Madonna of Andrea del Sarto or of Raphael, it appears little short of barbarous.

Before the Christain era the Italians were in no wise conspicuous for great achievements in art. The works of ancient sculpture, discovered in the ruins of imperial palaces and villas, and which at the present day crowd the galleries and museums of Italy, were for the most part the productions of Greek artists. Under the shock of successive invasions, the Roman Empire in the West broke in pieces; many of the great works of art which could not be carried away were destroyed by the barbarians, and the traditions of the past well nigh effaced. In Byzantium, the capital of the Empire in the East, these traditions still lingered, but cramped by a narrow, rigid formalism, in which every type remained fixed, every detail foreseen and prescribed by a spirit of intense conservatism. Mosaic took the place of painting. Art became debased, and sank to the level of a mere mechanical handicraft. Those who still cultivated it were content to keep on copying the old traditional forms, without originating anything new, and never thought of going direct to nature as the unfailing source of all true inspiration in art.

In the early part of the thirteenth century, the Latins captured Constantinople. The Venetians had entered into commercial relations with the East. The Genoese and Pisans had formed vast maritime establishments in the Greek archipelago and along the shores of the Bosphorus. The crusades opened up new avenues of communication between the East and West, and artists and men of letters flocked into Italy, bearing with them the seeds of art, which, planted in a virgin soil and vitalized by the genius of a young and vigorous people, speedily blossomed forth into new and rare forms of life and beauty.

Italy at this period was divided into a number of kingdoms, principalities, republics, whose constant rivalry in war and commerce was a fruitful source of political and intellectual energy, and powerfully contributed to the progress of civilization and art. Each capital was the centre of an activity all the more intense for the limited sphere in which it operated. While the rest of Europe, struggling under the restraints of feudalism, and seeking to shape itself into distinct kingdoms and empires, possessed as yet neither literature nor arts (architecture excepted), Dante, Boccaccio and Petrarch had given definite form to the language of Italy in immortal works; Cimabue, Giotto, John, Andrew, and Nicholas of Pisa had emancipated painting and sculpture from

Byzantine traditionalism by imparting to art movement and expression. The appearance of a new work of art was a public event. Charles of Anjou, followed by the Florentine aristocracy, went in procession to the workshop of Cimabue to see his painting of the Madonna, and the people subsequently bore it in triumph to the Church of Santa Maria Novella. The dedication of the gate of the Baptistery by Andrew of Pisano was solemnized with high religious pomp, in presence of the seigniory of Florence, all the foreign embassadors, and the most eminent men of the Republic. Schools of painting were founded at Florence, at Sienna, at Milan, at Venice, at Parma, at Bologna: emulation stimulated activity and hastened progress.

From Giotto to Raphael, an interval of two hundred years, the art of painting steadily advanced to the highest degree of perfection. When Giotto flung away his shepherd's crook to take up the pencil in the workshop of Cimabue, the art of painting was in its primitive stage, struggling to be born. The design was timid and incorrect, the form was flat and stiff, without any perspective, while little was known of the laws of light and shade or the harmony of coloring. Step by step the art advanced; the design became bolder and more correct; the modelling stood out in more clearly defined relief, and an air of life and expression was imparted to painting which it had not previously acquired. To one who visits the art galleries of Florence and Rome, nothing can be more instructive and interesting than to follow the various stages of this progress in the works of Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandaio, and Perugino.

It is not a little singular that Etruria, which was the home of ancient art in Italy six centuries B.C., should eighteen hundred years later have proved the cradle of modern art. Tuscany was the scene of the birth and the labors of many of the great artists whose works are the highest expression of the beautiful in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture. The second half of the fifteenth century alone produced such painters as Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Bartolomeo, Michelangelo, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Correggio. Nearly all these artists were contemporaries. Their works adorn the principal museums of Europe, while the convents, churches, palaces, and galleries of Italy are filled with their pictures, attesting the fruitfulness no less than the greatness of their genius. Many of them were at one and the same time painters, architects, sculptors, and engineers. The great mind of Leonardo da Vinci embraced the whole range of human knowledge, speculative and practical; in the fine arts the most accomplished painter of his generation, and one of the most accomplished the world has ever seen, a distinguished sculptor, architect, and musician, while in science, theoretical and applied his writings prove him to have anticipated many of the greatest discoveries of modern times.

But there were giants on the earth in these days; and after they had passed away art declined, became specialized, and fell under the operation of the great economic law of the division of labor. A single department taxed severely enough the enfeebled powers of the artists of a later generation. Some faint gleams of glory, indeed, still lingered in the horizon after the great suns of art had set. Tintoretto, Paul Veronese,

Guido, Domenichino, upheld for a time the proud traditions of the past. But at the close of the seventeenth century a false, theatrical mannerism of style and expression, a fatal facility of execution which barely answered to the requirements of decorative art took the place of the grand qualities which distinguished the works of such artists as Leonardo, Raphael, and Michelangelo.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans, architecture, sculpture, and painting did not attain a simultaneous degree of development. Architecture (the age of Pisistratus) preceded sculpture (the age of Pericles), which reached its highest degree of perfection long before painting had produced its greatest masterpieces in the age of Alexander. In modern times these same arts have followed a similar line of development. The great cathedrals of Venice, of Pisa, of Verona, of Sienna, and of Lucca were built at a period when sculpture and painting were still in their infancy. Sculpture was the first to come under the influence of this great law of progress, painting the while remaining stationary. Nicholas of Pisa had completed the tomb of St. Dominic at Bologna nine years before the birth of Cimabue, and nearly half a century before the birth of Giotto. This great artist may be said to have wrought a revolution in sculpture. The study of an ancient sarcophagus revealed to him the secrets of statuary. The bas-reliefs of the tomb at Bologna and of the pulpit of the Pisan Baptistery are remarkable for their grand qualities of composition, style, and expression. A hundred and fifty years later the genius of Michelangelo had carried the art to its culminating height of perfection.

The priority in development of architecture over sculpture, and of sculpture over painting, is not the result of accident, but the outcome of general causes. One of these causes is, that the three arts in the order given proceed from the simple to the composite. Architecture is limited to a harmonious combination of lines and surfaces; sculpture imparts to the solid mass movement and expression; while painting gives color and perspective.

The churches and the palaces of Italy are the most remarkable of its monuments. Both exteriorly and interiorly the churches are different from those of other countries. North of the Alps the Gothic style of architecture prevailed from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. Within that period were built the magnificent Gothic cathedrals of Northern Europe, with their tapering spires, pointed arches, sharp-sloping roofs, and lofty windows ablaze with colored glass,— the interior so devoid of ornament, simple and severe, inspiring silence and recollection.

In Italy the style of church architecture is not so uniform as in the countries north of the Alps. Many of the ancient churches have been repaired or entirely rebuilt in the style which prevailed at the time of their restoration. The pointed arch, which holds so prominent a place in the architecture of the North, is rarely employed on the other side of the Alps. The form of the Italian churches is, for the most part, that of the Latin cross, crowned at the point of intersection with a cupola. Plain and unpretending on the outside, within they dazzle the beholder with the splendor of their ornamentation, carried at times, as one cannot

help thinking, beyond the limits of a refined taste. The walls and the roof are aglow with many colored marbles, paintings in fresco, and mosaics in gold. Admiration, rather than religious awe, is the dominant feeling.

Nearly all the public buildings and palaces, and the churches especially, are decorated with frescos. The walls of the chapels, the cupolas and arches, are covered with them. This branch of painting, requiring, as it does, a sure hand and rapid execution, was a special favorite of Michelangelo, who considered it the only style worthy of adoption by a true artist. The most beautiful works of Giotto, Fra Angelico, Signorelli, Correggio, Michelangelo, Raphael were executed after this manner, and may be seen nowhere else but in Italy. Many of these great works are unhappily in a state of decay; the smoke of tapers, dampness, and neglect have blurred or effaced their outlines. Those on the cupolas and arches are often too high and too dimly lighted to be seen and appreciated as they deserve. It may be mentioned here that the name by which in many of the Italian cities the principal church is known is *il duomo.* The word is used in its etymological sense (sonos, house, building), and is incorrectly rendered into English by the word "dome," which conveys the idea of a hemispherical arch covering an edifice.

A species of decoration much practised in Italy is mosaic. It bears up well against the destructive influence of time, and furnishes magnificent decorative effects, as may be seen in the façades of the cathedral of Orrieto, and the Basilica of St. Mark's at Venice. The art of composing pictures in mosaic flourished under the Roman emperors, and has never ceased to be cultivated in Italy. Under this form the history of painting in all the successive stages and developments of the art is written on the walls of Italian churches, from the sixth century at San Vitale and Ravenna up to the present in the façade of the church of St. Paul, outside the walls of Rome.

Not the least characteristic and interesting public monuments of Italy are her palaces, which impart to her cities a peculiar aspect, and to which no buildings of a similar kind in the rest of Europe can be compared. In the North, where feudalism prevailed and power depended on the possession of the soil, the great lords and barons lived in strongly-fortified castles, surrounded by broad and deep moats and flanked by lofty towers. In Italy, on the other hand, split up into a number of petty republics and principalities, and harassed by intestine warfare, political life was centralized in the cities, the abiding-places of a numerous and turbulent aristocracy. At Florence, and especially at Sienna, their dwellings were at once palaces and fortresses. At the close of the fifteenth century an era of peace settled down on the land; the manners of the people took on a milder and more humane form, and a taste for the fine arts sprang up and spread itself far and wide. Palaces were erected in all the large cities, many of them designed by the most celebrated architects of the time, and testifying by the amplitude of their proportions and the elegance and richness of their ornamentation to the opulence of the great families who built them. Within their walls inestimable treasures of art have found a place, accumulated by the

labors and the careful selection of many generations. As in the case of the churches, houses and dwellings of mean and repulsive appearance have sprung up around these palaces, marring their impressiveness as works of art, and hiding the vastness of their architectural proportions, of which we can form some idea only from the principal façade and from the interior of the courts. In our day, many of the noble families who lived in and owned these sumptuous piles have become either extinct or impoverished; their palaces have been transformed into barracks, furnished hotels, and bureaus of administration. In Rome, however, and in Genoa, many of these palaces still remain in the hands of private families. Their galleries of painting and sculpture are freely opened to the inspection of the public and of visitors from foreign countries, affording in this respect a gratifying contrast to the dog-in-the-manger exclusiveness for which the aristocratic owners of private art collections in other countries are notorious.

In our day Italy has fallen away sadly from that pre-eminence in art which was once her glory and her pride. The paintings which she sends to foreign expositions, or which are exhibited in her galleries of modern art are of little worth; a false taste and mannerism prevails; the composition is cold and commonplace; the coloring glaring and violent. In sculpture alone her hand has not entirely lost its cunning. The Italian sculptors possess great facility of execution, and their works without being original are at least correct and carefully finished. Canova in our time has worthily upheld the traditions of the past, and may have handed down to the artists of a later generation the sacred fires which burned with such fervor in the breast of Michelangelo.

We have set down these few general observations on the history of Italian art, as aids to a right understanding and appreciation of the great masterpieces to be met with in the galleries and museums of the different countries of Europe. Without some such knowledge, the inspection of these works of art will afford to the tourist very little real pleasure or instruction. The impression left upon his mind will be that of some blurred, indistinct dream which he seeks in vain to recall and body forth in his waking hours. He will return home with no clearly defined memories of what he has seen, and with little of that modesty and spirit of tolerance which comes of an increased range of knowledge and experience. It will be even doubtful if he has realized that there were brave men in the world before Agamemnon, that human history did not begin with the declaration of American independence, and that George Washington, even to the exclusion of Adam who was only a foreigner, was not the first of created mortals.

J. C.

WHEN I say that the heart is sweet and peaceful, I do not mean that it does not suffer and feel affliction. No, certainly, I do not say that; but I say that it meets sufferings, trials, and tribulations with such a strong will to bear them for God, that all its bitterness is full of peace and tranquillity.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Salt of the Earth.

In a recent sermon in London, His Eminence Cardinal Manning, said:

Our Lord told His apostles they were to be the salt of the earth to purify the world and to preserve it in its purity. If the priesthood of the Church loses its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? One of the greatest teachers of the Church said, "Time was when the priests of the Church were gold and the vessels of the Church were wooden, and we have come to the days when the vessels of the Church are gold and the priests of the Church are wooden." He said this about the fourth century, when the days of persecution were over; that persecution purified the priesthood as gold is refined by fire. The first attack of the worldly spirit was on the salt in the sanctuary and on the priesthood. It is not the people who go first, it is the priest; and if the people are going wrong, it is the priest who has gone first. There is hardly a heresy in the Church that was not begun by a priest or a bishop. The great schism that wrenched the Eastern Church from the Western came from a patriarch; the rupture that tore Germany from the faith was the work of a monk, and that which separated England from Rome was accomplished by an archbishop. Therefore, if the salt loses its flavor, we see what follows. When priests become the friends and the creatures of emperors and princes, when they are the favored and the favorites of the world, the priests of God are in a most perilous position, for then they are in danger of becoming cowards and hirelings. As a great saint has said, "The pastor that holds his peace when he sees the flock in danger is a hireling," and more than this, he says that "the pastor who does not speak out when the people are in danger slays the flock." The spirit of the world makes men conform and be obedient to the world, and causes them to hold their tongue when they ought to speak loudly. Lastly, a great danger to the priesthood is this — to be familiar with holy things and not be sanctified, to be handling holy things every morning and not to be holy themselves. We have an example intended for all time for all the world. There was an ordination in which twelve priests were ordained, and He who ordained them was our Blessed Lord Himself, and that very night one of those twelve priests betrayed his Divine Master, and sold Him for money — for thirty pieces of silver. Society, continued his Eminence, has put off Christianity, and is constantly pulling men down to its own level. At the table, or at those places where people are accustomed to meet, who ventures to mention the name of God or speak of sacred things? Is it possible they are afraid of the name of our Divine Master in the presence of those who should be disciples like themselves? We have the effect of this worldly spirit on piety. I find some people so pious that they can be at the opera till midnight and go to Communion in the morning. There is a fervour in their piety that resists and stands out against the spirit of the world. There is a worldly piety and a pious world similar to a kaleidoscope, which, as you turn it, one or another

color predominates; it is a combination of manifold tints. So it is sometimes in the life of some good people. There are scapulars under ball dresses, fasts as well as great worldly feastings, novels with books of devotion. I need not go on, you know what it is. Is it not good for people to have a certain idea and a firm spirit, and to choose which master they will serve? People of the world look on you Catholics, and they say, "Oh, they are Catholics; they are stricter than we are; their religion is a strict one; their priest won't let them do this or that;" and, when they find one of us doing the same as they do, they are not only scandalized, but disappointed. They had looked and hoped for and believed better things of us, and they find we are on the same level as themselves.

Memoranda: Thoughts on the Ocean.

When Byron wrote, "And I have loved the ocean," he certainly was not on the Atlantic in a storm; nor had he his genius disturbed by even the memory of sea-sickness. I know of no classic, however small, that has been penned on shipboard. Although more solemnly lonesome than the silent desert, the ocean has never had a hermit; for thought there is inert and contemplation well nigh impossible. As the sea's scenery is not *varied*, so no new thought gives variety to our minds. We sit and look at the ocean, and our thoughts seem swallowed up by the deep awe which it inspires. It is jealous in its majesty; and forbids us any emotion save the reverence we owe its power; when now, storming in anger, it hurls its foam-fringed mountains at the sky; or now again, blushing for its wrath beneath evening's red tint, it spreads out its placidity to the horizon. Boundless, as it is, our thoughts are narrowed to nothing. Great in its power, intellectual activity seems relatively lessened. Deep with its many and mighty secrets which science will never explore, our minds, indeed, seem shallow. So we look at the ocean; we look, but do not, dare not, cannot think.

At sea, in a storm, there are no infidels; although all infidels *are at sea.* There are no infidels, for the ocean is a salt preserver of faith. The terror of a storm stirs up the depths of a soul as deeply as is the ocean troubled. Men who heretofore have laughed at God, now hunt through memory for a prayer, and, like craven cowards, whisper it secretly to heaven; while the Christian humbly and openly acknowledges the truth of the prophets, saying, "The sea is His, and He made it."

There is something sublime in the view which our steamer presents as it faces the approaching storm. First it rides, without a thrill, the small waves that gracefully seem to beckon to the Storm King to come on; that they have found in our "good ship" a subject worthy of his strength. Soon mountain after mountain come leaping across the troubled deep and rear up against our ship, while the winds of the accompanying hurricane roar out an encouragement to their dreadful

efforts. I have read of battalions drawn up in mortal combat, but no battalion of warriors can beget dread equal to the white-plumed waves of ocean, every one of which is in itself a Neptune. Our steamer, however, has met them before, and, with elastic strength, cheats them of the wreck that they in no way would scruple to make; and so bears us on and on to my native shore, until every heart is as ascending and bright in its joy and hope as the sky-rockets that mount upward from Fastnet Rock.

REV. JAMES H. COTTER.

Visit to Rome.

ON the 15th of November last I embarked for Europe, in the Cunard steamer, *Canada*. I was well, thank God, during the entire voyage. But however fortunate be one's position on the ocean, he soon tires of the monotony of seeing nothing but sea and sky, and ever hails with delight the sight of land. After nine days' run Kinsale Head hove in sight. The good news brought me soon on deck, to get a glimpse of the green fields of Erin, of which I had read and heard so much. I had a good view of them as the steamer sailed along the coast to Queenstown. It was sad to think of the great exodus of the stalwart sons of the Emerald Isle to foreign lands,—

> "And trembling, shrieking from the spoiler's hand,
> Far, far away thy children leave the land."

I was seized with wonder at London's vast size and grandeur. And gay Paris far surpassed in beauty, splendor, and magnificence, all the cities I had ever read of in song or tale. After passing a few days visiting the sights of this lively capital, I proceeded to Marseilles, where I took my passage in the steamer *Pompeii*, bound to Civita Vecchia. From a pleasant sail on the blue Mediterranean Sea, behold me arrived on the 9th of December in that port, and within the Papal States! A few hours more, and I had my glad dream of youth realized,—the ardent hope of many years consummated,—I was in Rome! If the sight of Rome rejoices so much the artist, the sculptor, the antiquarian, the archæologist, the poet, the philosopher, the historian, and all the votaries of art and science, with what joy should it not fill the heart of the true Christian? May he not truly, like the Crusaders of old on beholding Jerusalem, shed tears of joy as he approaches that great city, whom he regards still as the capital of the world — *caput orbis*. Is it not the bright centre of Catholicity, which ever, like the sun, beams forth beauteous rays of light and joy to gladden the nations? The seat of the Holy Father, the never-dying St. Peter? The home of learning, and, in a word, of everything holy, great, and beautiful in the world?

> "O Roma, nobilis orbis et domina,
> Cunctorum urbium excellentissima,
> Salutem dicam tibi per omnia,
> Tibi benedicemus, salve per omnia."

I took up my residence in the Hotel Minerva, one of the best in Rome, where I sojourned over five weeks, and where I enjoyed the choicest society of both English, French, Irish, Scotch, and American travellers. Here I was delighted to meet with an old friend, Capt. Chrisholm, whom I had known in Bermuda. He not unfrequently beguiled a vacant hour with his pibroch, which was sure to bring around the place a crowd of astonished Romans. Among the Irish were Mr. Daly, brother to Gov. Daly, and his son.

At St. Peter's, on Christmas Day, I saw the Pope carried in procession, and heard his High Mass. Oh, it was indeed a great and glorious spectacle, well calculated to make one feel proud of our holy religion, and give him a foretaste of the joys of heaven! The heart-stirring strains of the silver trumpets, a little before the elevation of the Sacred Host, ringing through the glorious dome of "this storied ark of worship undefiled," seem yet to linger in my ears. I have had the great honor and happiness of being presented to the Holy Father, and of receiving his blessing. His Holiness received me most graciously, and conversed with me for several minutes in French, which he speaks very well. He remarked that he knew well our late archbishop, and, *inter alia*, alluded to the great topic of the American war, and said he was doing his best to bring about peace.

His Holiness has a most beautiful and benignant countenance, which inspires confidence and dispels all dread of his august person. He is truly an angel in human form. I left him with my poor heart consoled and beating with joy at the idea of having been speaking with such a great, noble, and holy personage. May God grant, for the good of the church, that he may yet live for many years,—which is not improbable, as he seemed to me as young and as fresh as a man of forty, and not seventy-three years, his age then. On the last day of the old year I heard *Te Deum* celebrated at the Gesu. His Holiness and a great number of the cardinals assisted at it. Nothing could surpass the demonstrations of joy exhibited by the vast multitudes present, on the occasion of the Pope's arrival at the church. The presenting of arms by the Swiss Guards and the French army, the enthusiastic shouts by the thronging thousands, mingled with the music of the military bands, the waving of banners, plumes, hats, handkerchiefs, and ringing of bells, proclaimed to the world the love and veneration of the Roman people for their glorious Pontiff and King, Pius IX. What mere earthly potentate could receive such honors? I spent my time to the best advantage, in visiting churches, colleges, palaces, gardens, and countless monuments of interest; among others the Propaganda.

I walked often to the Pincian Hills, the favorite promenade of the Roman nobility, as well as of all foreigners, to hear the French and Papal bands, which alternately play there from 3 to 4 P. M. This is, indeed, a most lovely spot. It is adorned with splendid walks, sparkling fountains, marble statues; and when the sweet voice of music is heard the scene is most enlivening. Crowds of happy and gay citizens, as well as many distinguished strangers, stroll all around. Fancy the delight of a son of the cold North, in the month of January, musing where reigns eternal spring, in this Eden of green leafy trees and rosy bowers; what a contrast to the foggy vales and hills of Acadia!

My tour has been quite fortunate and pleasant. It will ever be a sunny spot in "memory's waste." It has benefited both mind and body. I have felt ever since stronger in health and spirits. I will ever think with pleasure of Rome, and its beautiful and grand monuments.

"Possis nihil urbe Roma,
Videre majus."

St. Pierre. W. M'L.

Hope for the Lepers.

THE German *Catholic Missions* publishes a letter from Father Damien, the missionary priest in the leper settlement at Molokai, which contains the following passage:

"For about twenty years our most distinguished physicians tried every possible means to master this dreadful disease, but all their efforts failed to check the spread of the distemper. About three years ago a white man was seized with leprosy. Being very wealthy he preferred to go to Japan rather than to submit to a lifelong exile in Molokai. In Japan he continued for a two years' course of hydropathic treatment under Dr. Goto. He returned hither accompanied by the son of Dr. Goto, with every appearance of a perfect cure. About the end of last year the Health Committee resolved to introduce, under the supervision of Dr. Goto, the Japanese treatment into the leper hospital, which is in the charge of the Franciscan Sisters at Kakaako, near Honolulu. Already then I felt inclined to go to Honolulu to consult Dr. Goto about the disease, which had already made havoc with one of my ears. At that time, however, my superiors did not consider the step advisable. Last July, however, I had occasion to personally satisfy myself of the success which had attended the treatment in question in the hospital of the Sisters at Kakaako, and to carefully observe its method, which consists in this: Every day the leper has to take two baths in hot water, in which a certain quantity of Japanese medicine has been dissolved. After every meal he has to take a small pill, and an hour later an ounce of tea, prepared from the bark of a Japanese tree. This is the whole treatment. Both young Dr. Goto and the white patient, of whom I made mention above, have assured me that in Japan many a leper has been completely cured by this treatment. Whatever truth there may be in this statement, I must own that the improvement during these six months in the condition of many lepers, whose illness was already in a very developed state, has been simply marvellous. I think myself therefore justified in seeing in this treatment a glimmer of hope for our poor outcast lepers of Molokai. King Kalakua and his Prime Minister honored me with a visit during my short stay at the hospital at Kakaako, near Honolulu. They told me it was their intention to introduce the same system of treatment in our great leper settlement. I look forward with satisfaction to the day on which we shall receive a steam boiler which may heat about fifteen bath tubs at the same time.

"For a few weeks I have undergone the treatment in question. At

the same time I commenced the same treatment with about forty to fifty of my orphan children. We have already derived some benefit from it. My work seems lighter and my strength is returning. Last Sunday, for instance, I said two masses and preached during each without being obliged to sit down and without feeling particularly wearied."

Irish and American Reminiscences.

EVACUATION OF BOSTON.—THE COUNTERSIGN, "ST. PATRICK."

ONE hundred and ten years ago, in 1776, on St. Patrick's Day, the British forces, under Gen. Howe, evacuated Boston, their progress being accelerated by the extremely critical position in which they had been placed by Gen. Washington, who some days before had constructed strong earthworks on Dorchester Heights, and who was in a position to lay the town in ruins. Disappointed in not obtaining expected reinforcements, and hemmed in on every side by the Continental army, Howe, the British commander, was obliged to either evacuate or surrender. He adopted the former course, and shortly after midnight the streets of Boston were in an uproar caused by the assembling of the troops preparatory to embarking, and by crowds of loyalists who had determined to brave the perils of a sea voyage rather than remain behind after the redcoats had departed. The embarkation of the British began at four o'clock on the morning of March 17, the troops numbering 8,906 men, and the loyalist refugees about 1,200 of both sexes. Seventy-eight war ships and transports were required to carry the party. What the loyalists could not take with them they destroyed, and before leaving the soldiers broke open and pillaged many of the stores.

A synopsis of the causes immediately leading to the evacuation will be of peculiar interest on this, the anniversary of that great event. While the work of erecting fortifications on Dorchester Heights was in progress, a lively bombardment of Boston was opened by the American artillery all along the lines, from Roxbury to the extreme left, in order to divert the attention of the British from the secret labors of the patriots. At daylight on March 5 the redoubts were completed, and Howe upon observing the works exclaimed: "I know not what I shall do. The rebels have done more harm in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." Admiral Shuldham exclaimed: "If they retain possession of the Heights I cannot keep a ship in the harbor." It was accordingly determined to dislodge the Americans by direct assault, and 2,400 picked men were placed under Lord Percy, with instructions to drive the Americans from their position. Percy resolved to embark his men and make the attack under cover of darkness, but was prevented by a furious gale which drove several ships ashore. Howe was dismayed, and after a council of war had been held it was

determined to evacuate the town. When this decision became known it struck terror into the hearts of the loyalists, who immediately clamored of Gen. Howe the protection he had promised them. Howe offered to leave Boston if Washington would permit him to do so unmolested. The latter gave a tacit consent, but relaxed none of his vigilance, and on March 17, as above stated, the British sailed for Halifax.

The date of their departure was St. Patrick's day, and in graceful recognition of the fact, Washington issued the following:

WASHINGTON'S GENERAL ORDER.

HEADQUARTERS, 17th March, 1776.

Parole, "*BOSTON.*" *Countersign*, "*ST. PATRICK.*"

The regiments under marching orders to march to-morrow morning. Brigadier of the Day, General SULLIVAN. By his Excellency's Command.

Washington, in significantly designating "St. Patrick" as the countersign, evidently took advantage of the opportunity presented to pay a graceful compliment to the Irish people who had shown such devotion to the cause of American liberty. This desire is still further evidenced by his appointment of General John Sullivan as officer of the day. Washington himself was an active member of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, and always expressed sincere sympathy with Ireland in her struggle for independence.

As a recognition of his services in connection with the siege of Boston, Congress voted Washington a gold medal, bearing the inscription, "Hostibus Primo Fugatis" and "Bostonium Recuperatum." The die was made in France, and the original medal has been preserved, and during the civil war it was buried in the Shenandoah valley, in the cellar of an old mansion, to escape capture. A representative of the family sold it in 1876 to fifty gentlemen of Boston, headed by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who presented it on St. Patrick's day of that year to our Public Library, where it now is.

Edward Everett Hale, in the memorial History of Boston, alluding to those engaged in fortifying Dorchester Heights, says:

"General Artemas Ward commanded the right wing of the American army and directed the work. . . . General John Thomas carried out his orders with such resource and promptness as made the work the wonder of the time. And yet to-day, if you should ask ten Boston men, 'Who was Artemas Ward?' nine would say he was an amusing showman. If you asked 'Who was John Thomas?' nine would say he was a flunky commemorated by Thackeray. On the site of the fortification — ordered by Washington, directed by Ward, and built by Thomas — is a memorial stone which bears, not their names, but that of the mayor of Boston who erected it. Such is fame."

The St. Patrick's Cross.

COME, raise me up, alannah! Lift me up a little more,
And let the sunshine touch my bed and stream upon the floor;
Draw back the curtain farther yet — let enter ev'ry ray
And make the place look cheerful, child, for this is Patrick's Day.

Once more I bid it welcome —'tis the last for me, I fear,
I've had a long, long journey, but the end is drawing near;
Thank God, I've seen my share of years, but, somehow, child, to-day,
My heart grows warm and youthful, and my thoughts are far away.

You know my old brown chest, asthore; go now and lift the lid,
And bring me what you'll find there, in the bottom corner hid.
A little colored pasteboard cross — 'tis faded, quaint, and old,
And yet I prize it dearer far than if 'twere solid gold.

Long years ago I carried it, across the rolling sea,
And Time, with all its changes, has not stolen it from me,
Just as you read the other day — and I believe it true,
That everywhere we Irish go, God's cross will follow, too.

And there are twined around it, child, what you can't understand,
Old memories of other days — of youth and native land;
As dry and withered rose-leaves speak of summers past and gone,
So life's bright early spring-time in this little cross lives on.

It tells me of the first time that I wore it, long ago,
Pinned here, upon my shoulder, ah! but sure you'll never know
How grand I felt that morning, with my cross and ribbon green;
God and country bound together — I was prouder than a queen.

How light and gay my spirits, as we children climbed the hill
To seek for four-leaved shamrocks whilst the dew was sparkling still.
Whilst the blackbird sung his welcome — the primrose showed her face,
And violets were nodding from each cosy hiding-place.

My little cross, around you, oh, how many mem'ries cling!
Old times, old scenes, old faces to my mind this day you bring;
Come, pin it on my shoulder, child, in spite of age and pain,
For Ireland and St. Patrick let me wear it once again.

The weight of years may bend me, but my soul will ever pray,
May God be with the good old land, and bless her honored Day,
And around the Cross entwined, may her Shamrocks e'er be met,
That as she bore the burden she may share the triumph yet.

E. A. SUTTON.

A Sentence of Death.

THE mass of Americans are far from understanding the meaning of the reports that are now coming in thick and fast from Ireland. The Tory administration has taken the shameful words of Palmerston as its motto — Tenant right is landlord wrong. Tenants who cannot pay rack rents are now being driven from their homes in the dead of winter by armed policemen. The brutality of the Glenheigh evictions in County Kerry recalls the worst of the outrages perpetrated under the shield of the law in the days of the famine of '47.

The rain was pouring in torrents when the processes were served. Old and young, the strong and the sick, were ruthlessly turned out of doors. One mother begged piteously to be allowed to remain under her poor roof over night to nurse her dying child. The agent of the landlord threw her off when she clasped his knees, and ordered the doors to be nailed up. The weeping woman laid her sick child in the pigsty and went off to fetch some straw for its bed. As the bailiff was nailing up the door he was struck down by a young girl in a frenzy of despair and indignation. Ten policemen seized the girl and attempted to take her off under guard, but she was rescued by a wild rush of the mob.

Such scenes as these may be of daily occurrence, perhaps of hourly. Five years ago there was an eviction for every half-hour in the day and night during the year. Official records show that in 1881, 17,341 persons were deprived of their rights as tenants, and that most of them were absolutely thrown on the roadside. The liberal Forster then earned the undying hate of the Irish people. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is seemingly anxious to stand beside him in history.

What does eviction mean? If Irishmen were summoned as witnesses their words might sound wild and whirling. It is well at this crisis to recall the words of a witness whom all Americans respect — in the eyes of the world the greatest living Englishman, William Ewart Gladstone. These words were spoken in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone was very far from being the champion of the Irish cause which he has since become: —

"In the failure of the crops, crowned by the year 1879, the act of God had replaced the Irish occupier in the condition in which he stood before the land act. Because what had he to contemplate? He had to contemplate eviction for non-payment of rent; and as a consequence of eviction, *starvation.* And it is no exaggeration to say, in a country where the agricultural pursuit is the only pursuit, and where the means of the payment of rent are entirely destroyed for a time by the visitation of Providence, that the poor occupier may under these circumstances regard a sentence of eviction as coming, for him, very near to *a sentence of death.*"

These words are not a hurried and extravagant utterance. Their form was evidently chosen with care, and their purport anxiously weighed. Mr. Gladstone was speaking to opponents who were on the

watch to note every slip. This declaration has the force of an indictment for manslaughter under legal sufferance to-day. The condition of the Irish tenant is still deplorable. Rents are still exacted which are beyond the power of tenants to pay. Diminished crops and falling prices have put honest, industrious farmers in the power of unscrupulous scoundrels.

Even in England and Scotland, where the landlords commonly furnish the capital for improvements, and the facilities for harvesting and transportation are far better than those of the Irish tenant farmer, there has been wide-spread distress. "By almost general admission," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* of December 28, 1885, "nothing short of a very general and large reduction of rents by landlords can save a considerable portion of the British farmers from ruin." In both England and Scotland such concessions were made. Sometimes the reduction was voluntary, for in Great Britain tenants and landlords have common interests. Sometimes it was in answer to an imperative demand, such as came from meetings of farmers in Monmouthshire.

In Ireland alone, when farmers meet and resolve to insist on a reduction of rent, the meeting is accounted seditious. When they protest that they cannot pay, their protest is laughed to scorn. Landlords there alone throw their tenants out of doors by undiscriminating evictions. There alone is it necessary for a government to turn itself into a crowbar brigade. The Kerry evictions are rightly styled by the *London Daily News* shameful outrages on civilization and humanity. If perpetrated in this country, no government which justified them could bear up under the popular storm of righteous indignation. The Tory administration will reap the whirlwind.

Boston Daily Advertiser.

How the Pope Lives.

THE Pope, now seventy-eight years old, leads a very regular life, and is in a fair condition of health. At 6 A. M. he celebrates Mass in his private chapel. At 7 he breakfasts on a cup of chocolate and milk, with sometimes raw eggs beaten up. Immediately afterwards he receives the visits of his court, and Cardinal Jacobini reports what has occurred in the world, and gives him an account of the letters received on papal business. Besides these official letters, others arrive from all parts of the world, mainly from priests, missionaries, monks, and nuns, while others contain sums of money from penitents, and many are petitions for a blessing, pecuniary aid, or advice.

After these letters in all languages have been translated and their contents briefly reported to the Pope, they are placed in the papal archives. Hundreds of telegrams also arrive each day, the greater part asking for benediction *in articulo mortis*, which, naturally, often only reach their destination after the petitioner is dead. At 1 o'clock the Pope dines, and then retires to his room to rest until the heat of the

day is past. At 6 P. M he repairs to the Vatican gardens, where his carriage awaits him. Sometimes he prefers to walk and to rest in an elegant Eastern kiosk, which has recently been erected on the prettiest spot in the gardens, where he takes coffee and ices, surrounded by his intimate friends. Precisely at sunset the party breaks up and the Pope returns to the palace, as his physicians have forbidden him to remain out of doors after that hour, on account of the malaria which prevails in the valley below Mount Mario. At 9 o'clock, after half an hour spent in prayer, the Pope retires to bed.

Inviolability of the Confessional.

"ROCHEFORT, a man well known in the literary world and who is himself a Catholic, or ought to be one, asks whether a priest is justified in keeping the secret of the confessional when by doing so an innocent man may suffer death." In reply: Even though an innocent man suffer death the priest cannot reveal the sin told him under the seal of confession. Never since the institution of the sacrament of penance has a priest been known to disclose that which was made known to him in the confessional. Scoffers at religion have made priests drunk for the purpose of loosening their tongues upon the confession. Priests have become apostates. Others have become insane. But never has it been known that the priesthood has been disgraced by the revelation of the sins told by the penitent. Should the innocent suffer, that would be the business of God. The priest cannot communicate the sins confessed to him. About eighty years ago a young priest in Ireland, who was connected with a very respectable family, heard the confession of a man who had committed a murder. The brother of the priest, who was a military officer, was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime. His aged mother died of grief, the priest himself shortly after became insane, but not one word escaped his lips to reveal the secret of the confession. The murderer himself eventually openly confessed the crime.

In Russian Poland an organist and parish teacher murdered a government officer. He used the gun of the priest, and secreted it beneath the altar of the church, where it was found. There were circumstantial incidents which seemed to point to the priest as the guilty man. He was arrested and sentenced to Siberia. Twenty years after, the organist on his death-bed publicly proclaimed that he was the guilty man. A pardon was forwarded to the exiled priest, but death had carried him off two years before. It was to that priest the murderer had gone for confession after the commission of the crime. But a living death in Siberia was preferable to breaking the eternal seal of the sacred tribunal of the confessional.

Millions of years may yet endure ere the earth is destroyed, and still no priest of the Church of God will ever break that seal. This is the work, not of man, but of God himself.

The Face of Jesus.

UNDER the head of "The Face of Jesus, the Standard of Christians and the Pledge of Salvation," our esteemed contemporary, the *Catholic Mirror*, has a beautiful article by one of its most talented contributors. We reproduce the concluding portion of this article:

"As the battle which Christians are called upon to fight is not, however, against physical force, but invisible foes and their own passions, it is in such warfare that the assistance of the Sacred Face will prove specially efficacious. Christ came to establish a spiritual kingdom upon earth, and to destroy the dominion of Satan over souls. He triumphed over sin and death, and accomplished the regeneration of humanity by assuming our fallen nature and investing it with holier attributes and loftier aspirations. Having thus elevated and enrolled us, He has pledged Himself to aid us in attaining the high standard of virtue and moral excellence which He wishes us to acquire. Therefore, in every conflict, trial, or temptation, we may confidently invoke and rely upon the assistance of the Sacred Face. Under its protection, and aided by the graces which it imparts, we become invincible, for no enemy can assail us with hope of succeeding. The demons fly in terror from the Face of Christ. For them it wears a withering look and a blighting frown. Affrighted, they fall down in adoration before it. Neither do they care to attack such as are protected by its influence, since certain defeat awaits them. Thus Christians may render themselves invincible to all foes, whether visible or invisible, by arraying themselves under the standard of Christ's Holy Face and piously invoking its protection. He has promised to defend all who have recourse to Him.

"This Adorable Face is likewise a powerful incentive to the practice of the virtues which it illustrates and recalls. Being an epitome of His life and sufferings, it strongly appeals to our minds and hearts, and forcibly reminds us of the necessity of putting forth greater efforts to reproduce in our lives the virtues which it inculcates. No one can seriously contemplate the Face of Christ and remain indifferent to his salvation, which He purchased at such a tremendous sacrifice.

"Christians, then, have reason to revere the Sacred Face, and tenderly cherish the memories and feelings which it awakens in their minds and hearts. 'Tis the precious gift bequeathed to them by their dying Saviour as a perpetual memorial of His love. 'Tis the Face which was saluted by the angels when they sang their hymn of jubilation over Bethlehem, which reconciled heaven and earth: 'Glory to God on high and peace on earth to men of good-will.' 'Tis the Face before which Simeon became enraptured and uttered his prophetic declaration: 'Behold, he is set for the rise and the fall of many in Israel.' 'Tis the Face which the Magi adored and offered the precious gifts which they had brought from afar, receiving in recompense the more precious gift of faith and salvation. 'Tis the Face upon which the Eternal Father looked down from on high when He said: 'This is my

beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased ; hear ye Him.' 'Tis the Face which illumined Tabor with the splendor and brightness of Divinity, and before which Peter fell prostrate in adoration, and was forced to exclaim in bewildered astonishment : 'Lord, it is good to be here!' 'Tis the Face on which the angels had the blessed delight to gaze, and which the just long to behold, for it is the joy of heaven and the hope of earth. 'Tis the Face, too, which was bruised and disfigured on account of our sins, and bears the deep marks and indelible impressions of the wickedness of men and the malice of demons ; for earth and hell united in their efforts to destroy its heavenly beauty. It is thus that Christians may prefer to view it, since it will serve to remind them of their debt of gratitude and the extent of their obligation for the immense favors and benefits which it has conferred upon them. But, in whatever aspect they may choose to contemplate it, it must prove salutary and fruitful in good to their souls.

"The Adorable Face of Christ is, then, a glorious standard, stainless as the blood which crimsons its folds ; bright as the light which is reflected from its look ; soft and tender as the expression of mercy and love which it wears ; sweet and consoling as the confidence and fortitude which it inspires. Let it wave in triumph in every Christian home and temple, and reign supreme over all hearts. It is the standard of Christians, the sign of victory, and the pledge of salvation to all who reverently invoke it ; for Christ Himself declared to His chosen servant, Sister St. Pierre, that it is a coin of infinite value with which we may purchase the kingdom of heaven."

Shame and Glory of Irish Womanhood.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* (London paper) has an article on "births marriages, and deaths in Ireland," based on the Registrar-General's returns. It says : Of the children born, 112,733, or 97.2 per cent., were legitimate, and 3,218, or 2.8 per cent., illegitimate. Of the children born in wedlock there were 105.2 boys to 100 girls ; of the illegitimate births there were 109 boys to 100 girls — a strange fact which the report does not attempt to explain. Taking the illegitimate births in their order of magnitude, they are — Ulster, 4.3 per cent.; Leinster, 2.3 per cent.; Munster, 2 2 per cent. ; Connaught, 0.9 per cent. As these are in provinces, we will take the highest and the lowest of the counties in order to show the shame and the glory of Irish womanhood.

The highest in their order of unchastity are—Antrim, 5.8 ; Armagh, 5.0 ; Londonderry, 4.8 ; Down, 4 5 ; Tyrone, 4.0 ; Fermanagh, 3.5 ; Monaghan, 2.8 ; Donegal, 2.0 ; Cavan, 1.6. These nine counties are in Ulster. In Connaught, where the average of illegitimate births is 0.9, there are five counties ; Galway, 1.5 per cent.; Sligo, 1 per cent. ; Mayo, 0.7 per cent. ; Roscommon, 0.7 ; Leitrim, 0 6. In chastity these

counties represent the flower of womankind. Let us consider the meaning of these figures. In 1,000 persons in Banff, Scotland, there are 171 bastards; in Shropshire, 85 bastards; in Antrim, 58 bastards; in Leitrim, 6 bastards. If female chastity be virtue, then the above figures show the relative proportions between the virtue of the women of the four counties named.

What can give rise to the great difference between the chastity of the greater portion of the women of Ulster and those of the other parts of Ireland? Dividing Ulster into two portions, Protestants and Catholics, and judging these by the number of Protestant and Catholic marriages celebrated last year, we find the proportions to be per cent. —

	Protestants.	Catholics.	Illegitimate births.
Antrim	80	20	5.0*
Down	73	27	4.5*
Londonderry	60	40	4.8*
Armagh	60	40	5.*
Fermanagh	54	46	3.5
Tyrone	53	47	4.
Monaghan	34	66	2.8
Cavan	27	73	1.6
Donegal	22	78	2.

The counties marked * returned Orange members to the present Parliament. It seems that Orangeism and illegitimacy go together, and that bastards in Ireland are in proportion to Orange lodges. No other county in Ireland returns an Orangeman.

Two Sorts of Pride.

THERE are, according to me, two sorts of pride. One more gross, and from which we may easily escape — contentment with ourselves; the other, more subtle, more able to glide in unperceived, more reasonable, hides itself under the displeasure we feel at our own miseries,— displeasure which, if it does not turn into contrition, turns into vexation. We are afflicted that we cannot repose in ourselves; our conscience is a witness which we hear in spite of ourselves; we are angry at being so little, because we have inherited the first guilty sentiment of the first father, and we would be gods. In this condition we reproach ourselves above all with the imperfections which depend least upon our will; and we love better to despair of ourselves than to condemn ourselves. We would willingly tax the Creator for not having gifted us more advantageously; we are almost jealous of the faculties and virtues of others. Thus love is weakened, and egotism hides itself under the deceitful austerity of our regrets. We are so displeased with ourselves because we love ourselves too well. . . . It may be the beginning of wisdom for a man to enter into himself; and, indeed, ancient and pagan wisdom knew this precept. But, if the man thus entering into himself is not to

die there of shame and of discouragement, there must descend into the prison a ray from above. There needs to be something which is not human, which, nevertheless, comes to visit a man in the solitude of his heart, and which sends him out of it that he may enter into action; this something is love. It is it alone which changes remorse into penitence, which fructifies sorrow and makes it come forth in generous resolutions; it is this which gives confidence, and by confidence, courage; for this causes that view of ourselves to disappear, which confounds us before the view of God, with whom it clothes us, in whom it causes us to feel, to be, and to move: *In Ipso movemur et sumus:* Who enlightens us with His light, and strengthens us with His strength.

Strange Animals.

THE forests of the East Indies are populated by strange animal forms, among which the curious Lemuridæ that are figured herewith, from a drawing by Mr. Clement, are deserving of occupying the front rank. These odd creatures, the analogues of the galagos of Africa and of the indris and cheirogales of Madagascar, are, with the *Galeopitheci*, or flying lemurs, the representatives, in the Indo-Malaisian region, of the order Lemuridæ, which are inhabitants of the tropical regions of the Old World, and the fossil remains of which confirm their existence at the Tertiary epoch in France and North America.

These animals represent transitory forms between the monkeys and cheiroptera, but are more widely separated from the former than from the marsupials, with which they have very great affinity, and from which they appear to have originated. Taking as a basis the present geographical distribution of these creatures, certain English and German naturalists have tried to find the possible ancestors of the monkeys in the Lemuridæ; and, starting from man, have assigned as the home of these ancestral forms an immense and now submerged continent, of which Madagascar and the Malaisian Islands are the last vestiges. These views are hazardous at the best, and, while there is nothing to demonstrate the truth of them, a large number of facts can be adduced against them. It can be proved that the various types of Lemuridæ were, at the time of their appearance, distributed throughout distinctly defined regions. The Tertiary epoch shows us forms of them in the temperate parts of the Old and New World. In the phosphorites of Quercy Mr. Fithol has collected the remains of *Nacrolemur antiquus*, a lemur closely allied to the present pottos of West Africa.

"Their burial in the phosphatic fissures," says Mr. De Lapparent, "appears to have been immediate, and doubtless under the influence of noxious vapors that asphyxiated such animals as had come to slake their thirst at the springs; for there are many entire skeletons, and the bones of neither the ruminants nor rodents show any trace of incisions made by the teeth of the carnivora with which they are associated."

Other geologists have exhumed from the lower Eocene of Wyoming Territory the remains of *Limnotherides* and *Lemuraoides*, of whose natural affinities with the makis there is no question. At the beginning of the Eocene period there existed other animals, whose bones, collected in the Montmartre gypsums, leave scientists in uncertainty as to the exact place to which they ought to assign the owners of these remains in the mammalogical series. Some regard the *Adapides* as ungulate mammals, while others would place them among the Prosimians, to which a large number of their characters tends to ally them.

If we take the proofs that unite to give us the geological and geographical distribution of the Lemuridæ, our mind is made certain. Far from looking for the probable origin of the primates in these creatures, we must, on the contrary, consider them as a special type that has been clearly characterized from the most ancient time, and that is due to modifications introduced into certain marsupials. The thumbs opposite the other fingers is not a character that can be called upon to approximate these animals to the monkeys, for this peculiarity is observed in a large number of marsupials, and, properly speaking, cannot be considered as a mark of superiority. It is even remarked that certain monkeys are destitute of it, such as the catarrhinians, of the

African genus *Colobus*, which lack the thumb on the hands. The hand must not be considered as a modification of the foot, but rather as an organ of special and primative plan. Certain naturalists have considered, and do still consider, the thumb as a continuation of the axis of the arm represented by the radius. It seems more reasonable, along with Carl Vogt, to look at it "rather as a secondary radius independent of the other fingers, and which, for this reason, is generally the first to disappear when the number of the fingers is reduced."

The tarsier, shown in the engraving, seems, through its fantastic appearance, to well merit the name *spectrum*, given it by Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire. To consider but its stature and proportions, its long hind limbs, and its still larger tail, ending in a tuft, this tarsier might be taken for a jerboa, were it not for the inordinately large round eyes with which its head is provided. These eyes, which are of a yellow brown, are luminous in the dark, and, according to one observer, give the head the appearance of a dark lantern with two bull's-eyes that revolve upon a pivot.

The accompanying figure shows the tarsier reduced to about one-third of its natural size. The length of the adult's body is about six inches, and that of its tail nine inches. The body is covered with a woolly fur of a grayish brown, lighter upon the belly. The trunk is slim, and the long tail that terminates it is cylindrical, and is provided at the tip with a tuft of hairs. In the abdominal limbs, the first two divisions are nearly of equal length. The thigh is stouter than the leg, and the latter terminates in a very slender tarsus, and a foot whose toes are still more elongated than the fingers, and which is provided with a strong toe that can be placed opposite the others. Of the toes, the second and median end in a claw, while the very long fourth one and the fifth one, like the fingers, are provided with flat nails. It must be remarked, however, that the nails of the hand are more convex than those of the foot. The toes end in a disk, and their lower surface is provided with round callouses, by means of which the animal fixes itself firmly in position.

The thoracic limbs, which are much shorter, terminate in a hand composed of long, slender fingers, provided with disks. The thumb, which is short, cannot be moved opposite the other fingers.

The head is large and round, the muzzle is short pointed, and the ears are of medium length, naked, and provided with a sort of fold by which they can be closed. The eyes take up more than half the face; and the mouth, which is capable of opening very widely, does not contribute to increase the animal's beauty, and seems to contract into a diabolical grin.

The dental formula (2–1 1–1 3–3 3–3) is that of an insectivore, and is nearly identical with that of the bats of the genus *Plecotus*, and likewise recalls that of the indris of Madagascar. "In the upper jaw," says Vogt, "the incisors, canines, and premolars have nearly the same form of sharp fangs; the median incision is more prominent, the second is smaller, the canine is stronger, the first premolar is very small, the second is larger, and the third has two points. The molars are wider than long, and are provided with sharp external tubercles. In the lower

jaw, the strongest teeth are the canine, the incisors are small and straight, and the premolars increase from in front backward."

The spectral tarsier inhabits the Sunda, Celebes, and Philippine Islands, and, according to Brehm, the Moluccas, and principally the Island of Amboyna.

It has never been permitted me to see this Prosimian in a living state, and the specimens that I was enabled to see or procure during the course of various voyages among the Islands of Malaisia were either preserved in alcohol or stuffed. It is, moreover, an always rare animal, that lives in couples in thickly wooded and the least accessible places in the virgin forests. During the day it remains in deep slumber. At the approach of night it is seen running nimbly, making long leaps from branch to branch, and pursuing and greedily devouring insects. It feeds on fruit also, but its most usual diet consists of articulates and simple reptiles.

The female gives birth to one offspring, which fastens itself to her thighs, or which she sometimes carries with her mouth, after the manner of cats.

The Malays seem to have a singular dread of this animal. Owing to its strange physiognomy, they appear to regard it as some supernatural and malevolent creature that takes pleasure in casting a spell over men and their possessions. They even carry their simplicity so far as to abandon the fields where the animal shows itself by chance, thinking that it is better to bear the fatigue of clearing other land than to expose themselves to the witchcraft of the little devil. Yet there are few creatures so inoffensive as these little Lemuridæ, and those that have been observed in confinement have never displayed any ill-nature — the most that they have done being to make some impatient movement when awakened in the middle of the day. In a wild state they pass the day coiled up asleep in the hollows of trees or in the forks of the branches.

The slender loris (*Loris gracilis*, Van der Hoeven) has the same habits as the tarsier, and, like it, inhabits the large Sunda Islands. But its geographical range is much wider at the north, and although it is frequent in the forests of India and Indo-China, it does not appear to inhabit the Celebes and the Moluccas. It is rare in Malaisia and is replaced by an allied form, the *Nycticebus*, of which two species are known, *N. javanicus*, Geof., and *N. tardigradus*, L. Like the tarsiers, the lorises have large eyes which shine in the dark; but they have merely a short rudiment of a tail.

The slender loris is 10 inches in length. Its dental formula (2–3 1–1 2–3 3–3) slightly approximates it to the carnivora, whose diet it shares. Its greatest treat is birds, which it seizes in the dark and devours the brain of. It is looked upon with an evil eye by the aborigines of the countries that it inhabits. The Ceylonese catch the poor animal, and torture it most cruelly. "The beautiful, large bright eyes of the loris," says Tennent, "have attracted the attention of the aborigines, and it is for the possession of these that they hunt the animal." These organs enter into the preparation of certain love potions. In order to extract them, the natives hold the poor beast over a fire until the eyes

burst." The same author adds that the slender loris is so fond of bird's brains that, according to the natives, it will attack the peafowl while the latter is asleep, quickly crush its scull with its teeth, and then feast upon the contents. Like the tarsier, the loris does not appear to be able to live in Europe, and those that an endeavor has been made to introduce in menageries have died during the trip.

Christmas Thoughts of a Pious Man.

(Translated from the Diary of *Alban Stolz*. Called by him, "*Witterungen der Seele*"—"Rain and shine within the soul."—HERDER. Freiburg, 1867.)

"OH, day of tears and still, oh, blessed day. Not many such have I seen,—such days of bliss and equal sadness. How true it is, with delight and painful longing gray old age looks back upon many a day of the past, where all was joy and happiness. However, from our home above, days of entirely different recollections shall be reviewed by us with pleasure—days, forsooth, where we have suffered most. This day, then, seemed to me a royal, blessed day since I had entered it with profound but dignifying grief for our church at home, inwardly still feeling the friendship and love of Jesus Christ. Oh, that thus I could live each day! Early I went to mass; the music was drowned by the bustle of the multitude. Beside me stood a servant girl of noble stature. She showed sincere piety, knelt at the consecration when all others stood; she prayed from her book, her dress was simple, without adornment; and at the other hand there stood a farmer's wife, poorly clad in the costume of K.; a boy of ten or eleven was with her, whose attire from utmost poverty lacked even the clean shirt, and scented ill—alas! upon that very day of '*Winne;*' his hair was black and bristle-like. And still, the poor woman seemed to have him reared in piety and goodness. At each bell he crossed himself devoutly—and anon the mother touched his little head, speaking to him warmly and he as warmly received each word. Then I returned home, and soon afterward I read Mass, whereat I enjoyed such wholesome recollection as rarely ever before."

* * * * * * * *

"Yesterday, though I had suffered much from cold, at supper again I enjoyed that unusual hilarity which visits me almost regularly, whenever I have heard confessions for some hours, chiefly in the evening. But to-day I have been to Holy Matins, where Eiblinger's sweet music greeted the Saviour Child with utmost charm and tenderness: and in that temple so thickly thronged I could still indulge in my own silent rapture. But all this rapture loathed to ascend. Then I resolved to hear confessions instead of listening to the 'Agnus Dei.' I went out into the dark night, shivering;—in my sullen mood I reasoned thus: Well may I shiver, the new-born Saviour had to suffer

likewise. I could not help, however, pitying myself in turn, I, who just then upon that very night, when so many thousand souls of Christians old and young were all revelling in delight and merriment, was to receive nothing,— nothing even from God; nay, was to feel, moreover, some dim and dismal apprehension for the future of my soul. Then I confessed: long, long ago I had deserved to be cast off and it is but the Lord's own grace which suffers me to walk this earth enjoying freedom and life. But while I sat hearing confessions, a Christmas-song, that I formerly had often heard at N., was beautifully rendered; and upon that the tears burst forth, — since never our soul is readier to weep than when our grief gives way to luminous recollections of the past.

"If, then, as to the Christmas gift it must be so — it may well be — and blessed be God! Aye, from within and without to-day the sorrows attack me, and wound the soul and darken it: but perhaps this is a gift of honor from God, as it behooves one who would take hold of Christ upon that very day which saw him enter this world as a weeping babe. O Lord! how can my words express it? The melancholy tolling of the distant bell reaches me through darkness and mist — I who sit here in solitude deeply wounded within my soul. But, oh, dear Lord, how gladly I now take the bitter remedy out of Thy hand, since in the past, at times I could scarcely help to long for it in prayer; and as gladly I shall bear the operation, only give Thou the strength to suffer, and let me recover by that treatment. What can all pleasures avail me if they are strewn like flowers one by one upon my path of life, and I, while gathering them, cannot proceed, but risk to go astray? Oh, Jesus Christ, whatever brings me nearer to Thee I shall gladly take upon myself. Again the bell arouses from the very bottom of my soul that mysterious play of thoughts and forebodings, as I upon that same day of seven years ago perceived it, when straying on the heights at the 'old glass-house' I caught the sound of bells wafting up from Bühl. Well, but oh, how well would it be, if God could only take it all, all from me, and I again could stand all pure, with a soul all youthful, fresh, and vigorous! — then to begin anew a quiet and humble life, unknown to the world, among the distant mountains; and, rather still, O God, would I be born the child of a poor farmer, to live but few years in ailment, and to die in season."

* * * * * * * *

"Before me lies the landscape; the balmy air disguises trees and hills in veils of silver, and within my soul twilight, uncertainty, and the death of winter reign. To day is Christmas. This morning while reposing here I suffered my eye to hover like the snow-bird over the extended vista — and the soul within longed for Jesus Christ, that He might enter it. And though my heart is cold and dark and desolate and poor, I know He himself feared not to partake of our nature in that hut at Bethlehem. And the faults that haunt me, haunt all mankind likewise, haunt that very world which He then entered,— being that great sinfulness of ours without a spark of merit, and the longing for a Saviour."

F. W. O.

Mr. Powderly on the Knights of Labor.

THE curse of the Knights of Labor has come from the promptness with which acknowledged leaders of the Socialistic element have put themselves forward at meetings, and while speaking, plainly hinted at the musket and Gattling guns as the remedy for labor's grievances. Many of the men who advocate these principles do not understand them, nor do they care to understand them. They set forth the idea and convey the impression that the only weapons by which labor can hope to secure the desired reforms are the knife and bludgeon. Men may entertain such ideas as they please; they may advocate them if they please, but they should not seek, under the cloak of the Knights of Labor, to promulgate such doctrines, and make the order responsible for them. I claim the right to differ as to the means calculated to bring about reforms, and am willing to respect the opinion of others; but until the Knights of Labor adopt the shotgun as their chief weapon, I will vigorously object to allowing advocates to slip to the front at meetings gotten up in the interest of labor. They must not be permitted to advocate blood and fire, and yet proclaim themselves to be the mouthpieces of the labor cause. The conduct and language of these men have caused the clergymen to regard us with an eye of suspicion, and it will require strenuous efforts on our part to remove the erroneous impression concerning us. I have no respect for the man or men who will flaunt that accursed red flag and advocate the use of the dirk and bullet for 364 days in the year, and who, on the 365th day, deliberately walk up to the polls and vote for the continuance of the system which they denounce. I am sorry that the order ever found a foothold in New York, for no good has ever come from large cities, which are prolific of whiskey and crime. Bah on the creatures who stand up as champions of labor in the presence of thousands of unthinking men and advocate the knife and bullet. Bah on the men who flaunt the red flag. They are too vile to respect, and too cowardly to uphold the American flag, sanctified by the blood of patriots. They disgrace it every time they go to the polls and vote for monopoly and usury. They are not to be trusted.

He Defends Himself Until Life's Labor Ends.

In a letter to an organization in Pittsburgh, Pa., after referring to the prosperous condition of the order throughout the country, notwithstanding the published reports of its dissolution, Mr. Powderly says in substance: "I am literally besieged with correspondence indorsing my action in matters pertaining to the order, but find very few who attach any importance to the attacks made by individuals or newspapers. The unfair reference in the press to the $5,000 salary hurts my feelings most. I do not merit that kind of treatment. As you know, I always opposed a high salary for myself, and for several years peremptorily refused the offer from the general assembly, but at the

last session found myself confronted and open to two charges, either of which was sure to prevail against me, through the efforts of the designing enemies inside and outside of the order.

"First, if an advance of salary, favored by the representatives at Richmond and the order at large was refused, then I would be dishonest, and certainly under compensation from the enemies of the order, or the great labor to be performed would not be undertaken. Second, if the advance of salary was accepted, then it could be said it came from the hard-working people of the country, and the services rendered were not adequate for the salary fixed. This was the unpleasant position of affairs, but no word in favor of the proposed action of the assembly came from me. Had my individual interests been consulted, the offer of $100 per week, made previous to the session at Hamilton, would have been accepted, as the proposed labor would have called for but eight hours out of twenty-four. Since then offers have come to me unsolicited, ranging from $5,000 to $6,000 a year, for my services in business pursuits, four of which now stand open for my acceptance. The duties of the position held in the order require close and exhaustive mental labor, anywhere from twelve to eighteen hours a day, and therefore cannot be considered a sinecure. My purpose to stand by the order, regardless of the action of enemies within or without, cannot be shaken. I worked for the organization when the privilege for doing so was paid for, and when the few individuals now in the order, who are assailing me through sinister motives, were doing their utmost to prevent the success of its principles when they were on the outside. I shall continue to work for the purposes and teachings of the Knights of Labor, pay or no pay, until my life's labor ends. The work of years must not, shall not, be thrown away to gratify enemies of right and justice."

Let us Have Clean Newspapers.

In regard to the attitude which the newspapers of our land have taken in reference to the publishing of scandals in high life, in this and foreign countries, no little comment has been passed.

The profligate and degenerate character of the so-called spicy developments, of which the columns of our great journalistic successes have recently been filled, are a burning disgrace, and their eradication will prove of great beneficence to the community at large.

Can it be possible that, in this enlightened age, the pen of journalism must descend to such a degree of baseness that nothing other than the publication of scandals will prove remunerative; or is it that the majority of our reading public have, from force of habit, contracted an appetite for news of such tone, and the papers, in order to gratify their cravings, search the world over for news of that nature?

Is there a Christian home to which the newspapers of the day may with safety be brought without endangering the morals of our young?

I would ask, is there a Christian father, or a Christian mother, that would willingly allow their son or daughter to listen to conversation of such degraded tendencies as are daily portrayed in our newspapers, and I would be amply justified by answering in the negative; but still the papers of our day, filled as they are with news of such a filthy and abominable nature, find their way into our homes.

Is it not time that this growing evil should be checked, or are we going to allow it to proceed, at a risk of the mind or morals of young and old? There is but one way; flee from them as you would from a venomous reptile, for the Holy Ghost says: "He that loveth danger shall perish therein."

See that your family are provided with a good Catholic paper, as you will find in its columns nothing that might prove detrimental to the greatest of all virtues, morality, but on the contrary, while containing all the news of the day, you may be sure to find good advice to the further advancement in Christian virtues.

The Catholic, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oysters and Oyster Eaters.

BEING now fully into the oyster season, a few remarks about this delicious bivalve may have some interest for a few, or for many, of our readers. In the course of our remarks the names of some celebrities will occur, who, along with their fame as geniuses or otherwise, are also noted as enormous consumers of this delectable dainty; and we may add how few there are among us who can say truthfully they do not like oysters!

According to Pliny, Sergius Orata was the first to conceive and practically form oyster beds. He made extensive reservoirs at Baiæ, in which he deposited innumerable thousands of these shell-fish. The same distinguished philosopher further enlightens us on the social habits of oysters. He gravely assures us that they have a king, and that their form of government is somewhat of a patriarchal monarchy. In his day, the diver made it his first business to catch the *royal* oyster, after which the others were entrapped without difficulty, just the same way in which a swarm of bees may be secured when the queen is captured. On this subject Southey, in the "Doctor," remarks: "Seeing, however, that his oyster majesty is not to be heard of now at any of the oyster shops in London, nor known at Colchester or Milton, it may be that Liberal opinions have, in the march of intellect, extended to the race of oysters; and that Republicanism prevails at this day throughout all oysterdom, or at least in those parts of it which lie near the British shores." Seneca informs us that he was accustomed to eat some hundreds of oysters weekly, and thus apostrophizes them: "Oyster, dear to gourmand, which excites instead of satiating the appetite; which never causes illness, even when eaten to excess, so easy art thou of digestion!" We find it mentioned in the annals of Roman gastronomy,

that some of the most celebrated Romans could consume at a single meal hundreds of oysters. The Roman ladies, in particular, were so partial to oysters, and they ate them to such an extent, that one is amazed that there is no record of any of them having died from sheer repletion. If the sex now-a-days were similarly epicurean and insatiable, how ecstatic would be the feelings of Burton Bindon! Callisthenes, the philosopher, a disciple of Aristotle, and the companion of Alexander the Great in his expedition to Persia, was a devoted worshipper at the shrine of oysterdom. It is related that it was after an oyster supper he delivered the offensive speech to his royal master,—who, by the way, regarded the world as his oyster, to be opened in much the same fashion in which he dissevered the Gordian knot,—which induced the latter to put him to death. The Roman tyrant, Caligula, was also passionately fond of this fish. Horace held the belief that the "increasing moon plumps up the slippery oyster" — "*lubrica nascentes implent conchylia lunæ*" — an opinion also shared by the facetious Melton, who says: "By the increase and decrease of the moone some creatures are augmented and diminished, as oysters and other shell-fish." Oysters were also anciently much esteemed for their medicinal virtues. Hippocrates highly extols them, and Crato and Zeno, two medical authors who flourished in the time of Plutarch, commend them above all other kinds of fish to their patients, as having less acidity, and more nutritious particles. They add: "Some oysters are better than others, their relative goodness depending upon the locality where they are bred." Gernosius, who wrote on the "Loves of the Fishes," maintained, and by actual experiment proved his point, that oysters are susceptible of the tender passion; and the writer attributes to them still more marvellous qualities, since he affirms that they can distinguish sounds, and have a positively musical ear!

Peter the Great was immoderately fond of oysters, and never sat down to a dinner at which they were not served up in two or three different modes. He was in the habit of calling oyster-dealers his "life-preservers." Napoleon I. also seems to have been exceedingly partial to these shell-fish. The night preceding the memorable battle of Austerlitz, he supped heartily of them. Cervantes, the author of "Don Quixote," wrote a very sarcastic drama on the oyster-mongers of Spain, although he was so partial to their wares that his enemies accused him of squandering all his substance in riotous feasts on them. An idiosyncrasy of the celebrated Erasmus was, that he was unable to bear the smell of oysters, or indeed of any shell-fish. Alexander Pope was proverbial for his love for stewed oysters; on one occasion he wrote to Lord Bolingbroke to say that he would, with pleasure, wait upon him at dinner if his lordship would indulge him with his favorite dish. Thomson, the author of the "Seasons," died at Richmond of a fever brought on by a surfeit of oysters, although some aver his malady was to be attributed to the effects of a sail in an open boat. Dr. Richard Bentley, the famous classical critic, was so fond of oysters that it is said he could never pass a place where they were exposed for sale without stopping and conversing about, if he could not then eat them. In one of his letters he says: "My great relief and amusement here is my

regular supply of oysters. These things must have been made in heaven. They are delectable, satisfying, and mentally stimulating, in a high degree. I can indite matter by the yard when I have had a good meal of them. I get them done in all manner of ways, and it is difficult to say which is the best, such are the intrinsic excellencies of the raw material. I have, however, a secret relish for the scalloped fashion above every other." This was written in 1740; exactly two years before his death. A surfeit of oysters, however, does not agree with every constitution. Paracelsus was inordinately addicted to them, but he averred that when he confined himself to a moderate quantity, he beheld the most delectable visions, but an excess, on the contrary, showed him the entire host of the infernal regions.

There is an American story in connection with these exhilarating bivalves, which is too good to be lost. Not many years since there flourished, in one of the southern cities of the American coast, a certain original, eccentric individual, whose sole occupation was the pursuit of the oyster trade, of course under difficulties. It was on a grand scale, and "Old Shell," as he was nick-named, was a prime favorite with all the young bucks, roystering blades, and fast men about town. He was a passionate admirer of oysters in every shape. His food was almost exclusively oysters. He bet oysters. He studied oysters. In fine, he was emphatically an *oyster*-man. "Old Shell," one summer, took it into his head that a trip to the North would be of advantage to his health, moral and physical. To resolve to do anything, and to do it, were with him one and the same thing. He went. On arriving at New York, he put up at a fashionable hotel; and as he was a tall, fine-looking man, dressed well, and spent his money freely, he soon became almost as much a favorite in the North as he was in the South.

There was one thing, however, that puzzled every one. On the hotel book of arrivals his name was entered in full, with the following capital letters, in a large, sprawling hand, attached — F. R. S. On his card the same mysterious letters appeared. "Mr. So and So, of such a city, F. R. S." He never would explain their meaning, and great, of course, was the small-talk and chit-chat about it. The "gossip-market" rose above par in the course of three days.

One morning a newly-come English gentleman, of middle age and grave aspect, was looking over the list of arrivals. He was struck by the mysterious letters, as every one else had been.

"F. R. S.," muttered he; "it can't be! yet there the letters are! Who would have thought it?"

The clerk was called up, and requested to explain. He knew nothing more than that one of the boarders and lodgers had put his name down with that handle attached.

"Show him to me!" said the Englishman eagerly.

"There he goes now, sir," said the clerk, pointing to our hero.

The next moment "Old Shell" felt his hand grasped by another hand, whilst his arm went through a rapid and vigorous motion, familiarly known as the "pump-handle action." It was the Englishman, his face beaming with cordiality.

"Delighted to meet you, sir! Had not the slightest idea of seeing

one of our Society on this side of the water. When were you a member? My memory is so defective —"

"Member of *what?*" said "Old Shell," half surprised, half angry.

"Oh, don't be so modest, my dear sir!"

"Modest? the deuce! What society?"

"No bashfulness now! You are a Fellow, I know."

"Dash my buttons, stranger!" exclaimed "Shell," thoroughly indignant; "do you call me a fellow?"

"Fellow of the Royal Society, sir. You mistake my meaning. Fellow of the Royal Society of London."

"I am no Londoner, man; I come from down South, *I* do. I am an oysterman, *I* am."

"Why, what on earth does F. R. S. mean, then, attached to your name?" said the astonished Englishman, science and surprise beaming from his countenance.

"Well, stranger, I don't care if I *do* tell *you!* You see I like oysters, *I* do; and F. R. S. means adzackly nothing more nor less than *Fried, Roasted,* and *Stewed!*"

In conclusion, recommending to the reader's attention a proverb, "Don't blunt your razor with opening another man's oysters," the moral of which is obvious, we subjoin, for the benefit of such amateur oyster anatomists who find a difficulty in arriving at the succulent contents, a receipt, "How to open an oyster." Take a feather and tickle the oyster on the shell until you have caused it to laugh, when you can insert a stick, or your toe or finger, or anything to prevent its closing, until you can get a knife. This requires considerable dexterity, but it is considered a very neat way where it is practised.

A Fable.

ONE bright summer day, in the heart of a flower sat a bee gently tasting its sweets,
When an insolent wasp in a forward way said, "Good morning, my sister I greet."
The bee was astounded and angrily said, "No, that cannot possibly be,
I know of no tie or family blood that makes you related to me."

"My dear," said the wasp, "our lives are alike, our forms and even our wings.
We fly in the sun and rest on the flower, we're the same even as to our stings."
"It is true," said the bee, "that we both possess stings, but in different ways they are used,
You're always aggressive, you wound without cause, while I but resent when abused."

Gladstone Attains His Seventy-Eighth Year.

WE (*Dublin Freeman's Journal*) tender the grand old statesman a hearty greeting, and on behalf of our countrymen all the world over we wish him many more years of that strong, active, and vigorous health in which he enters upon his seventy-eighth year. Mr. Gladstone has had the harsh experience of the men who have to weather the rough passage of a stormy political career. He is at once the most admired and the best hated Englishman living. Amongst ourselves, the sentiment of attachment, which sprang up so strongly and widely for the man who applied the axe to the upas tree, has not been an unvarying sentiment. But this we can say, that when Mr. Gladstone was most strenuously condemned for linking his administration with measures that were unpopular in Ireland, the feeling of hostility was always tempered in the people's mind by a regret that there should be any cause for opposing one who had proved himself so stanch and brave a friend of Ireland. Now, however, Mr. Gladstone commands the warm affection of the Irish race. Whatever of bitterness there has been in the past is forgotten in the new ties of friendship that bind him to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone has made Home Rule inevitable. He has thrown the whole weight of his vast influence and power on the side of the Irish national demand; he has made it the policy of his party; and by raising it to the rank of a Cabinet question, he has transferred it from the region of doubt to the immediate atmosphere of practical politics. Having swept away the incubus of an alien State church, having placed in the hand of the Irish peasant voter the invaluable weapon of the ballot, and having paralyzed the tyranny of Irish landlordism, he has boldly resolved in the glorious evening of his life to complete the great work of Irish reform. This resolution gives him the unique distinction of being the first Minister of the Crown to break the Paper Union by the establishment of a real union. His memorable speeches in Parliament during the debates on the Home Rule Bill are monument to his genius; but there is no more impressive spectacle in the personal history of British politics than the journey of the old statesman to Midlothian, during the last General Election, and his appearance subsequently at mass meetings in several of the chief provincial cities of England, to plead the cause of Ireland. An American poet has said that —

> "Once to every man and nation
> Comes the moment to decide,
> In the strife of truth with falsehood,
> For the good or evil side."

When the moment came to Mr. Gladstone to choose between the masses and the classes in Ireland he did not hesitate, and he has since flung himself into the struggle with an all but missionary zeal. He has literally devoted the remainder of his life to the cause of Ireland. Writing a couple of months ago to the author of the "New Liberal

Programme," Mr. Gladstone said:—"My friends forget my years. I hold on to politics in the hope of possibly helping to settle the Irish question." Only a brief interval can under any circumstances now elapse before Mr. Gladstone will be called upon to form his fourth administration—an unparalleled incident in the history of English Prime Ministers.

"THE GREAT COMMONER"—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

BORN DECEMBER 29TH, 1809.

"No leader had ever a wider popularity than the Great Commoner."—GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

Once in our Island story
Our chiefs, in soul, were poor;
They won for us no glory,
Nor made our safety sure.
Then rose up one to guide us
To heights unreached before;
No more could foes deride us,
For we were great once more.
Then here's to him whose glory
The ages ne'er shall dim,
Who suns our matchless story,
To Chatham—here's to him!

"Great Commoner" they named him;
That was his proudest boast;
Dishonor never shamed him,
And how he ruled the roast!
With Wolfe and Clive and Hawke, boys,
He victory made his own,
But now of one let's talk, boys,
As well to glory known.
Boast of our Common's story
Whose fame no time shall dim,
Our living guide and glory,
To Gladstone—here's to him!

To-day our hearts go to him
In love and reverence deep;
O heaven, in strength, renew him,
That long his life he keep;
We know while here he stays, boys,
He's ours while he has breath;
Like Chatham's, all his days, boys,
Are ours right on to death.
He'll right our Irish brothers,
A deed no time shall dim;
To him above all others,
Here's life and peace to him!

Our Chatham—how he stood for
The Home Rule of the States!
He felt Home Rule was good for
The land the Tory hates;
Home Rule, our Gladstone fights for;
No longer need we roam,
Abroad, to battle rights for;
We strike for rights at home.
And Ireland freed from sorrows,
A deed on years shall dim,
Shall owe unending morrows
Of blessedness to him.

Then be our love and blessing
Upon his grand old age!
Be he, all good possessing,
However Tories rage.
Whatever hate, from Party,
To slander him is born,
The Masses' love is hearty.
For him the Classes scorn.
The nations know the years, boys,
His glory ne'er will dim;
Time more his fame endears, boys.
Then, Gladstone—here's to him.

DR. W. C. BENNETT.

BELIEVE me, we advance through stormy weather, and under a dark and cloudy sky. It is a better time for travellers than if the sun poured its ardent heat upon us. Courage! light and joy are not within our power, nor any consolation except that which depends upon the will; but while that will is protected by our holy resolutions, and as long as the great seal of the heavenly chancery remains upon our hearts, we have nothing to fear.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

Shakespeare's Nuns.

WHETHER Shakespeare was personally a Catholic or not, is still discussed; but it is generally acknowledged that he was the product of Catholicity, rather than the representative of the Protestant influences with which he was contemporary. "If Catholicism," writes Carlyle, "gave us English a Shakespeare and Era of Shakespeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism, it was not till Catholicism itself, so far as law could abolish it, had been abolished here." Now in this "blossom of Catholicism" there is one little petal of most delicate and exquisite hue, to which I would draw attention, by way of contrast with some flowers of the genuine Protestant garden of a later day.

Shakespeare's women are famous, but among them all is there a nobler type than Isabella, the novice in "Measure for Measure"? Perhaps the most sublime, the most thrilling words in all Shakespeare's plays are the exclamation: "You beast!" when she realizes the import of her brother's words, and that he actually proposes the sacrifice of her honor as a means of his own deliverance from death. But next to these, and in harmony with them, are the four lines in which she shows the value of Christian maidenhood before God:—

Isabella. Hark! how I'll bribe you.
Angelo. How, bribe me?
Isabella. . . . . . With true prayers
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sunrise; prayers from preservèd souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Strange that words like these, implying the excellence of prayer, fasting, vigils, virginity, consecration to God, should have found an appreciative audience at Bankside, Blackfriars, in the latter days of Queen Elizabeth. Apparently at that date the tradition still lingered on, of the Catholic sentiment which had made Henry VIII. write, in his second answer to Luther: "All good men who are eager for piety are, by you and your wicked faction, every day most cruelly driven from their homes, where in *prayer, fasting, and chastity they had chosen to devote their whole life to the worship of God.*" Those words of Henry were "the last rose of summer" on the tree still rooted in the soil. In Shakespeare they were a blossom after the tree had been pulled up.

With Shakespeare's estimate of consecrated virgins, I would compare not the ribald attacks on monastic life of professed bigots. These I should not call Protestant flowers, but toad-stools and poisonous fungi. I will gather a few genuine flowers of the Protestant garden, when Catholic traditions had thoroughly died out, and the old theological bigotry had to some extent been replaced by philosophic liberalism.

In 1800 a bill was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Henry Mildmay, to prevent the spread of monastic institutions. The zeal of many had taken the alarm at the invasion of England by some

foreign monks and nuns, driven out of France or Belgium by the French Revolution and the subsequent wars, and by the return to England from the same cause of some religious men and women of the English nation. The debates in both Houses are given in the thirty-fifth volume of Hansard's Parliamentary History. They are full of interesting matter, and of choice specimens of both bigotry and liberality. Leaving the bigotry, let us see the defence set up for the nuns by the best men of the day.

Mr. Windham, Secretary of War, opposed the Bill. He founded an argument on the toleration granted to Protestant dissenters: "If a man thinks that his duty to his God can better be performed in a monastery than in a dissenter's chapel, what liberal-minded Protestant will object to it? If a man thinks that he, by retiring from the world, and leading a life of self-denial, austere piety, and penance, better fits himself for eternal life, shall Protestants forbid him the exercise of his zeal? The Catholic ought to be permitted to be his own physician, who had chosen

> 'To quit a world where strong temptations try,
> And, where 'tis hard to conquer, learn to fly.'"

Another argument brought the matter nearer home to his audience. "He could not see why monks were to be considered worse than the gentlemen of that House who live on their estates without labor. Might not a society of ancient ladies be as usefully employed in a convent as if they were distributed in parties at different card tables?" Again, he thought the measure proposed showed too much officious zeal. "The present Bill, as far as it related to convents, proposed to save a man from the effects of his own acts, whereas laws proposed, in general, to save a man from the acts of others. There was a law, indeed, to prevent people from riding on the top of a stage-coach, but this law appeared to have the safety of the inside passengers as much in view as that of the passengers at the top." Such were the three grounds of defence of the nuns in Mr. Windham's speech.

Mr. Sheridan also opposed the Bill: "The friends of the Bill confounded vows with legal obligations; whereas there was in this country no legal power of attaching any civil punishment to those who broke their vows. Any number of ladies might meet together and make a vow that they would die old maids, but they could not be bound by law to observe that vow. The present Bill was fraught with everything that must insult the pride and alarm the feelings of the Roman Catholics of this country. It was telling them that we understood their interests better than themselves, and knew best how and where their children should be educated. . . . There was a great deal of prejudice in the minds of many well-meaning persons in this country upon the subject. It would seem as if these poor Catholics possessed all their former wealth, and that all their lands and goods had not been turned over with the cathedrals to our Church, as if Harry VIII. had never stripped them of anything. To suppose that a few obscure nuns, living in a garret, could, by scattering their wealth in this country, eclipse our established

church in splendor, and thereby become dangerous, was absolutely ridiculous."

In the House of Lords the Bill was opposed, though for mixed reasons, by Dr. Samuel Horsley, bishop of Rochester. He defended the toleration of the nuns already professed, though he would not allow new professions.

"Now, my lords, if any ten or twenty, or a larger number of these ladies, should choose to take a great house, where they may live together as they have been used to do all their lives, and lead their lives according to their old habits,—getting up in the morning and retiring at night at stated hours, dining upon fish on some days of the week, upon eggs on others,—I profess I can discover no crime, no harm, no danger, in all this; and I cannot imagine why we should be anxious to prevent it.

"My lords, I say it would be great cruelty to attempt to prevent it, for these women could find no comfort in any society but their own, nor in any other way of life. They cannot mix with the lower order of the people: they are ladies well born (many of them, indeed, of high extraction), and of cultivated minds. And yet they are not prepared to mix in the politer circles. Enamoured, by long habit, of the quiet and solitude of their cells, and absorbed in the pleasures of what they call the interior life, these women would have no relish for the exterior life of fashionable ladies. My lords, it would be martyrdom to these retired, sober women to be compelled to lay aside the cowl and simple habit of their order, to besmear their cheeks with vermilion, and plaster their throats with litharge, to clap upon their heads an ugly lump of manufactured hair, in shape and color as different as possible from the natural covering, and then, with elbows bared to the shoulder, to sally forth to the pleasures of the midnight rout, to distribute the cards at loo, or soaring to sublimer joys, to rattle the dice-box at the games of hazard!

"Exquisite, ravishing, as these delights must be confessed to be to those who have a well-formed taste, these stupid women, my lords, have not that taste; and if you will not permit them to live in their own dull way, you should have strangled them when they first landed."

I do not deny that this is very prettily put. It is good banter, and it is a solid defence of the right of monastic association. It is only strange that, while Dr. Horsley defended the claim of the nuns already professed to live in their own way to the end, he denied the right of young Catholic ladies to abandon that worldly frivolity which he so sarcastically describes. But what strikes me most is the bathos of all these defences. In 1600 there was still some belief in prayer and fasting and virginity, even among the gallants at the theatre. In 1800 the highest defence of the persecuted nuns that was addressed to the most educated men in England in the two Houses of Parliament, did not rise beyond the right to be inoffensively eccentric, the right of all to be fools in their own way, provided they do not molest their neighbors. I will not assert that Windham, Sheridan, Horsley, had no nobler thoughts; but if they had, at least they did not judge it prudent to cast their pearls before — well, let us say, to risk their non-appreciation by English gentlemen.

However this may be, the quotations I have made, not from bigoted

opponents of Catholics, but from their generous champions, may help us to appreciate the force of an argument that has been often urged for Shakespeare's Catholicity. The passage I am going to quote will be probably new to my readers. It is from a forgotten novel called "Reginald Dalton," written in 1823 by John Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. The author introduces, as one of the chief characters of his novel, a fine old Scotch priest named Keith. This priest has mentioned Pope, Dryden, and Shakespeare as having been Catholics:

"I beg your pardon," said Reginald, "but, indeed, sir, I never before heard that Shakespeare was a Catholic."

"Perhaps not," said the priest, gradually rising out of his usual quiet tone; "but do only think of it, sir. Shakespeare lived under Elizabeth and James I.; he lived when the prejudices against the Catholics were at their first and most furious heat; he lived when the stage was a Court amusement, in a higher and truer sense than it has ever since been; he lived when literature was, comparatively speaking, a guileless, artless thing, when men spoke in their works what they thought and felt in their own heads and hearts. Sir, above all, he was Shakespeare, and yet where, in all his writings, do ye find a single sentence against the old faith? Had Shakespeare lived now, and been a Tory or a Whig, do ye suppose he could have helped abusing, in some way or other, them that belonged to the party opposite to his? No, no, sir, you find no cunning, crafty confessors, no infidel monks, no lascivious nuns, in his writings; on the contrary, you find him daring to exhibit these characters under the best possible point of view — uniformly so; and this in the very face of the feelings and prejudices — the most violent feelings and the most violent prejudices — of the audiences on whose breath his existence depended; and do you, after all this, doubt that Shakespeare was a Catholic at heart? or, believing that he was such, do you, does any man, dare to say that ours is an un-English faith?"

Lockhart's view, as I think I may call it, or the view of which he generously makes the Catholic priest the exponent, is not exactly the same as that which I have advanced. He supposes that Shakespeare, from his personal Catholic sympathies, was reckless of the prejudices of his audience. I should rather maintain that Shakespeare felt sure of the sympathies of the better, and perhaps the larger, part of his audience; for not only were Catholic institutions still fresh in the memory of the nation, but there was a great movement of return towards the church in Elizabeth's later years. Much might be said in favor of either view, but in any case the argument is conclusive in favor of Shakespeare's Catholicity of thought and feeling. During Shakespeare's lifetime there was no conventual house for religious women in England, but thousands of the former inmates of England's cloisters (during the reigns of Henry and Mary) were still scattered through the homesteads of England in Shakespeare's early manhood. We know no scandal attaching to their names, and have good reason to think that their humble, pious lives caused many a heart to grieve, sadly or indignantly, over the ruins of the monasteries. Was it not with a side-glance at unroofed churches that Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, describes a wood in winter —

"Bare, ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang"?

Shakespeare is being studied as never before, yet eighteenth century views sometimes hold the minds of students more than those embodied by Shakespeare himself. Thus, Professor Dowden, in his admirable Primer, writes in the same half tolerant, half disdainful tone

used by the Parliamentary debaters of 1800; though, it may be said in their defence, that they were not judging of ideals like Isabella, nor had they seen anything of the real nuns whose rights they maintained. They spoke merely as liberal-minded gentlemen, more or less under the influence of Protestant prejudice; whereas Professor Dowden, living in Dublin, has abundant opportunity, if he would use it, of knowing some of those "preserved souls" in whose company Isabella gloried.

The Professor thus writes on "Measure for Measure:" — "We never throughout the play get into the free, open, joyous atmosphere so invigorating in other works of Shakespeare; the oppressive gloom of the prison, the foul breath of the house of shame, are only exchanged for the chilly damp of conventual walls, or the oppressive retirement of the monastery. In a happier world we might turn away from Isabella, but here she is light, strength, and salvation." By a happier world Dr. Dowden does not mean a happier life than the present one, or an unfallen world. He means, I think, a state of society less gross and corrupt than that depicted by Shakespeare under the government of the Duke of Vienna. So that he grants that nuns, or at least lofty souls like Isabella's, may be useful as a corrective in extreme cases; but he would "turn away" from such exaggerated and fanatical virtue in a healthier and purer state of society.

Now St. John Chrysostom, in his defence of the monastic life, admits that retirement and cloisters would be unnecessary were the world what it should be. But he did not admit that the time or place would ever be found in this world when they could be dispensed with, nor that any part of the world would ever become purer by their destruction.

In Professor Dowden's view retirement is "oppressive," and the conventual walls are running down with "chilly damp," no doubt in a spiritual sense only. But what hint of this is there in Shakespeare All the sunshine that lights up the gloomy moral atmosphere of Vienna is derived from the presence of Isabella; and she brought her sunshine from her monastery, where, if we may believe her, it dwelt perpetually. Surely the chilly damp is a condensation of the critic's heated imaginations, and belongs not to Shakespeare's creations.

Professor Dowden seems somewhat relieved that, in the drama, Isabella, though "a thing ensky'd and sainted," yet returns from the cloister to the world, there to fill her place as wife and Duchess. She does. But in nothing is Shakespeare's Catholicity or Catholic sentiment more conspicuous than in his management of this denouement. Does Isabella fall in love with the Duke? Does she desert the cloister? Is she gradually awakened from her cold cloistral dreams by the warm realities of human life? Does she discover a purer and truer ideal in the married life than in virginal consecration to God? This would have been the working out of the climax by a Protestant poet, such, for example, as he who wrote the "Saint's Tragedy." But there is nothing of this in Shakespeare. There have been many Catholic saints, who, though drawn in early youth to a virginal life, have married and been not only dutiful but most affectionate wives, at the call of duty and indication of God's will. Such was St. Bridget of Sweden, St. Frances of

Rome, St. Hedwige and St. Elizabeth of Portugal; perhaps also St. Margaret of Scotland. They were called to purify the world by presence and action. The princely character of Isabella was well-suited to co-operate with the Duke in his plans of reform. This had been made clear to her during her noviceship, and under such circumstances the Duke's summons to her might come as light from heaven. She goes, not from God to the world, but from God to God, and, as we may well believe, not by preference but with regret and submission. Like the saints just mentioned, she will have used her influence as Duchess to purify the guilty city from its foul corruptions; but she will have held with them that the most effectual means of doing this would be to multiply the homes of retirement, prayer, and penance.

Such, at least, is my reading of Shakespeare's dealing with Isabella. I cannot agree with some Catholic writers that "the conclusion spoils all," and is out of harmony with his own conception of his heroine's character. Be that as it may, we have Shakespeare's estimate of the monastic and contemplative life. It is reserved for some future Shakespeare to throw into a few burning words what the Elizabethan poet would have thought of the active religious life of women, had sisters of mercy or charity or of the Good Shepherd then existed.

REV. T. E. BRIDGETT, C. SS. R., in *Merry England.*

One Hundred and Fifty Years Old.

THE Ancient and Honorable Charitable Irish Society of Boston propose to celebrate its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary on the 17th of March of this year, with all the young energy of its members, now reaching some six hundred. The old members are few, but their descendants are determined to make the event worthy of their forefathers.

The society was organized in 1737 and is the oldest Irish society in the country, and embraces the solid citizens of Boston of Irish birth and parentage.

The number of members in 1737 was comparatively small, but the society kept its organization intact until the war of the Revolution, when a majority of its members went into the American army. Among the distinguished names appearing upon the rolls of the society was that of Gen. Henry Knox, who was the first secretary of war and navy under Washington's administration, and was one of his favorite officers, as was shown by the fact that Washington put him in his cabinet. Daniel Malcomb, one of the vice-presidents of the society at that time, was a noted Son of Liberty, and very prominent in the agitation against the Stamp Act. He was buried at Copp's Hill, and his tombstone still standing there shows the marks of British bullets, it having been used as a target by the English troops during their occupation of Boston. Gen. Simon Elliot, Jr., a celebrated American soldier, was also one of

the officers of the Charitable Irish Society, and Gen. John McNeill, who held a command in the American forces during the war of 1812 and was wounded in a battle in Canada, and who afterwards became surveyor of the port of Boston, was also a member.

Among those who made up the early membership of the society will be found the names of many who were the progenitors of what are now numbered among the best families of Boston — such names as Gardner, Eliot, Mackey, Eaton, Draper, Austin, Clarke, Bennett, and others.

The Celebration.

Hon. John W. Cummings, mayor of Fall River, has been selected for the orator on the occasion. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly has consented to write and read a poem. An ode suitable to the occasion will be delivered. A suitable commemorative badge is to be worn on the occasion by members. A banquet will be held in the Parker House. It was voted inexpedient to have a parade. It was voted to invite the Montgomery Light Guard Association, Thomas F. Doherty, commander, to participate, as an organization, with the society at the exercises in Tremont Temple. The afternoon exercises will begin at two o'clock.

Remittances to Ireland.

On no former occasion has so much money been sent to Ireland than during the latter part of November and the two first weeks of December, 1886.

Since Mr. Donahoe has been in business, nearly fifty years, some $15,000,000 have been sent by him to Ireland; the money going to every townland, glebe, and parish in Ireland without the loss of one penny to the sender. The chief contributor is the servant girl, who gives freely of the fruit of her toil to her suffering kindred at home. One of Ireland's sweetest poets, the late Charles J. Kickham, has beautifully embalmed in tender verse this generous devotion of the Irish girl to her kindred in the old land: —

> Oh, brave, brave Irish girls, we well may call you brave;
> Sure, the least of all your perils is the stormy ocean wave,
> When you leave our quiet valleys and cross the Atlantic foam,
> To hoard your hard-won earnings for the little ones at home.

While the Irish servant girl made Mr. Donahoe a channel through which a golden stream was constantly pouring from this great shelter-land of the West into the lap of sorely distressed Ireland, she did not turn a deaf ear to the calls of charity and duty that rose immediately around her. It is in a large measure owing to her humble efforts and offerings that churches, schools, hospitals, and other benevolent institutions have so greatly increased throughout the land.

During the latter part of November and the two first weeks of December, 1886, Mr. Donahoe remitted some $50 000 to Ireland, principally from Irish girls to friends in the old country.

A Sunburst for St. Patrick's Day.

I.

It blazed from the green old banner,
On the fields of France displayed:
"Always and everywhere faithful!"
The boast of the Irish Brigade.

Semper, ubique fidelis! —
The legend flashed o'er the line,
'Mid the carnage and roar of the battle,
Where the brave blood flowed like wine.

"Always and everywhere faithful," —
To God and to Fatherland true,—
Round the golden harp on the standard,
It sparkled like gems of dew;

And the hero who dropped in the trenches,
Or fell with his face to the foe,
Looked up, to the last, and hailed it,
His death-dimm'd eye aglow.

II.

O hearts, where the blood of Erin,
To-day, runs true and warm,
While the battle of Life is raging,
And griefs the ramparts storm,

Behold, in the blue above you,
The flag of fairest sheen,—
"*Semper, ubique fidelis!*"
Is set on its living green!

Tho' crush'd in the bloody trenches,
Tho' pierced by a hundred balls,
Tho' the dearest friend of your bosom
Beside you, lifeless, falls,

Look up to the flag, triumphant,
And hail that motto grand:
"Always and everywhere faithful"
To God and to Fatherland!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Dr. McGlynn's Very Simple Case.

If Dr. McGlynn desires to remain in the Roman church and to resume the active performance of his pastoral functions, his more impetuous friends are proceeding in a way to hinder rather than to help him in composing his difficulties.

His case is very simple. He has been called to Rome to make explanation of his course as rector of St. Stephen's, and to defend opinions relating to social and political subjects which have given offence to his immediate ecclesiastical superiors and to many other Roman Catholics. People who are not Catholics, Henry George and the German socialists for instance, may say that a man has a right to entertain and express any opinions he chooses, and that therefore Dr. McGlynn should refuse to obey the summons from Rome; as for them, they would pay no more heed to it than if it came from Tammany Hall or the Czar of Russia. George even goes so far as to lecture the church upon the proper limits of an authority which he himself holds in contempt, and the Central Labor Union makes itself a violent partisan of the priest, as if it were a Catholic organization holding its charter from Rome.

And yet George is now working hard to get up a labor party, every member of which must pledge himself to accept a declaration of principles constructed for him. If a man refused to agree to the platform he would not be let in. If after he came in he went about preaching a contrary doctrine, he would be treated as a deserter. The trades unions and the Knights of Labor prescribe rules for admission to which members must render obedience, under the penalty of dismissal and the active enmity of all their associates. Any disposition toward independence of action is met with a prompt rebuke. The screw is put on at once, and the refractory member's life is made a burden to him. If he hesitates about obeying orders, even where they involve loss of a place or of wages with which he himself is satisfied, he is whipped into line in short order, and the lash is kept over him.

In no other organization of men, secular or ecclesiastical, is the discipline stricter or more remorselessly enforced. When a man goes into a trade union or becomes a Knight of Labor he sacrifices his individual will and independence of action to the will of the association, and puts himself under the authority of its officers. He can no longer think and act as he chooses, but must be submissive in his opinions and his conduct. Otherwise he is a "scab," a traitor, and a renegade, and both inside and outside the ranks of organized labor he is looked on with contempt as a man who has gone back on his word and his fellows. If a knight or a union man refused to obey a rule of discipline, and paid no attention to the orders of his superiors, what would his fate be? The Pole Jablonowski even wanted to go so far as to deprive the members of the Central Labor Union of the liberty of selecting their own newspapers.

Yet when the Roman Catholic church summons one of its priests to render account of his opinions and conduct, so that it may be determined whether they are consistent with its principles and compatible with its rules, Henry George and the Central Labor Union rise up to denounce the summons as an unwarrantable and tyrannical interference with private rights. Dr. McGlynn is solemnly pledged before God and man to render obedience to the authority of the church of Rome, and yet men who are submissive under Powderly and Jablonowski cry out that his liberties as an American citizen are invaded when that authority is exercised over him. He is not judged, but is simply called to trial, and yet his ecclesiastical superiors are proclaimed as tyrants and the central authority of the church as a despotism against which his manhood should compel him to make scornful rebellion.

Now, Dr. McGlynn's liberty of opinion is only restricted of his own free will. He can obtain entire independence of thought and of act whenever he chooses, and nobody will interfere with him. He can leave the priesthood of the church of Rome, throw up his allegiance to its authority at any time, and pursue whatever course of life is agreeable to him, and he will be left unmolested. But so long as he remains in the church he must submit himself to its discipline as he vowed to do when he entered its priesthood. For many years he has preached submissiveness to the flock by whom he is so well beloved, and proclaimed to them the divine authority of the church, and now he must himself bow in humble obedience or he will contradict his words by his conduct. As Catholics, both he and they can entertain no thought of rebellion.

New York Sun.

The *Sun* of a more recent date says :—

His physician reports that Dr. McGlynn is not yet able to prepare his answer to the statement of the archbishop. Meantime there are evidences that the parish of St. Stephen is becoming more reconciled to the removal of the pastor whom it held in such great affection.

If there had been no other reason for his at least temporary relief from his pastoral duties and priestly functions, the condition of his health would seem to have required that Dr. McGlynn should be compelled to seek repose after the continuous strain of the last six months. From the time when he began his active work for Mr. George last autumn, he has been kept in a state of nervous excitement, and it has been impossible for him to give proper consideration to the consequences of so extraordinary a variation from priestly routine.

When he made his speech at Chickering Hall, soon after the nomination of the labor candidate, it was evident that his impulsive temperament was agitated to the utmost, though his audience did not know that he appeared on the platform in defiance of the injunctions of the archbishop, and spoke, as Mr. George now says, under the shadow of what to a Roman Catholic priest is worse than death. His tone was that of a desperate man, and instead of guarding his utterances he seemed to take pains to aggravate his offence against ecclesiastical

authority by associating George with the saints and heroes whom the Christian church holds in deepest reverence.

Dr. McGlynn did not again appear as a platform speaker during the canvass, but in frequent interviews he showed that excitement continued to unbalance his judgment, and that he was under the influence of men who took advantage of his abnormal state in order to serve their own ends. His anxiety as to the success of Mr. George was finally worked up to such a pitch that he even so far forgot the proprieties of his sacred office as to drive about with him to the polls on election day for the purpose of influencing the voters. His correspondence with the archbishop subsequent to the election, and his conduct with reference to the order from Rome, also indicate very clearly a condition of mind unfitting him to deal with the momentous questions involved.

It seems to us, therefore, that his friends and parishioners will render Dr. McGlynn the best service in their power by desisting from all agitation on his account, and thus encouraging in him the calmness of feeling and balance of judgment which he so imperatively needs at this crisis in his career.

Instead of pursuing him in a vindictive spirit, both Archbishop Corrigan and Cardinal Simeoni seemed to have treated Dr. McGlynn throughout with great and even tender consideration, only taking disciplinary measures when his refractory tone and attitude compelled such a resort. It is obvious that from the first their anxiety has been to avoid a conflict between the authority of the church and the will of the priest, which would cause public agitation and disturb the serenity of the Catholic household. But Dr. McGlynn, on his part, has so proceeded as to afford pretty convincing evidence that he was desirous of precipitating just such a conflict.

The career of Dr. McGlynn as a Roman Catholic priest is probably now ended, and it is ended of his own free will.

Napoleon at Waterloo.

Rev. Father Neyron being asked "Were you with Ney's army when he turned it over to Napoleon?" replied: "I was, and I well remember the day that Ney's act of treachery took place. Ney's and the straggling army of Napoleon met at Oloe Bridge, better known at the time as the bridge of the Holy Ghost. Napoleon's army was encamped a few miles from the bridge, opposite our lines. The morning after the encampment we saw some flags of truce in advance of Napoleon's army, and it was then that the men began to suspect Ney's plans, but the suspicions were not even whispered. Soon the flags disappeared, and Ney gave orders to prepare for an attack and marched on the bridge. When we reached the opposite side of the bridge we noticed about a dozen men on horseback bearing flags of truce. Our army, which all

told did not exceed 20,000 men, came to a halt. The men on horseback advanced and the centre one of the group proved to be Napoleon himself. At sight of him Ney and staff dismounted. Napoleon also dismounted and was warmly embraced by Ney and his officers. Of course a shout for honor of Napoleon went up from our ranks. Well, history has recorded the rest. We were forced to combine with Napoleon's army of boys between the ages of ten and twenty years, and go on to Waterloo and defeat."

The Dead Journalist, James A. McMaster.

TAKING up a country town triweekly of December 30, and wearily scanning the telegraphic items, a shock of earthquake could not well have troubled me more than the paragraph announcing the death of our McMaster. Like the unselfish soldier he was he had not permitted an allusion in his *Freeman* to the accident which resulted fatally. Now his silent death is trumpeted through the land and Christendom; and 10,000 penny-posts, knowing naught of or ignoring him, join his friends in praise. Who will be able, for a year or more, to realize that the bell notes of a clarion voice of orthodox defence and political unsubserviency shall ring no more its staccatoed alarm from the watch towers of Zion? If this man was not a "leader in Israel," then have we had none, nor are likely to have. He was pre-eminently the lay churchman of this half of the world in his weekly and daily influence on the faithful and their opponents. His successor — to whom God grant length of useful days, for he is worthy — has fitly said his late chief's genius was not shared with other great Catholic laymen of his day. It was *sui generis*.

Our clergy, who have increased in the forty years of Mr. McMaster's newspaper career from a few hundreds to seventy-five hundred, owe him scores of clerical debts which it would take a diligent and accurate historian to recount. These debts will now probably be more generally acknowledged, as is happening in the case of the deceased journalist's compeer in a different field — Dr. Brownson — whom to name is to conjure up the shade of a Colossus whose proportions are growing more conspicuous as the mighty figure looms up in more startling outline beyond his recent tomb, and in the shadow of the monument he has himself raised, not proudly, but not unconsciously, to his name.

It was away back in the sixties, when the noise made by the resisted imprisonment of the fearless champion of State's rights made him known to the youth even of twelve and fourteen, in the westernmost seminary of the ante-war times. We got this impression more distinctly fixed on our memories by the frequent repetitions of the offence, which caused Seward to imprison McMaster, and was the occasion taken by the facile and sinewy editor to scourge the unfortunate secretary down the aisles of time. The "young cobs" of the junior courses got their news from the "big" boys, who smuggled in political news. But it was only in the summer of '67 that the writer became acquainted more

personally; for who that has read his journal a year has not known Mr. McMaster personally? I had heard and knew of no other editor. He was the dream of my youth; somewhat like the long majestic Danube stretching across Southern Europe was my ideal of a river. I longed to see both, and I saw them. He was in the prime of his power at the age of forty-seven, and I was just going out of my teens and starting to finish a European course of theology. The business of forwarding priests and bishops to and receiving them on their return from Europe, was as familiar to him then as episcopal business is now at Rome to the rector of the American College. And what clerics, or dignitaries of any knowledge of the leading Catholics of the United States, ever passed through New York who did not call at the old office, convenient to the City Hall and French's Hotel, or receive courtesies at the ever-ready hands of the church's best lay auxiliary at the East?

One needed but a note from any ecclesiastical authority; but that was sufficient passport to the indescribable welcome accorded in his sanctum, and in the heart of this, one of the rarest of able and amiable men. Persons who cannot see the meat in an egg through the outside have stopped short at what they thought they discerned as the hard shell, in which the chief of the *Freeman* was enveloped. Indeed, his was the jerky, resounding step of a giant, and his the unerring head-blow of the practised warrior. But whoever were of good-will and loyal to the Pope and right civil government always saw the panoplied figure advancing before them,— leading on and striking dismay into the ranks of their common adversaries, while he did not spare in his zeal for the Lord to upbraid sharply traitors to His vicar or the laws of fatherland. And when he put off his armor and sat face to face with you, either in the pages of his self-projecting journal or more literally in his poorly-furnished office, you found yourself in such a blaze of geniality as it is seldom given the countenance of even the great and good to express. At forty-seven "Mac" resembled but faintly the probably accurate etching in the mourning columns of the first *Freeman* of the New Year. His figure, tall and square, was not wanting in erectness and dignity; but that straightening up, which is often a subtle sign of self-consciousness, was with him an instinctive motion of the gentleman and the Christian who was doing you honor. His attire betokened the somewhat careless genius in its lack-lustre and want of elegancy. His sweet, intelligent wife — Gertrude Fetterman, blessings on her head! — was wise enough not to ignore the luxury it is to a vigorous literary character to be free to shake loose from the shackles of formal dress. But his face! There was not the slightest indication of the deadened gaze and the seemingly toothless mouth of the portrait etching. It showed imprints of depths of maturity, but its sunniness was as the sparkle of beams on ripples of the deep blue sea. There was a lustrous radiation from his eyes, only heightened by his gold-rimmed spectacles; and his habitual smile was only a phase of the same light that beamed from his towering forehead to his sweeping beard. His manner was benevolence itself; and though he was ailing, he travelled for hours about the thoroughfares of New York, arranging everything comfortably and cheaply for my voyage. Busied past the dinner hour, we stopped at a restaurant

for a Friday lunch with some friends. In the evening again, visiting his office, he loaded me with papers and gave me kind directions about sea-sickness and vertigo. In want of cash, on account of an unexpected call for charges of some amount on luggage, he pushed bills into my hands. Such was a sample of what he has done for hundreds of clergymen, both personally and in his paper. No wonder many a priest that has known him only through that best of priests' Catholic periodicals in America, the dear old *Freeman's Journal*, will join his other myriad clerical friends in putting aside other intentions and offering up a fervent Holy Sacrifice for this servant of God and His church. They will not do amiss if they observe the third, seventh, and thirtieth days of the next Month's Mind, and add to it the office of the dead from that breviary which he was wont to recite, even like a priest.

One consolation remains on earth to the friends and lovers of the old Catholic editor. It is that his mantle has descended on a wondrous disciple. Let his name be here connected with that of his honored and followed chief. It is a conviction already impressed on thinking Catholic minds that Maurice Francis Egan is among the best editors of the country, and promises fair to become, perhaps, the most versatile writer we have seen in the ranks of educated laymen on this side of the water.

LOVANIENSIS.

Labor and Capital.

THE Rt. Rev. Stephen Vincent Ryan, bishop of Buffalo, N. Y., has written a very strong pastoral letter, which was read on the 23d of January in all the churches.

"Labor and capital," says the bishop, "the working masses and moneyed aristocracy, may look for even-handed and impartial treatment at the hands of God's church, yet no one can fail to see where her sympathies lie, or to whom her heart goes out in tenderest affection.

"False sons may desert her; some among her children, misled or faithless, may now as in days past rise up against her and make shipwreck of the faith. The loss is all theirs. Like a true and tender mother she will mourn over the lost ones, but without minimizing the truth or abating an iota of her divine message. . . .

"Honest and industrious workingman, the bone and sinew of the nation, the church blesses you, owns your right to combine peaceably to secure the amelioration of your condition, an equitable share of the profits of your hard labor, a just remuneration for your daily toil, to maintain yourselves and families in decency and reasonable competency, in homes where cherished children . . . may be the comfort of your leisure hours. . . .

"If there shall be any condemnation it can only come through your own suicidal folly, because of the unjust principles you adopt, the unlawful ends you propose to yourselves, or the immoral means you use to attain your object. But should you, in spite of her warning

voice, fly in the face of divine law, aim a blow at society, be carried away by anti-social, anarchial, immoral, and irreligious theories, no matter by whom propounded or by whom defended, you certainly may expect the church's condemnation swift and sure, leaving a monument as striking as Babel's tower in the plains of Sennaar of the folly of building in opposition to the Almighty."

Running the Blockade.

In the article in the *Southern Bivouac* for December, relating to the Northwestern Conspiracy, occurs the following account of the escape of the Confederate Commissioners from Wilmington, N. C.: —

We went on board the *Thistle*, a swift, Clyde-built steamer, on the morning of the 6th of May, 1864, and slowly steamed down the Cape Fear River to Fort Fisher, reaching the fort about four P. M. We waited until it was quite dark, and then started to run out of the harbor. We could plainly discern out at sea the United States blockading squadron, thirteen ships in number. The *Thistle* was very fast. It was said she could make nearly fourteen knots an hour. She was a long, narrow, side-wheel steamer, lying low in the water, painted gray or nearly white, so that she could scarcely be seen at night. White has been defined to be the absence of color, so that I may say she was colorless. All of the blockade runners were so painted. Her machinery was perfect and in exquisite order. It was a pleasure to visit her engine-room. Everything was clean and tidy, and the brass and steel were burnished until they looked like gold and silver. All the parts of the machinery were kept well oiled, so that they worked noiselessly. When we began our run every light was extinguished. We burned anthracite coal and made little or no smoke, and a sort of hood was put over the furnace to prevent any reflection of its fires being seen.

The land lubbers aboard were smartly excited; we were unused to that sort of thing, and when we crossed the bar, about eight P. M., and were creeping along and twisting our devious and perilous way through the huge blockaders — whose towering hulls we could easily distinguish although they could not see us —we felt queerly. It seemed at times as if a stone could have been pitched from our vessel into one of these dangerous neighbors. If we were detected we might expect a broadside. Our captain said, however, that the real danger would come with daylight — just at daylight — when we could be seen, and not far away from the harbor might find our ship close to some war vessel ready to give chase. Then we would have to run for it. A blockade runner was not built to fight, but intended to trust to her heels. A man was always kept at the mast-head, scanning the horizon with a powerful glass. He paid no attention to sailing vessels, but so soon as he discovered a steamer notified the captain, who changed his ship's course. These blockade-running steamers often ran away from each other.

About seven A. M., on the 7th, the lookout gave notice that he had sighted a steamer. Our course was at once changed. The stranger immediately changed her course; and so on again and again, until it was plain that we were being pursued. We could see the black smoke pouring out from the chimneys of the pursuer, and our captain said she was gaining on us — in a few hours she would be near enough to fire into us. This was pleasant intelligence to gentlemen going out on diplomatic business. I thought I might as well have remained and have been shot in the regular way on land. The captain thought this pertinacious steamer was the United States war steamer *Connecticut*, reputed to be very fast. We made all arrangements to burn our mail and papers, and to distribute the money. Each passenger began to prepare his little story, that he might be able to properly entertain his captors. All these dispositions finished, we thought it best to pledge our resolutions and fortify ourselves for the coming encounter with some excellent "Dutch courage" furnished from the captain's stores. We all agreed afterward that we were very cool and calm — that is, each man said he was — and that we would have tried with patriotic integrity to escape a fate not provided for in our instructions. Fortunately we never learned how we would have stood the racket. The chase lasted five hours. We were taking in more courage during all that time. The Yankee seemed to gain on us rapidly. All at once our captain got excited for the first time, and announced that we were running away from the enemy. He supposed that some part of her machinery had failed. At any rate we got away, and in a short time were out of sight of that ominous black smoke.

Without further adventure we ran safely into the Bermuda Islands and the port of St. George. The British flag flying on the fort in the harbor saluted the Confederate flag displayed from the *Thistle*.

My Valentine.

AIR — "THE HARP."

My valentine no jewels adorn,
Nor silken robes confine,
Her many charms fair as the morn
When blossoms crown the vine.
In nature's simple costume dressed,
Where restless billows roar,
She sits in thoughtful mood, depressed,
And anguished to the core.

I'm jealous of those white rim'd waves
That wash her dainty feet,
And then recede, the merry knaves,
The pleasure to repeat.

No words of comfort do they spake,
Or cheering message bear;
They merely kiss her limbs and break,
Unconscious of her care.

Oh, were I of those breakers one
What happiness 'twould be
To this fond heart to look upon
Thy face again, *machree*,
And kiss away the burning tear
Which long has dimmed your eye,
Or breathe the old love, not grown sear,
But hot as days gone by.

Sure oft when stars blue heaven decked,
And slumber wrapt the town,
I sought you in my youth, unchecked
By bloodhounds of the "crown;"
In the chancel of the ivied tower,
Bestrewn with tombs and weeds,
Unmindful of the place and hour,
And talked we o'er your needs.

Ah, how our hearts then joyous heaved,
While there we met to dream;
The day was nigh, we both believed,
When freedom's star would beam;
And o'er thy hills in thunder strains
The pæan would be borne,
That from thy limbs oppression's chains
By daring hands were torn.

But faction, treason's model mate,
With ancient custom dashed
The flowing cup from lips elate,
And left thee firmer lashed;
And hope and exile swept from thee
The few of earnest thought,
Who'd dare a thousand deaths to see
Thy disenthrallment wrought.

An outlaw now the earth I roam,
Far from my valentine,
Without a hope, a friend, a home,
But *thee* in life's decline;
And you are all to me, dear land,
In spite of fate's decree —
Crushed, plundered, bleeding, cursed, and ban'd
Although to-day you be.

EDWARD O'DONNELL.

The Archbishop of New York.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN.

No student of the "Mount" has met with such rapid and deserved promotion as the subject of this sketch, who, while yet in the prime of life, finds himself spiritual head of one of the largest provinces in the world. Born at Newark, New Jersey, August 13, 1839, of Irish parents, he went as a lad to St. Mary's College, Wilmington, where he remained two years, going thence to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, from which institution he was graduated in 1859. Evincing a decided vocation for the priesthood, he and twelve other students went, the same year, to Rome, and were the first students to enter the American College, then just opened.

The future archbishop found special favor in the sight of Pope Piux IX., of blessed memory, who, seeing with prophetic eye the future, foretold to the prelates of his court that the gentle and studious young American, by service and genius, would one day reach the foremost rank of the servants and rulers of the church of God.

For a year the zealous student applied himself to mastering Italian and Hebrew, after which he began the study of theology. This he pursued so successfully as to bear away a number of medals in competition with the students of the Propaganda and the Irish and Greek colleges. As a reward for his industry and excellent conduct he was ordained a priest by Cardinal Patrizi in the Lateran Basilica, September 19, 1863, a year before the close of his theological studies, and the following year, after a rigorous examination, was made a Doctor of Divinity.

He returned home in July, 1864, and believing his religious duties paramount to his natural instincts his first respects were paid to his bishop rather than to his parents.

Quick to recognize merit and ability, Bishop Bayley appointed Dr. Corrigan professor of Dogmatic Theology and Sacred Scriptures, and director of the Ecclesiastical Seminary of Seton Hall College. To his other labors the young priest added missionary work at South Orange and Springfield. In 1868 Dr. McQuaid, then president of Seton Hall, was made bishop of the newly-erected See of Rochester, and Dr. Corrigan was appointed president in his place; and, when in 1869 Bishop

Bayley was called to Rome to take part in the Vatican Council, this young man, only thirty years of age and five years a priest, was made vicar-general and administrator of the diocese.

This proved but a step to higher dignities. In July, 1872, Bishop Bayley was promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, and, on the recommendation of the Bishops of the Province, in May of the following year, the Holy Father, Pope Pius IX., appointed Dr. Corrigan bishop of Newark. He was consecrated May 4, 1873, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Newark, by the late Cardinal McCloskey, in presence of eighteen bishops, over one hundred priests, and a large assemblage of the faithful.

With the energy which is a distinguishing mark of his character, the new bishop set to work to build up his diocese, and under his fostering hand churches, schools, and charitable and religious institutions rapidly multiplied. A true Catholic spirit was urged upon and encouraged in the people, while the clergy were stimulated by example to attend carefully to the duties of their holy calling.

Advancing years and the health of Cardinal McCloskey made it imperative that he should have a coadjutor, and looking about for a suitable person, the Holy Father was naturally attracted to the Bishop of Newark. His vigor and zeal were proverbial, and this, added to the prayers of the cardinal, for many years his friend and adviser, determined the matter, and on October 1, 1880, Bishop Corrigan was made Archbishop of Petro, and Coadjutor Archbishop of New York.

What a help he proved to the declining years of the cardinal that eminent prince of the church himself declared; how untiring he is since archbishop *de facto* we all know.

By his excellent business habits his Grace is enabled to get through a marvellous amount of work which would otherwise be impossible. He is going constantly from place to place in his vast diocese, in the exercise of his episcopal duties, and besides all this is at present engaged in the completion of the spires of the new St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Archbishop Corrigan is of medium height and muscular, of graceful and commanding carriage, and has a frank, kindly face. He possesses the ease and polish of a courtier, with the winning simplicity fitted to his sacred profession. He goes but little in society but is eagerly sought after by Catholics and Protestants.

We cannot conclude this imperfect sketch without calling attention to a striking coincidence. When consecrated in 1873 as the youngest of the American hierarchy, Bishop Corrigan chose as his motto the verse *Dominus Petra mea,** "The Lord is my Rock;" the abbreviation of his name in the Irish language, *corrig*, *corrag*, means "rock," and when he was promoted archbishop it was to the ancient See of *Petra*, in Arabia,— a *rock* again.

"CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC."

* 2 Kings xxii. 2.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE world will be what you make it,
Little people;
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

When we walk into the gray,
Little people,
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

If war is in the air,
Little people,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,
Little people,
For a battle you must fight,
Little people.
'Twill be glory when you win,
But to falter would be sin,
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,
Little people,
And your country help to save,
Little people,
From whiskey, rum, and gin,
And the evils they bring in,
Little people.

THE THREE BROTHERS.

ONCE upon a time there were three brothers who had pear-tree. They watched it constantly day by day, taking turns; whilst two of them went to their work the third stayed at home, watching their beloved tree like a sentinel.

One day an angel came down from heaven to see how these three friendless brothers lived, and to help them in their poverty. He assumed the form of an old beggar-man, and approaching the brother who was on guard asked him for a pear.

The young man plucked a pear, and handing it to the old man, said, "This belongs to me, and you can have it; but I dare not give you any more as they belong to my brothers."

The angel thanked him and went away. The next day he came again, and asked the same thing of the brother whose turn it was to watch the tree.

"Here is one of my pears," said the young man, "but I cannot give you any more as the rest belong to my brothers."

On the third day the angel came to the third brother and made the same request, and was as well treated as on the former days.

The next morning he came to their house wearing the habit of a monk, and said to them:

"Come with me; I want to do you a good turn."

He led them to the bank of a large river, and said to the eldest, "What would you like best?"

He replied, "I should like that all this water should be turned into wine, and belong to me."

The angel made the sign of the cross over the river. Immediately the whole of the water was turned into wine. A number of workmen began at once to make barrels to hold it, others built houses and a village. And the angel said to him, "That is what you wanted. Remain here; all this belongs to you."

Then he took the other two brothers into a large field, in which large flocks of pigeons were flying about, and he said to the second of the brothers, "What would you like?"

He answered, "I should like all these pigeons to be turned into cattle and sheep, and to belong to me."

The angel again made the sign of the cross, and the change took place at once. A building sprang up on the ground, to which women carried the milk, and made cheese; and a butcher's shop, in which the meat was cut up, and where they sold legs and quarters of mutton. And very soon a large village was built in the field.

"There," said the angel to the young man, "that is what you asked for."

Then he walked away with the youngest brother, and as he was going along, he said to him, "And what would you like?"

The young man answered, "I should like to have a good and really pious wife."

"Ah!" said the angel, "it is not so easy to find one. I only know three really pious women in the world, and two of them are married; the third is still free, but she is a king's daughter, and two kings want to marry her."

The young man, accompanied by the angel, went to the king and asked for the hand of his pious daughter.

The king said to his courtiers, "This is a strange thing. Two kings aspire to marry my daughter, and here are two strangers, who look like beggars, who also ask for her hand!"

The angel advised the king to come to a decision in the following manner: "Tell the princess," he said, "to plant in her garden three branches of vine. To each of the branches she must give the name of one of her suitors, and let the one whose branch is covered with bunches of grapes to-morrow be her husband."

The king accepted the proposition. The next day two of the branches were in the same condition as when they were planted, while that branch to which the princess had given the name of the young traveller was laden with splendid bunches of grapes.

As the king could not withdraw from his promise, he married his daughter to her poor suitor. The angel led the young couple to a small house on the borders of the forest, and then disappeared.

The following year he wished to see how his young friends were getting on. Under the disguise of a beggar he approached the eldest brother, who owned the miraculous river, and asked him for a glass of wine.

"Nonsense," replied the rich man, rudely. "If I gave a glass of wine to everybody who asked me for one I should not have any left for myself."

The angel made the sign of the cross. Immediately the water began to flow in the bed of the river as it formerly did, and he said to the stingy man, "It seems that good fortune has done you no good. Go back to your house and look after your pear-tree."

Then the angel visited the second brother and asked him for a piece of cheese.

"No," replied he, roughly; "if I were to give a piece of cheese to everybody who asked me I should very soon have none left for myself."

The angel then made the sign of the cross, and in an instant the sheep and cattle disappeared.

"It seems," he said, "that good fortune has not improved you. Go back to your house and attend to your pear-tree."

The angel then went to the humble cottage of the young married people and asked them to give him a bed for the night. They both received him very cordially, and said to him, "Excuse us if we do not treat you as well as we should like to, for we are very poor."

"Do not trouble about what you would like to give me," said the angel; "I shall be quite satisfied with anything."

But what were they to do? They had neither flour nor wheat, and were reduced to grinding up the bark of trees for food. The young wife took some of the bark and made a cake of it, and put it in an earthenware vessel to cook. Then she sat down and began to talk kindly to the stranger.

Presently she lifted the cover of the pot, and instead of the cake of bark she found a splendid loaf made of pure flour.

"God be praised!" she exclaimed to her husband, "our guest will be better provided for than we hoped."

She then placed the loaf on the table and brought a jug of fresh water, but as soon as she placed it on the table the water was changed into wine.

The angel made the sign of the cross on the cottage. In an instant it vanished, and a splendid house beautifully furnished took its place.

The angel blessed the young couple, and they lived happily ever afterwards.

A YOUNG HERO —A TRUE STORY.

JAQUES lived in a small village near Vitry, in France. He was eleven years old and small for his age, but full of courage.

It was winter of 1700. The cold had been intense. The snow covered the ground for many weeks at the time, so that the wolves of the neighboring forests, not being able to find anything to eat, came in full daylight to the farms, and even into the villages.

Jaques had a great horror of cruel beasts, and in the bravery of his little heart he wished to kill them all. One day he begged his father to tell him the best way of doing this, "for," said he, "if I should meet them, I should like to kill them."

His father, thinking that the question was dictated by curiosity, or perhaps a little vanity, replied laughingly, "I will tell you, Jaques, the surest way of killing a wolf. As he does not fail to come upon you with his mouth wide open, thrust your arm into his throat, force it down as far as possible, even to the tail, then draw the tail towards you, and in this way you will turn the wolf inside out, as you would a stocking."

"Oh! but," said Jaques, reflecting seriously on this singular manner of proceeding, "I should not be able, perhaps, to do this; my arm is not long enough to reach to the tail of the wolf."

"In that case," replied the father, "I think that forcing the fist strongly down the throat would suffocate him."

It happened one morning that Jaques's father and mother went out, and left in his care his little sister sleeping in the cradle. He sat quietly watching her when suddenly the door was pushed open and in walked a large wolf, who, without ceremony, directed his steps to the cradle. But the wolf, to his misfortune, had not counted upon the lesson Jaques had received, and upon which he had often thought very seriously.

Without hesitating, therefore, Jaques threw himself upon the wolf, and closing his fist thrust it into the animal's throat. The wolf fought, but Jaques grasped the neck of his enemy with his other hand, and forced his fist still more strongly down his throat. With great effort he

then pushed him into an angle of the wall, where he held him tightly in the corner, until the beast rolled suffocated on the floor. Overcome by the excitement and the efforts he had made the brave little fellow fell fainting by the side of his enemy.

Soon the parents returned, and one can imagine their horror and surprise at seeing their child stretched upon the floor by the side of a wolf. They lifted him up, and the movement revived him.

"My little sister," said he, "she is not eaten, she is safe, is she not?"

They assured him of her safety, and when he was quite restored he said, "I could not succeed in reaching the tail of the wolf, father, but I did the best I could."

You may be sure the father and mother were satisfied of this, and felt not only thankful for the safety of their little one, but proud of the bravery of their son.

A STORY ABOUT A DONKEY.

TEDDY and Neddy were two pretty little donkeys, which had been given to May and Gerty by their godfather. They always came running up to them when they went into the paddock where they were kept, and Teddy would rub his nose against May and grunt for some bread or apples, which he liked very much; and they would both follow May and Gerty all about the field, and put their heads over the stile with a sorrowful look when they went away.

One day May and Gerty were going to ride, so Bob, the garden boy, put the saddles on the donkeys and brought them round to the porch. May was ready waiting there, so she ran out and threw her arms around Teddy's head and stroked his long ears, and then she said, "Would you like a bit of bread, my dear?"

Teddy pricked up his ears at that, and seemed to understand; so May ran to the kitchen and cried, "Cook, cook, please give a poor hungry donkey a crust."

Cook smiled, and took some bits of bread from a plate and gave them to May, who got back to the porch just as Gerty came down.

"Where's Teddy?" cried May, seeing that he was not at the door. "He was here just now, and I have got this bread for him. Where can he be?"

"I don't know," said Gerty; "isn't he on the lawn?"

"There's Bob, I'll ask him," said May, running across the grass towards the garden boy, who had been among the shrubs cutting a twig for her. "Bob, where's Teddy?" cried May, "we can't find him."

"I left him at the porch, miss," said Bob, opening his eyes very wide when he saw no Teddy there. "What's become of him?"

"It's so odd," said May; "he must have hid himself for fun. I must go and tell auntie."

"Auntie!" she cried, as she ran into the drawing-room; but she suddenly stopped and burst out laughing, for there, standing on the

rug, was Teddy, with his saddle on, looking as pleased as possible, very likely thinking that he had got into a beautiful new stable.

Gerty came in to see what May was so merry about, and she too laughed heartily, as you may suppose.

Mr. Teddy, you see, finding the doors open, had thought he should like to walk in; and when he was there he did not seem to want to walk out, for Bob, who was called in to lead him away, could not get him to move. Naughty Teddy planted his feet firmly on the ground and would *not* be led out.

"He must have the stick," said Bob, and he lifted May's riding whip.

"Oh, no, no, please," cried May. "Don't, Bob, please; he'll be very good! Come with me, Teddy dear, there's a darling!" and she held up a bit of bread just in front of Teddy's nose.

Ted moved a step forward, and May moved a step backward, still holding the bread just too far off for him to reach it, and then Teddy moved another step, for he could not resist the bread; and so at last May coaxed him out of the room and through the hall to the porch, saying, "You shall have it, Teddy dear, when you are *quite* good." When he had his feet really on the gravel walk, May patted him and said, "Now you may have it, Teddy; you didn't know any better, did you, dear?"

But after this Teddy was carefully watched when he was brought to the porch, lest he might take a fancy again to visit the drawing-room.

MICHAELANGELO.

EVERY Catholic has heard of St. Peter's Church in Rome, the largest and most beautiful church in the world. It holds fifty thousand persons, and any of the churches we have in England could be put in a corner of it, and make very little show. The architect who planned it was Michaelangelo, who was also a great sculptor and a fine painter.

Michaelangelo was born on March 6, 1474. His nurse's father and husband were both stone-masons, and he used to say that it was no wonder that he delighted to work with a chisel, as it was the first thing with which he played. When he was old enough he was sent to school; but though he studied his lessons well he spent all his recreation in drawing and painting. He would seek the acquaintance of boys who studied painting, and one of them, Francesco Granacci, who was his friend and a pupil of Ghirlandajo, an Italian painter, used to bring him secretly models to copy, lend him colors and pencils, and take him to the studios where he could get instruction.

His father and uncles were very sorry to see him inclined to the study of art, as they thought it was beneath him to do it; but Michaelangelo begged so earnestly to be allowed to pursue his beloved study that they finally consented to let him do as he pleased, and he was

immediately put under the tuition of Ghirlandajo. He was only twelve years old, and, strange to say, his master, instead of being paid for teaching him, paid him for the three years he painted in his studio, he already showed so much talent.

When he was fifteen a rich Florentine, Lorenzo de Medici, opened in his own palace a school of sculpture. Michaelangelo, in company with his friend Granacci, went to it. He soon became clever in modelling figures in clay. One day when he was in a garden he set to work and made a fawn out of marble. Lorenzo was so pleased with it that he sent for Michaelangelo's father and told him that he wanted to adopt his son and have him live with him.

In the palace of Lorenzo Michaelangelo had a room, sat at his table, was introduced to men of rank and genius, and had every opportunity to perfect himself in painting and sculpture. One of his first works was a beautiful crucifix in wood, followed by many other fine masterpieces.

The Pope, Julius II., heard of him, and invited him to come to Rome, paying all his expenses. The Church of St. Peter then existing was old, and the Pope had determined to rebuild it. He asked Michaelangelo to draw a plan of a church worthy of God, and being pleased with the plan he drew he gave him the superintendence of the building; but though Michaelangelo lived to be more than eighty years old, he did not see it completed. He also worked at a fine tomb for Julius II., which was to be placed in St. Peter's Church.

At the request of Pope Julius and of his successors he painted the walls and ceilings of the Sistine Chapel, so called after Pope Sixtus V. On the walls are represented incidents taken from the Scriptures, such as the Creation, Man's Fall, the Deluge, etc. It is almost impossible to give an idea of the paintings; it is enough to say there are two hundred figures, all of great size. On the ceiling is painted the Last Judgment. It inspires the visitor with awe and fear, and makes him remember his last end. It is considered the grandest picture in the world.

Michaelangelo was a good man. Though invited by kings to come to their capitals, he preferred to remain in Rome, to work for the honor and glory of God, for he refused to receive any money for building the Church of St. Peter. He was also kind-hearted and often helped poor artists. He had an old servant called Urbino whom he loved very much. One day as Urbino stood by him while he worked, he said to him, "My poor Urbino, what wilt thou do when I am gone?"—"Alas!" replied Urbino, "I must then seek another master."—"No," replied Michaelangelo, "that shall never be." And he gave him immediately two thousand crowns. But Urbino died before his master, and Michaelangelo tended him in his last illness as a mother would a child, and felt much grieved at his death.

Michaelangelo continued to work to the very end of his life. He died at Rome on the 17th of February, 1564; he was then eighty-nine years old. The following is his simple will: "I bequeath my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my possessions to my nearest relations." His nephew took his remains to Florence, where they were buried with great honors in the Church of Santa Croce.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

ATTACK AND REPULSE ON A MONASTERY.—AN exciting scene occurred at the Fontefroide Monastery, in the vicinity of Narbonne, France, on January 12th. A dozen brigands hastily scaled the monastery walls. They were well armed with daggers and revolvers. The Father Superior, who was resting quietly in his room, was surprised by a revolver being presented at his head, and a ruffian backed by several others demanded money. The Abbot, not losing his presence of mind, replied: "We are 60 and you are 12," and springing to a rope near by rang loudly the chapel bell. The monks hurriedly rushed in, in response to the alarm, and a short conflict resulted in the flight of the brigands, who fired a volley before they decamped, by which three of the monks were severely wounded. The ruffians captured no treasure. The authorities were promptly warned, and gendarmes are in pursuit of the robber band.

THE Propaganda at Rome has received letters from Catholic missionaries in Uganda, Africa, which say that King Mouanga recently discovered a servant studying a catechism, and being greatly enraged, caused the massacre of one hundred negro convicts. Most of the victims were burned alive. Mouanga, the missionaries say, vows that he will destroy all the Christians in his kingdom.

THE German Catholics of New York City have twelve churches, each of which has secular and educational schools attached. There are about 15,000 parishioners to each church. The German Catholic population of the city is estimated at 185,000.

THE O'S HAVE IT! *The Pilot*:—On Monday, Jan. 3d, the City Government of Boston for 1887 was inaugurated. The Mayor (third term) is HUGH O'BRIEN, journalist and Electric Light Company President; the President of the Board of Aldermen is PATRICK DONAVAN, a mason and contractor; the President of the Common Council is DAVID H. BARRY, salesman in a wholesale paper warehouse; the City Clerk is JOSEPH H. O'NEILL, crockery dealer. Mr. JOSEPH H. O'KANE was re-elected Clerk of the Common Council. All of these are men in whom the whole city may have confidence for their intelligence and integrity. "The Boston of COLLINS and O'BRIEN" is safe for another year.

The Parliamentary Fund.

THE New York Irish Parliamentary Fund Association, better known as the Hoffman House Committee, of which Eugene Kelly is chairman, is going to resume work on behalf of Ireland as soon as parliament meets. There is still about $50,000 on hand. A meeting was held last Tuesday at No. 20 Nassau Street, presided over by Eugene Kelly, to consider what disposition will be made of the money. Those present were Judge Edward Browne, J. P. Farrell, Morgan J. O'Brien, Major John Byrne, of Cincinnati, and Lawrence J. Callanan. It was decided that nothing could be done till parliament meets early in February, while the balance still on hand of $50,000 was to be kept until an emergency arose.

The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* of Jan. 7 says: "We publish to-day the audited balance-sheet of the Irish Parliamentary Fund which we opened last June, certified

by Messrs. Kean & Co. A total sum of £7,055 16*s* 11*d* has been subscribed to date and lodged by us as received to the credit of the fund in a special account in the National Bank. From time to time we paid to the treasurers sums amounting to £6,750, and we yesterday forwarded to Mr. Biggar a check for the balance of £305 16*s* 11*d*. In closing this account we have to express our acknowledgments for the subscriptions entrusted to us, and more especially for the magnificent response made to our appeal by the archdiocese of Cashel and Emly. The life of the present parliament does not appear likely to be a long one; and should it become necessary for us again to reopen such a fund, we are certain that the people of Ireland will subscribe to it with equal readiness.

COLORED SISTERS.—The Very Rev. A. B. Leeson, provincial of the Josephite Fathers in Baltimore, received five novices into the community of the Colored Oblates of Providence Convent.

SIGN OF THE CROSS.—The *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* gives an instance of the edifying conversion of a young lady stopping at a boarding hotel in Atlantic City. Several Catholic ladies were daily at the same table; and the girl noticed that they all scrupulously made the sign of the cross. This led to inquiries, then to explanations, and her conversion soon followed—"brought into the True Fold by the glorious beacon-light of the simple Sign of the Cross."

RECEPTION.—Ulalia Mary Tuckerman, of Boston, was received into the order of the Carmelite nuns at the convent in Baltimore, on the 20th of January, Cardinal Gibbons being present. Archbishop Williams, who is godfather to the young lady, officiated. Cardinal Gibbons made a brief address, in which he feelingly referred to the order of the Carmelites, and the great pain which is naturally endured by a young lady in leaving her parents and the world for the sake of heaven. Miss Tuckerman will be known in the Carmelite Order as Sister Augustine of the Mother of God. She was twenty-five years old in October last. She was educated at the Academy of Notre Dame in Boston, and graduated at the age of sixteen. She is very handsome, says a contemporary. Well, handsome is that handsome does.

THE late George Crompton, says the *Scientific American*, was a man of much executive, as well as inventive, ability. His productions in the line of looms have been long famous for superior excellence.

Landlords Selling Out.

LORD ASHBOURNE'S ACT is gradually coming into operation. Irish landlords are seeing the advantage of selling their estates on reasonable terms, and the tenants are availing themselves of the facilities afforded by Lord Ashbourne's Act to purchase their holdings. The Marquis of Bath and the Marquis of Londonderry have just intimated that they are offering land for sale, and steps are being taken to place the tenants in the position of owners. This system of transfer will, if extensively carried out, soon put an end to the agrarian troubles in Ireland. The establishment of a peasant proprietory would be a permanent and happy solution of the Irish land question.

TEN Fathers of the Foreign Missionary Society of France have just gone to bear the good tidings of Christianity to the people of the far East.

THE IRISH WOOLLEN INDUSTRY has just had an important extension. It has been introduced into Belfast, where, hitherto there has not been a single woollen manufactory. The new venture has been made by Messrs. Ross, Brothers, proprietors of the Bloomfield Linen Factory, who, we read in a Belfast contemporary, "believe that they will be in a position to compete with the English and Scotch manufacturers in price as well as in quality, because they are able to adapt the motive power at present in use in the linen department to the requirements of the woollen machinery." The work has commenced, and on Tuesday several webs of the new production which is to bear the name "Belfast Tweed," were open to inspection. The looms, it is said, are adapted to the manufacture of tweeds in all the different patterns and qualities, but Cheviot and Saxony are for the present to be their specialty. It is a pleasure in these depressed times to be able to chronicle an extension of any industry in Ireland. We would note, however, that although Belfast has not

hitherto manufactured a single web of tweed, this article of Irish manufacture could be much more easily obtained there than in Dublin.

Sir John Pope Hennessy,

WHO accepted a Governorship in 1868, and who has been Governor of one colony or other ever since, has been suspended by Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of the Cape, appointed High Commissioner to enquire into charges made by the notorious Clifford Lloyd, who received an appointment in the Mauritius when he could no longer be kept in Ireland, and and who appears to have devoted himself to the task of driving Sir John out of the public service. The nature of the charges preferred by Lloyd, or at his instance, is not stated; but it is known that in the colonies in which he has been Governor Sir J. P. Hennessy usually strove to protect the natives from the insolence and injustice with which officials were wont to treat them. Mr. Hennessy, a man of great ability, stood high in the esteem of Irish Nationalists until he became a Governor. Born in 1834, Mr. Hennessy entered Parliament in 1859 as member for King's County, in his native land, a position which he held till 1865. In 1868 he became Governor of Labuan, a small island off the north-west coast of Borneo, where he remained till 1871. In 1872 he took charge, as Governor, of the West African settlements, but remained there only a year, when he was made Governor of the Bahamas. In 1875 he was transferred to the Windward Islands, and in the following year he went to Hong Kong, where he discharged the duties of Governor until 1882, when he assumed the position which he held until a few weeks ago. A few years ago Mr. Hennessy was rewarded for his services by being made a K.C.M.G. Sir John will, under the rules and regulations of the Colonial Office, forfeit all claims to a retiring allowance should his suspension be approved and confirmed by the Secretary of State. The salary of the Governor of Mauritius amounts to over £5,000 a year.

THE Catholic church at St. Leonards, which was, we believe the only church in England dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, was completely destroyed by fire on Sunday morning. The conflagration resulted in the loss of some holy relics and valuable paintings.

DIVORCE.—Madame de Staël, describing the effects of the law of divorce in Germany, says: "It cannot be denied that in the Protestant provinces the facility of divorce is injurious to the sanctity of marriage. They change husbands as quietly as if they were arranging the incidents of a drama." The Bill with which the name of M. Nanquet is associated is at the present moment producing like results in France. Divorce has become so much the order of the day in that country that a Paris correspondent confesses that he carefully abstains from asking married men any question with regard to their wives. In England the divorce court is a centre from which infamy radiates. Men of exalted ideas of human life, such as Mr. Gladstone, may well feel an aversion to a custom which brings forth such a fearful crop of scandals.

Marriages in Haste.

THE bishops of the province of San Francisco have recently pronounced with emphasis the judgment of the Church on mixed marriages. Here is a passage from their pastoral letter:—"But above all," solemnly say the prelates of the province of San Francisco, "we, condemn as fraught with most disastrous consequences, the rashness of those who recklessly make matrimonial engagements without carefully examining whether, in the persons of their choice, are found the qualities in good husbands or wives. Now among the qualities which a Catholic should seek in a companion before matrimonial engagement, and, in fact before beginning or contemplating any mutual affection, is the incomparable treasure of the Catholic faith." Unhappy marriages, blasted lives, and lost souls are the chief fruits of mixed marriages. Witness the death and burial of the great ship-builder Roach, who although of good Catholic parents in the County Cork, was buried by the Methodists.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Murray, Bishop of Maitland, was on the 15th of November, presented with a jewelled pectoral cross and ring valued at £150 by the priests of his diocese. The occasion was the celebration of the twentieth anniversary of his enthronization in the See. The gift of the laity took the form of a purse of 500 sovereigns. The good Bishop also received congratulatory addresses from priests and people.

BEGINNING with January 18th, the steamers of the Inman Line will sail on Tuesdays instead of Saturday as heretofore. The day of sailing from the other side remains the same.

WE have the best authority for stating that the Holy See is determined not to enter into any important negotiations with England as long as the Irish difficulty remains in its present acute stage.

THE Right Rev. Dr. M'Cormack, Bishop of Achonry, in a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, protests against the exclusion of Catholics from juries in recent trials, and asks—"Does the Crown think that a deep-dyed insult to a creed can make the people of that creed loyal to the Crown?"

THE number of Catholic children born in New York during 1886 was 22,000, *more than two-thirds of all the children born in the metropolis*. This report comes from the Bureau of Statistics.

THE British Parliament convened on the 27th of January.

GOSCHEN was defeated in the Liverpool election by Neville, Gladstonian, in a vote of 3,222 to 3,211. Neville is a Home Ruler. His majority was only seven over his opponent.

MR. GLADSTONE says there is an analogy between Ireland and Canada, and Mr. Chamberlain thinks the Canadian constitution adaptable to Ireland.

THE Irish societies of Boston will have a grand parade on the 17th of March. Capt. John Reade will be chief marshal. It is thought that the 9th regiment will escort the procession.

RIGHT REV. LOUIS DE GOESBRIAND, D. D., bishop of Burlington, Vt., sailed from New York City for Europe on January 8th, to be absent in his native country, France, for several months, by direction of his physician, owing to the condition of his health, which, for some time past, has been quite poor. During the absence of Bishop de Goesbriand from this country the Very Rev. Thomas Lynch, Vicar-General, and pastor of the cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Burlington, will act as administrator of the diocese.

LIQUIDATING CHURCH DEBTS.—The entire indebtedness of St. Ann's Church of Neponset, and St. Gregory's Church of Milton Lower Mills, amounting to $14,500, has been liquidated in five years through the efforts of Fathers Powers and Fitzpatrick, their respective pastors.

CARDINALS TASCHEREAU and Gibbons, accompanied by their secretaries, started for Rome on the French steamer *La Bourgogne*, on Saturday, Jan. 29, to receive their red hats, rings, and titles at the Consistory that will be held early in March.

My Favorite Receipt.

SOME time ago the Royal Baking Powder Co. conceived the idea of collecting from its patrons, for redistribution among them when printed in book form, their best and favorite methods for the preparation of articles of food of all descriptions. In response there were furnished a very large number of practical receipts, from which were selected the 3,000 contained in the book entitled "My Favorite Receipt." The publication was intended originally for the contributors only, but the collection proved to be of such remarkable value that its publishers, believing its circulation would be productive of good, in affording a larger knowledge as to the practical preparation of real home cookery in a way to make it most wholesome and appetizing, have issued an edition for general circulation, which is sold at cost of production and postage. "My Favorite Receipt" contains formulas for the preparation of almost every known dish in every conceivable way. These have been classified into departments representing Soups and Broths, Fish and Shell Fish, Vegetables, Meats, Stews, Poultry and Game, Eggs, Salads, Desserts, Breads, Cake, Condiments, Beverages, Ices, Preserves and Pickles, Preserved Meats, Canned Vegetables, etc., to which a copious index is added. Every branch of the culinary art has received ample attention. The publication is one of unusual value, from the fact that the receipts are thoroughly tested formulas of genuine home cookery. In it each contributor vouches not only for the utility of her receipt, but attests that

years of experience have proved it the best way of making the article named, and signs her name and address to it as an evidence of its genuineness and her faith in its superiority.

The practical character of the receipts will especially commend them to American housekeepers. While cookery of the very finest and richest, as well as that more plain and economical, is provided for, My Favorite Receipt" is not, like many of the cook books of the day, a collection of impracticable, untried, or foreign formulas, following which frequently results in a failure and a waste of good materials. The contributions are from every part of the country and give the best experience of the best cooks for preparing the dishes peculiar to each locality.

"My Favorite Receipt," handsomely printed and bound, is sent by the Royal Baking Powder Co., New York, at the nominal price of 50 cents, to any address, express charges paid.

THE Rev. Father Charles H. Colton, for several years one of the assistant pastors of St. Stephen's, is appointed rector of the parish, to succeed Dr. McGlynn. Father Donnelly will stay at St. Stephen's only until the formalities preliminary to the induction of the new rector are complied with, when he will return to St. Michael's. Father Colton is about 40 years of age, and is an Irish-American native of New York.

HIS GRACE, RT. REV. JOHN SWEENY, bishop of St. John, N. B., is rapidly recovering from the effects of an accident met with the other day at Sussex. While his lordship Bishop Sweeny was being driven from the station one morning by Rev. Father Belliveau, the horse attached to the sleigh in which they were seated took fright at the engine and ran off at a frightful speed. The sleigh upset opposite the Custom House and the bishop's [illegible] was dislocated.

hall, music, and reception made reports, which showed that matters were progressing in a way to surprise and please the projectors.

MR. MAURICE HEALY, member of Parliament for Cork, was married, in Dublin, to Miss Annie Sullivan. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, who is an uncle of the bride, entertained the bridal party at his house. Tim. Healy is the Lord Mayor's son-in-law.

DURING a performance at a London theatre, on Jan. 18, a false alarm of fire was raised and a terrible panic ensued. When it had subsided it was found that twelve women and five youths had been trampled to death in the rush to escape, and that many others had been injured.

MR. DRISCOLL HONORED. — At the annual meeting and installation of officers of St. Lawrence Court, No. 61, Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters, at Lyceum Hall, Brookline, evening of Feb. 1, a cordial reception was tendered Mr. Michael Driscoll, chief ranger of the lodge and superintendent of streets of the town of Brookline, in honor of his marriage to a well-known Brookline lady. About forty couples enjoyed one of Vogel's suppers, and then Patrick O'Loughlin, Esq., the Boston lawyer, presented Mr. Driscoll with a handsome past chief ranger's badge. Dancing brought the festivities to a close.

FORMS FOR VESTMENTS. — Our clergy will find at Messrs. Ufford & Son, 43 West Street, an *admirable* arrangement, not expensive, for holding vestments in good shape when not in use. *Ladies also* will here find the indispensable "draping" (extension) "form" that folds like an umbrella. Send for *illustrated catalogue.*

"THE steel wire door-mat is rapidly superseding all other kinds of mats; it is invaluable in wet, muddy, or snowy weather. Some of the most prominent churches and public buildings throughout New England are using this mat."

[illegible]MPANY with a capital of $5,000,000 [illegible] organized to build a submarine [illegible]tween Prince Edward Island [illegible]Brunswick.

REV. J. A. DE RUYTER, of St. Augustine's Church, Washington, D. C., has been called to England by Bishop Vaughan, Superior General of the Josephites, who devote themselves to the spiritual care of the colored race all over the world. The diocese of Punjaub in North British India, formerly under the care of the Franciscans, has been placed in the charge of the Fathers of St. Joseph, one of the members of which order will be made Bishop of Cashmere. At present the diocese of Cashmere contains about thirteen stations. These will be occupied by the Fathers of St. Joseph, who will instruct the natives of the stations as well as those of the interior. There are about fifty thousand English-speaking Catholics in this diocese, and it will be one of the most important fields of labor in charge of the Fathers who will so soon take it under their spiritual guardianship.

LEGAL LAW ABOUT MAGAZINES.— 1. Any person who takes our MAGAZINE regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another's, or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his MAGAZINE discontinued he must first pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from a post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud. t.f.

ORDAINED IN HIS SEVENTY-THIRD YEAR. — To the number of priests in the Catholic church in England who have previously been members of the ministry of the Established church, we have now to add the name of Lord Charles Thynne. His lordship received his ordination at the hands of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster in his Eminence's private chapel recently. Lord Charles is the youngest son of the second Marquis of Bath and is now in his seventy-third year. He was a Canon of Canterbury from 18[illegible] to 1852, in which year he was received i[illegible] the Catholic church. It is not tho[illegible] advisable that his lordship, at his [illegible] should engage in the active work [illegible] ministry, and he has, we believe, [illegible] the chaplaincy to his sister — th[illegible] ger Duchess of Buccleuch.

IT must be a very poor Catholic family who cannot subscribe for a magazine like ours — only seventeen cents a month for one hundred pages of excellent reading matter.

ARCHBISHOP SEGERS, in his accounts of his missionary work in Alaska, tells us that he has had to wade through the icy waters of impetuous torrents, up to his hips in depth, to offer the Holy Sacrifice where Mass was never heard before.

AMERICA is fast filling up. Foreign immigration for 1886 reaches 400,000 souls. It is some help to us that our new arrivals brought, as it is estimated, $30,000,000 with them to our shores.

An Eviction Scene.

THE evictions on the Winn estates at Glenbeigh, county Kerry, were brutal; cottages being burnt by order of the landlord immediately after his tenants had been expelled therefrom. In some cases the bailiffs were stoutly resisted. The occupants of one house barricaded the doors and windows and refused to allow the officers to enter. The bailiffs made several attempts to force their way into the dwelling, but its defenders received them with boiling water and showers of stones and forced them to retreat, a number of them with severe wounds. This siege lasted some hours. Finally the police loaded their weapons and threatened to fire if an immediate surrender was not made. At this the defenders yielded and submitted to arrest. They were twenty-five in number, and all were taken into custody. The wife of the tenant was carried out of the house by the officers in a fainting condition. She was afterwards left dying in the yard. The people are maddened at the brutality of the officers. Mr Harrington, member of parliament, exhorted them to avoid violence, and with difficulty prevented [illegible]

ASK your neighbor to subscribe for DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. By getting a new subscriber you get both copies for $3.

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH. — We give elsewhere an article from the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, one of the ablest and most conserva ive of Boston's daily press,—an article under the above heading. The *Advertiser* used to be called the respectable daily, and it maintains its position. Its patrons are the leading business men of the city, and it can be found in the counting rooms and homes of its best, as well as its humblest, citizens. We therefore value the expressions contained in the article copied from its columns which will be found elsewhere.

AT a dinner recently given to the Archbishop of Prague by the German Emperor, General Von Moltke stated that during the life-time of his Majesty, Germany would undoubtedly be spared the horrors of war.

LEO XIII. gave as a Christmas gift to the poor of Rome 12,000 lire and 160 beds.

The Order of St. Benedict

WHICH has left its marks — large and plain — on the history of Europe, has contributed in no small measure to the spiritual glories of England. The Catholics of this country will therefore rejoice that the Holy Father confidently entertains the belief that there is a great future in store for the members of the Order. At an audience granted to the Abbot of Solesmes his Holiness expressed the conviction that the Benedictine Fathers are called by God to take in missionary work a part worthy of that which they played in the regeneration of the ancient world. "The Easterns themselves," said his Holiness, "can only be restored to Catholic unity by the Black Benedictines, who have preserved amongst them a prestige that no other Order can acquire. All the Eastern bishops whom I have consulted are agreed upon that point. Formerly Palestine and even Constantinople possessed Benedictine monasteries, and in our own days the principal church of Constantinople is dedicated to your holy patriarch." It is the design of his Holiness that Rome should one day become the centre of this Benedictine influence, hastening the work of conversion throughout the East as well as throughout the West.

REV. DR. MCGLYNN may well exclaim —"Save me from my friends."

AT her marriage, the daughter of Marshal MacMahon wore a superb veil of Limerick lace, and indeed an entire gown of that material, which had been worn by her mother at her marriage. She wore orange blossoms intertwined not as usual with myrtle but with shamrocks. The MacMahons are almost the only well-authenticated descendants of the ancient Irish kings, and they take pride on all occasions in displaying tokens of their race.

THE Irish poet, editor, and patriot, T. D. Sullivan, M. P., sent the following New Year's card to Sir. R. P. Stewart, organist of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

God spare you long,
God bless your song;
And, to insure its flowing,
Preserve your pipes
From Death's cold gripes,
And keep your bellows blowing.

FROM the first day of January, 1887, and thereafter, no person shall be admitted into any choir or as a regular singer, in the diocese of Detroit, who is not a practical Catholic. Why should not such a good regulation be observed in all Catholic choirs?

JOHN ROACH, the great ship-builder, died at his residence in New York on the 10th of January, and was buried by the Methodists. He came to this country at the age of seventeen. He was born of good Catholic parents in the County Cork, Ireland. He made a mixed marriage; hence the cause of his apostasy.

WHY does the *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, keep that stereotyped list of contributors to the Archbishop Purcell Memorial Fund at the head of its editorial page?

"IN this particular country the school question is the pivot on which the religious life of the Catholic church turns."—*Archbishop Corrigan.*

Dr. McGlynn's Troubles

Chicago Citizen:—The trouble between Archbishop Corrigan and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn over the Henry George campaign, in New York, has assumed a very serious shape. Dr. McGlynn has been virtually retired from his mission as a priest. His late congregation decline to receive a successor. Meanwhile the Doctor is seriously ill, and the sensational conduct of some well-meaning, but thoroughly indiscreet, friends is giving him great mental pain. In our opinion, the best thing lay Catholics can do is to let the ecclesiastics settle their differences between themselves. Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. McGlynn are much more likely to come to an amicable understanding if left alone. We do not admire the taste of certain Protestant journals that are trying to "make capital" against Catholicity out of the unfortunate affair.

PRESIDENT JOHN FITZGERALD of the Irish National League of America has, with his customary generosity, subscribed $1,000 to the fund for the benefit of Mrs. John A. Logan.

Dastardly Attack on a Priest.

THERE is not even the excuse of excitement caused by riot to palliate a cowardly and brutal assault which was made upon the Rev. Father Maginnis, O. P., Newry, on a recent Sunday evening, by a Protestant named John McIlroy. The reverend gentleman was walking in his usual tranquil and genial mood along one of the streets of the town, when McIlroy, according to evidence given at a magisterial investigation, coming behind him, dealt him, with a heavy stick, a savage blow over the right ear which prostrated him. Father Maginnis was taken up in a semi-lifeless condition. Blood was flowing copiously from his head, and his strength was almost completely exhausted. Medical aid was at once summoned, and it was discovered that he had received a dangerous wound on the right side of the head immediately above the brain, and that one of the arteries had been severed. Under skilful treatment the patient is making satisfactory progress towards recovery, but will be unable for some days to resume the duties of his sacred ministry. Father Maginnis has won for himself much affection amongst the inhabitants of Newry, and the unprovoked outrage to which he has been subjected has naturally excited amongst them the deepest indignation. His assailant is now in jail, and of untried prisoners, as of the dead, we must say *nil nisi bonum*. We may, however, accept McIlroy's own explanation of the assault, which is that he was prompted to commit it by the devil.

A GERMAN man of science has taken four heads of hair of equal weight and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was of the red variety, and it was found to contain 90,000 hairs. Next comes the black with 103,000 hairs to its credit. The brown has 109,000, and the blond 140,000. The blond wins.

I DO not think that Henry George has advanced his own cause or improved the position of Dr. McGlynn by the attack which he has thought fit to make on the Catholic church.— *Michael Davitt.*

Parnell.

THE Irish cause has had a more narrow escape from the loss of Mr. Parnell's services than any one at the time suspected. With characteristic pride and reserve, Mr. Parnell kept back from every one, even his nearest colleagues, the seriousness of his late illness. The facts have only just come to light. Now he is out and among us, we note how terribly he has been reduced by his struggle with death. His pale, worn face and thin neck and the reduction of another fourteen pounds in his weight show how fearfully he suffered. For seven consecutive days he was absolutely unable to take or retain administered food in any form. Another week at this rate would have seen him in his grave. This is the more curious, as Mr. Parnell was always most abstemious at the table. His illness was the result of the irregular hours and strain of parliamentary life. For three months he has not tasted butcher's meat. He is confined strictly to fish and game. His recovery must in any case be slow, and is liable to be impeded by his duties in the House of Commons.

The worst feature in the news from Ireland is the sickness of the Irish leader. We may all exclaim —"God save Ireland." The *Boston Daily Herald*, of the 5th inst. says:— Our resident correspondent cables from London, on the strength of private information which he

has every reason to regard as trustworthy, that Mr. Parnell has decided to relinquish the leadership of the Irish parliamentary party. It is even possible that the Nationalist chief may carry his withdrawal from the political arena to the length of giving up his seat in the House of Commons. Ill health is assigned as the reason for his retirement, and though there may be a supplementary motive, our correspondent states that the condition of Mr. Parnell's health is of itself an ample justification for a complete abstention from parliamentary work. The retirement of Mr. Parnell would seriously embarrass the solution of the Irish problem. It is true that this great leader has succeeded in drawing to him, and educating in his method, a number of able lieutenants; but it is not too much to say that not one of them, if he were to take the post of general director, would command the confidence and obtain the obedient support that has been, and is so freely, given to Mr. Parnell. Then, too, his success as a leader is due, in a large degree, to the coolness of his disposition and his readiness to adopt moderate measures. He has understood his ground perfectly, and in the height and passion of the most exciting events has, apparently, never lost his head for a single instant. There are men among his supporters who have, perhaps, more natural ability than Mr. Parnell, but we know of no one who can be in any way compared with him for political sagacity, judiciousness of advice, and coolness of thought. These have been his great merits as a leader of a political party that is only too apt to be unduly elated at one time and unduly depressed at another. If the Irish National party loses Mr. Parnell, it will part with a leader who has been both its inspirer and its guide — a chief of whom it may well be said that one blast upon his bugle horn is worth a thousand men.

The Church.

"The sea and the waves are roaring,
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother, dark night,
And we need more than ever the guide of thy light,
For the darker the night is the brighter should be
Thy beautiful shining, sweet Star of the Sea.

William Ewart Gladstone, in his work, "Studies on Homer," says of the church: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of human civilization and has harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its learning has been the learning of the world; its art the art of the world; its genius the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur, and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of."

The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus was observed in a special manner in St. Patrick's Church, Boston Highlands, on Sunday evening, Jan. 16th. There is a large society of the Holy Name attached to this church. Invitations were extended to other similar organizations, many of whom attended. The delegation from the Cathedral numbered seventy-five. Rev. Father Barry of Hyde Park delivered an excellent address—the best we ever heard on the subject. The singing was in good taste, and well rendered. The beautiful church was brilliantly lighted up on the occasion.

Marriage Bells.—On the morning of January 27, at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, Mr. Thomas Gaffney, the well-known stove dealer of Boston, and Miss Rose Cunniff, sister of Mr. M. M. Cunniff, were married. The Rev. M. F. McDonnell, of Woburn, performed the ceremony, and was assisted by the Rev. J. P. Bodfish. After the ceremony Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. F. McDonnell, who is a cousin of the bride. M. M. Cunniff was best man, Miss Mary A. McDonnell, of Quincy, was bridesmaid. A breakfast was partaken of at the Hotel Brunswick. Mr. and Mrs. Gaffney left in the evening for New York, from whence they sailed, on Jan. 29, for Havre, France. They will spend about four months in Europe.

In the election in South Donegal to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons caused by the death of Bernard Kelly, Parnellite, Mr. Swift McNeill, the Nationalist candidate, defeated Mr. Henry Munster, Liberal-Unionist. The vote 4,604 against 933.

The Lateran Palace has been set aside by his Holiness as the headquarters of all the foreign Bishops who attend the Jubilee in Rome.

THE HENDRICKS CLUB.

Brief Sketch of Representative Edward J. Donovan. Independents of Ward 8.

In the House of Representatives, as everywhere else, the young jostle the old. Standing by the doorway, thoughtfully reading a document, I saw the youngest member of the House, who certainly wore as much gravity, in his outward appearance, as the oldest member present. This was Edward J. Donovan of Ward 8, here in Boston: a young man of twenty-two, I am told, and I should call him, if asked to guess his age, an older man than that. His face is as yet innocent of a beard, but it convicts its owner of intelligence, beyond a doubt. He strikes me as a typical and creditable representative of the bright young men of Irish parentage whom the politics of Boston have brought to the front.—*Boston Post.*

MR. EDWARD J. DONOVAN was born in Boston, March 15, 1864, and will, consequently, be twenty-three years old next month. He received a common-school education, graduating from the Phillips Grammar School at the age of thirteen. After one year at the English High School he was, on account of his father's death, obliged to give up school, and for a couple of years conducted his father's business. Since that time he has been engaged as a bookkeeper, and was employed by the well-known house of Brown, Durell & Co. up to last January, when he left to become one of the law-makers of the grand old Commonwealth.

Already he has introduced several bills in the House which have been unanimously commended by the press of Boston, and it is expected that he will be one of the shining lights of the House. The Mayor of Boston has already honored him by placing in his hands the petition for the eight-hour labor bill, which Mr. Donovan presented Tuesday, Feb. 1st. Mr. Donovan comes from Ward 8, the banner ward of the Democracy. He ran on the Independent ticket and received the largest vote ever given a candidate for that office in the ward before. He is president of the well-known Hendricks Club, having their headquarters on the corner of Causeway and Lowell Streets, the largest and most influential social-political organization in Boston. This club, as will be seen, is named in honor of the late illustrious Thomas A. Hendricks, who was considered by these gentlemen as the personification of a true and noble Democrat, and his memory is no better perpetuated, in this city at least, than by this club which has so honored and revered his name. During the summer months, and at the present time, the room is used by the members for social purposes, and dances and parties are given occasionally. When September sets in the costly furnishings, etc., are removed and politics hold the fort. The Independents have fought but three years, and although winning one or two men for the Common Council, surpassed everything last year when they sent two men to the Legislature and three to the Common Council. The so-called regular machines of the ward are tottering on weak limbs, and their political life-oil is almost, if not already, extinguished. The Independents hold the reins of power. They have put men to the front who work from morning to night, every day in the week. Of the three Councilmen one is a printer, another an expressman, and the third a clerk in a shoe-store. The next move the Independents will go into will be for the Ward and City Committee; but whether they secure this or not does not matter, for the people are with them, and the coming voters almost entirely. The oldest voters of the ward are gradually but surely joining the Independent ranks.

THE Rev. Father Givern has been appointed coadjutor to the Most Rev. Dr. Leahy, O. P., bishop of Dromore.

ORPHANS.—At present there are in the United States two hundred and seventy-five orphans' homes, under the management of the church. Their charity supports one hundred and seventy-five thousand dependents.

MR. AND MRS. DENIS B. CASHMAN, of Boston, celebrated their silver wedding with a houseful of friends, and the congratulations of scores who were not present, on Saturday, January 22. Mr. Cashman is a popular and well-known Bostonian, holding a responsible office under the city government. He is an Irish patriot and exile, being one of the sixty political prisoners transported to West Australia in 1867. When arrested in Ireland, a very young man, he was torn from his wife and three little children. During the years of his imprisonment, the devoted wife and mother faced the world with her little crew, and bravely held their heads above water till the father was released. Almost immediately on coming to America Mr. Cashman came to Boston, where he has made many and true friends, over sixty of whom joined in his feast the other day, and loaded his side-board with beautiful gifts.

THE MARRIAGE of Mr. John S. Conaty and Miss Alice O'Neill took place, on Jan. 20, at St. Mary's Church, Taunton, Mass. Rev. B. S. Conaty, of Spencer, Mass., assisted by Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., brothers of the groom, performed the ceremony and celebrated the Nuptial Mass which followed. Peter F. Conaty, of Worcester, was best man, and Miss Tillie O'Neill bridesmaid. After Mass the friends of the happy couple were entertained by the bride's mother on Grant Street, where a bounteous breakfast was prepared. Many valuable presents were received.

ONE of the greatest attractions of Boston is the beauty of its public grounds. The Public Garden is one of the best-kept flower-parks in the world. City Forester Doogue, who has been re-elected, deserves public thanks for his great success in making the city grounds beautiful.

SISTER JULIA, former Superior of the Convent in Philadelphia, has been appointed provincial and visitor of all the convents of Notre Dame, east of the Rocky Mountains.

ON the evening of January 18, at Washington, D. C., a reception in honor of Cardinal Gibbons was given by Mr. George Bancroft, the historian. He was assisted by his grand-daughter, Miss Susanna Bancroft, who is a Catholic.

MR. JOHN RUSKIN is with Ireland altogether in her struggle for Home Rule, as he is with Scotland, with India, with Afghanistan, and with Natal. This is what he proclaims in a characteristically vigorous and original letter to the Editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "I should like," he says, "to see Home Rule (in *my* sense of ruling—not yours) everywhere. I should like to see Ireland under a King of Ireland; Scotland under a Douglas, tender and true; India under a Rajah; and England under her Queen, and by no manner of means under Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright." In the pronouncement of his opinions, Mr. Ruskin is not governed by the hard and fast lines of expediency.

CATHOLIC soldiers at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, are to be congratulated upon the establishment of a Catholic church and school-building at that post, as Congress has appropriated money for that purpose.

A GOOD APPOINTMENT.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. Lawrence Reade has been appointed postmaster of Woburn, Mass.

REV. DR. JAMES F. TALBOT, of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, has received an autograph letter from Cardinal Taschereau, Archbishop of Quebec, thanking him for a copy of his "Life and Letters of Leo XIII." The work is to be translated into Spanish by a well-known Harvard professor.

ACCORDING to the latest Labor statistics, the growth of the Knights of Labor organization has been unparalleled, it having increased from thirty-two thousand members in 1883 to not much less than one million members in 1886, with local and district assemblies in nearly every State in the Union.

THE statement is often made that criminals claim to be Irish and give Irish names when they have not a drop of Irish blood in their veins. An illustration of this occurred in a village of this State the other day, when a thief who travelled under the aljas of O'Brien was arrested and proved to be one Frederick Scott.

SOME would-be Catholics talk about bishops and priests as if they were talking to, or about, politicians. Do they understand the sacred character of the priesthood?

LENT will begin this year the 23d of February (Ash Wednesday), and terminate Easter Sunday, the 10th of April.

THE CUNARD LINE'S NEW AGENT.—Mr. Alexander Martin has been appointed agent of the Cunard Steamship Company in Boston. Mr. Martin has been with the Cunard company for many years, in various capacities, and since the death of the late Mr. Du Vernet, the former agent of the company, has held the management of the company's affairs at this port. Mr. Martin is a genial gentleman, and under his direction the affairs of this popular line will undoubtedly receive renewed life and strength.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

SADLIER'S CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO, for the year 1887; with full official reports of all Dioceses, Vicariates, Prefectures, &c., in the United States, Canada, British West Indies, Ireland, England, Scotland, and Australia, the Hierarchy in Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The fifty-fifth annual publication of this indispensable book has been issued by the old publishing house of Messrs. Sadlier & Co. Every Catholic family who can afford it should have this book in their house. Price one vol., paper cover, $1.25. One vol., bound in cloth, $1.50. The U. S. Catholic Directory for 1887, containing all the dioceses in the country, as furnished by the archbishops and bishops; paper cover, 40c.; cloth, 60c.

P. O'Shea, New York.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISSI, and a sketch of the Franciscan Order, by a Religious of the Order of Poor Clares. With Emendations and Additions, by Very Rev. Parrifilo da Magliano, O. S. F. Price $2.

This is a new edition of a very valuable work. It makes a book of nearly eight hundred pages. All who desire to know about the great St. Francis and the Franciscans, and their wonderful works in the church should purchase this book.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: Song, "Revel, my Heart," words by Fried. Oser, music by Graben-Hoffmann. Song, "Merry, Merry are we," words by L. Ganan, music by P. Comes. Song, "O Salutaris," words and music by Alberto Frencilli. Song, "Listen to the Crickets on the Hearth," words and music by Harry Archambault. Song, "What Delight," from Don Cæsar, by R. Dellinger. Song, "The Lost Chord," by Arthur Sullivan, arranged by Eben H. Bailey for quintette.

Instrumental: "Jolly Trumpeter's March," arranged for guitar by Edmund Foster. "Love at Sight," waltz by Josephine Rand. "Voulenteer's Polka March," by Matra. "Leading Star," waltz by Chas. V. Cloy. "Skipping through the Clover," polka by Josie Rand. "American Gavotte," by Jas. Brooks. "Westminster March," by Frederic White. "March Heroique," by Soumis, composed by Massenet. "Telephone Galop," by Fred. Freiberg. "The King of the Owls' March," by J. H. Wadsworth. "Newport Wasoola," by Fred. Freiberg. "Le Barranier," by Gottschalk. "Remembrance," waltz by Emile Waldteufel. "Palm of Peace," waltz, arranged for the guitar, by Geo. W. Persley. "Shower of Blossoms," by Fritz Spindler. "Marche Slave," by P. Tschaikowsky. "Christmas March," by Geo. Dobson. "Amusement Polka," by Fred. Freiberg.

Books: Ferd Beyer's Preliminary Method for Pianoforte. Smith's Mandolin, Complete Method. Short Voluntaries for Pipe or Reed Organ, by C. C. Stearns. The above works published in White & Smith's well-known style.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND FLORAL GUIDE for 1887. Those who desire to get an insight into the beauties of nature, and how to cultivate plants, vegetables, &c., should procure this Magazine. Address Rochester, New York.

HAVERTY'S IRISH-AMERICAN ILLUSTRATED ALMANAC for 1887. Major Haverty has given us the best issue of his almanac yet printed. It is well illustrated and the matter interesting not only to the children of the Gael but every reader, no matter what his or her nationality. The price is only 25 cents. Address, P. M. Haverty, 14 Barclay Street, New York,

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A NEW ENGLAND idea is that reading and writing are the great moral safeguards of the Republic. We have before us, as we write, the report of the Rev. Amasa Howard, Protestant chaplain of the Connecticut State Prison at Weathersfield, Conn. From it we copy this suggestive paragraph: —

Those who can read and write	276	
Those who can read only	15	
Those who can neither read nor write	5	
		296
Temperate	21	
Intemperate	275	
		296

This ought to suggest its own moral, both as to education and temperance, observes The *Catholic Review*.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINAL.

HIS EMINENCE, CARDINAL INNOZENZO FERRIERI, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, died at Rome on the evening of Jan. 13, after having received the last Sacraments and the Apostolic Benediction.

BISHOP.

MGR. HERZOG, Prince Bishop of Breslau, who had reached an advanced age and had been ailing for a considerable period, died on Christmas night.

CLERGYMEN.

VICAR-GENERAL MATTHEW MCGRANE of Wilmington, Del., died at his residence adjoining the St. Peter's pro-Cathedral, on the 31st of January. The deceased was born in Dublin, Ireland, in January, 1820. He studied classics privately, and entered St. Charles Seminary, Philadelphia. Four years afterward he was ordained by Archbishop Kendrick, lately of Baltimore, Md.; immediately afterwards he was sent as an assistant to Belfont, Penn., thence to Wilmington in 1852, thence to Holmesburg, Penn., where he presided as pastor thirteen years, after which he was sent back to Wilmington as pastor of St. Peter's Church. In 1867 he resigned to make room for Bishop Becker, and was made vicar-general. In May, 1875, he celebrated the anniversary of his twenty-fifty year in the priesthood. He has been living quietly with his sister ever since, and assisting the clergy of St. Peter's Church. He was very particular and faithful in every duty.

THE Rev. John H. McNamara, C.SS.R., died at the Redemptorist residence, Roxbury, Mass., on Sunday, Jan. 30. His death was the result of quick consumption, developed from congestion of the lungs, with which he was attacked on Dec. 8. Fr. McNamara was a native of Brookline, and at one time a pupil of Boston College. In 1873 he went to Illchester, Md., thence to North Easton, Penn., where he continued his studies. He was ordained at Illchester, and celebrated his first Mass in the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Boston, on March 7, 1885. He was assigned to Quebec, Canada, where his zeal and devotion did much for religion. Thence he was returned to Boston. His widowed mother resides in Brookline, and has the profound sympathy of all who knew her holy and gifted son. His funeral took place from the Mission Church on Wednesday morning, Feb. 2.

REV. JAMES ALEXANDER DARRAGH, O.S.A., died at the Augustinian Monastery of Villanova, Pa., on Jan 7th, after an illness of many years, in the forty-ninth year of his age. Learning of his mother's demise about five or six weeks ago, the bereavement seemed to affect him very much, and he kept sinking rapidly from that time until death released him from his long sufferings. Father Darragh was a native of New York City, where he was born in November, 1838.

THE Rev. Patrick J. Pogue, of South Bethlehem, Pa., died on Jan. 15, after a brief illness of typhoid pneumonia. He was born near Bailieborough, county Cavan, Ireland, in 1857, and was in the twenty-ninth year of his age. He received his early education at the local National School of Bailieborough, winning high honors in his class in both places.

IN the demise of the Rev. Patrick Ryan, D.D., the parish of the Immaculate Conception, Washington, D.C., loses a learned and venerable priest, who, after many years of earnest and self-sacrificing labors devoted to the service of God and the welfare of humanity, quietly lays down this life's burden in the season of a ripe old age, and gracefully goes to his eternal reward. Dr. Ryan was a native of Ireland, which has given countless scholars to the world and numberless saints to heaven.

REV. CHARLES A. REILLY, rector of St. Francis' Church, Troy, N. Y., passed peacefully away on the afternoon of Jan. 21st. The deceased clergyman was born about thirty-six years ago, and was ordained at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy,

Christmas of 1871. He celebrated his first Mass at St. Bernard's, Cohoes, and was first regularly appointed to St. Joseph's, Albany, where he remained five years. In 1876 he was given charge of the mission at Cazenovia and Chittenango, and about four years ago received his appointment to St. Francis' Church. His parents live in Albany, and his brother, Rev. John L Reilly, is pastor of St. John's, Schenectady.

REV. HUGH HAGGERTY, a prominent and able young divine and pastor of St. Mary's Church, Holidaysburgh, Pa., died there on the 26th of January after a brief illness, from congestion of the brain. He was thirty-seven years of age, was a son of Daniel and Mary Haggerty, and was born in Pittsburgh. He was educated at St. Michael's Seminary there and labored successively at St. Patrick's Church, Pittsburgh, St. Luke's, Mansfield, Pa., and Murrinsville, Butler County.

THE REV. PATRICK H. TONER, S. J., rector of St. Joseph's Church, Providence, R. I., died, on the evening of January 15, of pneumonia. Fr. Toner succeeded the late Rev. F. W. Gockele, on Dec. 4, 1886. His death sickness resulted from a cold contracted while on his way from New York to accept the position. He often preached in the Church of the Immaculate Conception on feast days, and conducted a retreat for the sodalities of Boston College last year.

REV. THOMAS TIGHE, late assistant of the Rev. J. P. Garrigan, of St. Bernard's Church, Fitchburg, who was stricken down with an acute attack of Bright's disease, died peacefully at the parochial residence, on the 7th of January. The deceased was in his twenty-seventh year, and had just entered the second year of his priesthood. He was born in county Cavan, Ireland, March, 1860; and early entered on a suitable preparation for the sacred ministry, to which he seems to have felt called even from childhood. He made the rudimentary studies in his native town; later entered All Hallows' College, the great Irish missionary seminary near Dublin; and after a course of philosophy in this institution, made choice of an American mission for his labors. He came to the Grand Seminary of Baltimore, Md., four years and a half ago, and at the end of his theological course was ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly for the diocese of Springfield, on Saturday, Dec. 19, 1885. He was immediately assigned to duty in St. Bernard's parish of Fitchburg, and discharged his duty most zealously and devoutly during the last year of his life. The deceased is widely mourned by the parishioners of St. Bernard's, to whom he had endeared himself by his kind words and deeds, his humble and modest demeanor, and by the many saintly qualities which shone in his priestly life. The funeral took place from St. Bernard's Church on Jan. 10, and was attended by an immense concourse of people, completely filling the great church.

THE death is announced of Rev. Thos. Scannell, for many years the esteemed parish priest of Douglas, Cork, and one of the Canons of the Chapter of the diocese. The deceased clergyman had reached an advanced age. He at one time entered the Order of the Trappists, but his feeble constitution rendered him incapable of sustaining the austerities of that order, and he was compelled to relinquish his design and return to the duties of the secular priesthood. Canon Scannell was educated at Maynooth, and was ordained in 1840.

THE death is announced of the Rev. Charles O'Hare, who had, since the year 1863, occupied the important position of parish priest at Ballynahinch, county Down.

REV. JOHN T. MCDONNELL, a venerable priest who died at Rochester, N. H., a few weeks ago, was well known throughout New England. He was pastor of the Catholic Church of Haverhill, Mass., for many years, and latterly became affiliated with the dioceses of Portland, Me., and Manchester, N. H. At the time of his death he was building a new church at Rochester, for which he labored with great zeal and devotion. He lived to see his work nearly completed, and passed away calmly, full of years and of virtue. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley and a number of priests were present at his funeral. *Requiescat in pace!*

SISTERS.

SISTER MARY FIDELIA died at the house of the Sisters of Charity, St. Bridget's parish, Jersey City, N. J., Jan. 4, of pneumonia. She was twenty-two years old.

THE death is announced of Sister Mary John — in the world, Mary McCarthy — at St. Joseph's Convent, Shawano, Wis. She was thirty years of age, and had been fifteen years a Sister of St. Joseph.

SISTER M. ELIZABETH, Sister of Mercy, died recently in Cumberland, Md., where she was teaching school. She was at one time sub-directress of the Academy of Mercy, Mt. Washington. She was also connected at various times with the Maryland University Hospital and the Poppleton Street Convent, Baltimore, Md.

SISTER MARY MAUD died on the morning of Jan. 11 at St. Joseph's Hospital, Paterson. She was twenty-six years of age, and was born in Orange, N. J.

SISTER BERNARDIN BUSIMYRE, aged sixty-four years, died about 5 A. M. on the 14th of January, of pneumonia, at St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, Baltimore. She had been ill but a week. On the 9th she contracted a severe cold, which developed into pneumonia and resulted fatally. For thirty-four years she had spent her life in different hospitals and asylums of the Sisters of Charity, aiding the poor and injured.

LAY PEOPLE.

DIED at Jamaica Plain, Jan. 21, at the residence of her son, Mr. Thomas B. Noonan, 64 Elm Street, Julia Noonan, beloved wife of John Noonan, 73, a native of the parish of Glonngourmah, county Cork, Ireland. A solemn High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of her soul at St. Thomas' Church, on Monday, Jan. 24, by Rev. Fr. Magennis, with deacon and sub-deacon. The attendance was large and respectable. The remains were interred at Calvary Cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

THE death of Dr. Robert D. Lyons took place at his residence in Merrion Square, Dublin. He had been a member of Parliament for Dublin City from 1880 until the general election in 1885, when he was ousted by the Nationalists upon an objection to his nomination paper, and did not contest the point, his defeat, having regard to the extension of the franchise, being certain, although he was a Liberal Home Ruler in politics. He was physician to the Government Hospitals in Dublin, professor of Medicine in the Catholic University, and senator of the Royal University, and Crown nominee for Ireland on the General Medical Council. He had been pathologist-in-chief to the army of the Crimea. On the Friday preceding his death he had a fit of apoplexy in Nassau Street and was carried home.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. James Cullen, J. P., Liscarton Castle, Navan, who was the only surviving brother of the late Cardinal Cullen, and uncle to Cardinal Moran. The deceased was a gentleman who, by the example of a truly edifying life, did honor to his religion and his country. Mr. Cullen won the highest esteem of all who knew him, being confidently trusted as a sincere friend, beloved as a good father, and admired as a true Catholic. His kindness to the people amongst whom he lived was unceasing. Whilst discharging the duties of magistrate and vice-chairman of the Board of Guardians he was indefatigable in his efforts to assist the poor and assert their rights. His loss is, therefore, deeply felt, not only by his immediate dependants but by all the inhabitants of the district. The funeral was the largest that has been seen in Meath for many years. As the mournful cortege passed through the town of Navan, business was suspended and the shutters put up on all shop windows out of respect to the memory of the deceased.

WE regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. Bernard Kelly, M.P. for the Southern Division of Donegal. He was a native of Ballyshannon, and was just completing a tour through his constituency, and was staying at Mountcharles, near Donegal, where he addressed a meeting. He had been in the best of health, and the news is, therefore, an awful shock. Death was caused by heart disease. Mr. Kelly was but a young man, and since the starting of the Land League had been an earnest worker in the national cause, which gained him his present position.

MARGARET DELANEY died in Brooklyn, N Y., on Jan. 22, age, 101. She was born in Jamaica, W. I., where her father, John McCabe, a native of Down, Ireland, was a soldier in the Eighty-fifth Foot of the British army, then quartered there. Her mother, from the same county Down, had accompanied her husband. But both her mother and her father died of yellow fever and the colonel of the regiment adopted her. Col. Alexander was ordered back to England, however, and took the little orphan with him. Mrs. Delaney used to narrate, with wonderful memory for even the least details connected with her life, her carrying letters between the Duke of Kent and his bosom friend, the colonel of her father's regiment, and how she mixed hot toddy for both of them on

winter evenings, and how, on one occasion, Queen Victoria's father said to her, "Maggie, if you were only a boy instead of a girl, I would give you a commission in the army." But Maggie McCabe offended her royal patron by marrying a private named William Delaney, from the same part of Ireland as herself and her parents. Neither the Duke of Kent nor Col. Alexander ever forgave her for what they regarded as ingratitude. Yet this Private Delaney's grandmother was daughter of the Duke of Ormond, head of the Butler family.

MR. WILLIAM DOLAN, a resident in the north part of Boston, passed away recently. He was one of our most respected citizens. The deceased was a weigher at the Custom House away back in the thirties, and remained in that capacity until he accepted the position he occupied at the time of his death of chief weigher and inspector of vessels and ballast. The deceased was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, in 1816. He reared a family of twelve children, four of whom and his widow survive him. Among the surviving children are Mrs. Matthew Keaney and Mrs. Lawrence Leonard. The funeral was largely attended.

GENERAL CHARLES P. STONE (Stone Pacha), the well-known soldier and engineer, died at his residence, No. 20 East Thirty-first Street, New York City, of pneumonia, on Monday afternoon, Jan. 24. Since the completion of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty, of which the general had entire charge, he had not attended to any professional labors. He was sixty-three years of age. Gen. Stone was a native of Greenfield, Franklin County, Mass. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1841, and was graduated in 1845. The defeat of the Union troops under Gen. Stone at Ball's Bluff, in October, 1861, was the cause of his arrest and incarceration in Fort Lafayette during the following year. Gen. Stone always attributed this harsh treatment to the enmity which Senator Sumner entertained for him. In 1869 he accepted an offer from the Khedive of Egypt, and became chief of staff of that sovereign's army, a position which he held for thirteen years. The general always remained a stanch adherent of the deposed Khedive, and resigned from the service of Egypt in 1883. During the troubles in that country through the intrigues of Arabi Bey, Gen. Stone's daughter wrote a series of articles depicting the trials and uncertainties surrounding the adherents of the Khedive, which appeared in the *Century Magazine*, and created a wide interest by their graphic descriptions and literary merits. Gen. Stone was present with the Khedive in the Palace of Ramleh during the bombardment of Alexandria. The deceased was a Catholic.

Chloroforming a Lion.

THE noble African lion, Kennedy, aged 20 years, and valued at $5,000, who has delighted children all over the country as he rode perched on one of the large chariots in the street pageants of the great Barnum-London circus, was killed last week at the winter quarters in Bridgeport, Conn., in the presence of fifty spectators. Mr. Barnum and nearly all the physicians of the city were present. The huge beast has been suffering for the past year with spinal meningitis, and the case was pronounced incurable. It has been a question how to best kill the animal without causing an uproar among the hundreds of caged beasts. Finally, it was decided to use chloroform, and Dr. Robet was appointed executioner. George W. Johnsor, Kennedy's keeper, arranged the preliminaries by securely binding the lion's feet to opposite sides of the cage to prevent him thrashing about or breaking away. A large wire basket was lined with rubber cloth, and into this was placed three-quarters of a pound of chloroform. The cloth was then tied over Kennedy's neck, and inhalation began. For about two minutes the lion struggled frantically to release his head, and then he gradually succumbed to the anæsthetic. In six minutes he was pronounced dead.

THIRTEEN million two hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars were expended for school purposes by the State of New York during the last scholastic year. The average daily attendance of pupils was 625,813. If their numbers had been increased by the 123,000 boys and girls in our Catholic educational institutions, the taxpayers would have had to squeeze out of their pockets an additional two million and a half. But Catholics not only pay their full share of the school tax, but, for conscience' sake, provide other schools for their children. How long will the Protestant majority be parties to this injustice? asks the *Catholic Review*.

THE speech from the Throne to the Prussian Landtag contains a long and important passage expressing satisfaction at the relations between the Government and the Vatican.

THE Rev. Wm. Rooney, formerly of the Cathedral, Edinburgh, and lately pastor of the parish of Penicuik, in the archdiocese of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, has been appointed vice-rector of the Scots College at Rome.

The Pope and the Passionists.

ON the 12th of January the Holy Father granted an audience to three Passionists Fathers — the Very Rev. Father Thomas O'Connor, American Consultor in Rome; the Very Rev. Vincent Grogan, Provincial of the Anglo-Hibernian Province; and the Very Rev. Father Michael Watts-Russell, Superior of the Passionists in Paris. The Pope said that it was a special pleasure to him to hear of the extraordinary number of missions and retreats given by the Passionists during the year of his Jubilee, no less than one hundred and sixty-seven in Great Britian and Ireland, and hearing from Father Provincial, who had been an eye-witness, many of the extraordinary signs of faith manifested during those missions, especially in Ireland. His Holiness added emphatically — "This gives me the greatest consolation." Father Michael Watts-Russell presented a handsome purse filled with gold, as an offering of Peter's Pence from the English-speaking Catholics under his spiritual care in Paris, and the Holy Father sent them a most affectionate blessing, particularly to some recent distinguished converts. After some words of encouragement, the Pope dismissed the Fathers with the Apostolic Benediction to themselves, their benefactors, and all the faithful under their care and frequenting their churches.

MICHAEL DAVITT did well in every part of this country until he got to New York. His dabbling in the McGlynn affair was a great mistake. It reminded us of the man going from Jericho to Jerusalem.

MERRY ENGLAND.—The January issue of this magazine is entirely devoted to a history of the Catholic church in Great Britain in the year 1886. The history is prepared by John Oldcastle, and is very interesting to those for whom it is intended. An excellent likeness of his Holiness the Pope is given as a frontispiece.

Book on the Labor Question.

CARDINAL GIBBONS is now finishing a book on the labor question. His secretary says of the cardinal's new literary production: "The aim of the book is to remove a prevalent impression that the Church is opposed to the advancement of the laboring classes. This impression has grown greatly since the trouble between Dr. McGlynn and his ecclesiastical superiors, and now every labor agitator, including Henry George himself, is proclaiming that Catholic prelates are the worst enemies the laboring classes have. The cardinal will review the history of the church, to show that it has been, since the days of St. Peter, the truest and most steadfast friend of the toilers, while at the same time it has been an unflinching opponent of any doctrine, however plausible in theory, that tended towards anarchy or the overthrow of established society. He proposes to adapt the book to the understanding of the humblest readers, and will write it in a simple, conversational style, just as he preaches. It will serve both as an instructor for the laborer whose mind has been befogged by the sophistry of Henry George and his followers, and as a sort of handbook to guide the clergy in dealing with labor matters. The cardinal hesitated a long time about undertaking the task, since his duties allow him scarcely an hour daily for literary work; but when he observed how the church was suffering because of the wrong impressions as to its attitude in labor questions he resolved, as the head of the Church in America, to give an authoritative statement on the subject."

THE CATHOLIC, published at Pittsburgh, Pa., has celebrated its forty-fourth birthday. It deserves a long life. We congratulate our venerable friend.

THE ATLANTA VERMIN EXTERMINATOR was called on to clear a large northern brewery of vast quantities of flies. Millions of flies had collected in the beer hogsheads, and the vermin exterminator was asked what he would charge to clean out the lot. His figures were $400, but

he offered to tell the brewery men how they could do the job for $250. The offer was accepted. "Roll these barrels into the ice room," he said. The barrels were rolled into the room where ice was made. "Freeze 'em!" said the vermin exterminator. The brewery men were surprised that they had not thought of that simple remedy. They tried it, and in a short time swept out countless numbers of frozen flies.

FRESH EGGS WON'T SWIM:—"How do you tell whether an egg is fresh or not?" was asked of a Reed Street produce dealer yesterday. The dealer picked out seven eggs and dropped them into a tub of water. "That egg," he said, "which went plump to the bottom was laid to-day. Those two which stopped when they went to within two inches of the bottom were laid yesterday. Those two swimming around through the middle were laid three days ago; that one on top, about a third out of the water, is probably a week old; and that one standing up like a cork is old enough to be gray. They never get quite old enough to rise out of the water into the air. That water has two ounces of salt to every pint in it. But the only way to be sure of getting fresh eggs is to buy from the hens."

The "Thunderer" on Catholic Progress.

IN the course of an appreciative notice of the Catholic Directory for 1887, the *London Times* says: "Notlong ago the Roman Catholic body in England consisted of the families of a few peers and baronets, a few county families, chiefly in the far north or the west of England, and a few thousands of the humbler classes, who were slowly but steadily recruited by Irish immigration. The Roman Catholic Church had but lately obtained the boon of emancipation, and its bishops and priests courted obscurity. For some time all this has been changed. Ever since 1850, England and Wales, and, since 1878, Scotland also, have been mapped out into archdioceses and dioceses; there are now fifteen in England and six in Scotland. The army of priests in England half a century ago did not number much more than 300, and Scotland about 60 more; now the Catholic Directory, published under the auspices of Cardinal Manning, tells us that the numbers have risen to over 2,500. The Roman Catholic laity in Great Britain have also increased largely, though not in equal proportion. There are now, for instance, forty Roman Catholic peers and forty-eight baronets, and also no fewer than sixteen members of her Majesty's Privy Council in England and Ireland profess the same belief. The Roman Catholic members who sit for English constituencies are five: Mr. John Austin (Osgoldcross), Sir Charles Russell (South Hackney), Mr. T. P. O'Connor (Liverpool, Scotland Division), Mr. Edwin de Lisle (Mid Leicestershire), and Mr. Henry Matthews (East Birmingham). Turning from Great Britain to foreign parts, we notice that the archiepiscopal sees of the Latin and of the Oriental Rite amount to 172, and the bishops' sees, including those of suffragans, to 729 more; but, including retired bishops and those who hold titular sees, their total number is 1,187. The members of the Sacred College of Cardinals at Rome, when quite filled up, are 70, but there are generally a few vacancies; at present there are six cardinal bishops, 45 cardinal priests, and 13 cardinal deacons. Among the last class figures the honored name of John Henry Newman, while that of Cardinal Manning stands sixth among the priests.

Rev. Father McGlynn.

FATHER MCGLYNN has replied to the statement of Archbishop Corrigan. The censured priest, instead of bowing to the ecclesiastical authority that has called him to account, joins issue with the church upon the questions involved, disputes its jurisdiction as to his action as a citizen and a man, and says: "I deny the right of bishop, propaganda, or pope to order me to Rome." Major Kerwin, editor of the *New York Tablet*, says: "Dr. McGlynn has settled his own case. The settlement is irrevocable. He is an overrated man at any rate, and in giving publicity to a private letter written by his archbishop he has violated one of the first attributes of a priest and a man. He knew that the scandal which will attach to the publication of that letter will do much to prejudice people against Catholicism and the church, and has evidently used it for that purpose. He has had bad advisers, and falls a victim to their counsels. The question to be settled between Archbishop Corrigan and Dr. McGlynn was not one of American political economy. It was a question of ecclesiastical discipline. A priest's opinions in matters political are his own. His time, however, is not his own. It is consecrated by vows to

his pastoral duties. Those duties do not comprehend stumping for one political party as against another. They do not include the advocacy of doctrines of political economy It is perfectly clear that he is not a martyr to the Irish cause, but a deserter from it. He did not desert Henry George, nor did he desert the Democratic party. He has simple deserted Ireland. Instead of defending the Irish cause, he deserted it in the very face of famine, while others in the church were supporting it. McGlynn fell into silence, when he should have used his tongue like fire, and promised to make no more speeches for Ireland. The publishing of Archbishop Corrigan's letter wherein Henry Ward Beecher and Dr. Crosby are criticised, however, is the worst feature of the entire affair. A man may have opinions of others but yet be unwilling to make them public; and Dr. McGlynn was very wrong to make use of a communication sent to him in good faith."

Death of Mr. Martin Haverty.

MR. MARTIN HAVERTY, author of "Haverty's History of Ireland," and Sub-Librarian of the King's Inns, died Jan. 18, at his residence, Alphonsus Road, Drumcondra, Ireland. Mr. Haverty had reached the good old age of seventy-eight years, and until about ten days ago, when he was attacked by bronchitis, was in comparatively excellent health and in his customary genial spirits. The malady, however, quickly developed grave symptoms, which the patient's strength was unable to resist, and he passed quietly away. The death of Mr. Haverty will be sincerely regretted by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. For nearly twenty years he was a familiar figure in the great reading-room of the King's Inns Library, from which he will be regretfully missed by many old friends and associates, with whom he was wont to engage in pleasant chat on literary and general topics. The deceased gentleman was a native of Mayo. He was born in 1809. Educated chiefly at the Irish College in Paris, he returned to Dublin in 1836, and having a taste for newspaper work, in the following year he joined the literary staff of the *Freeman's Journal*, and continued for a long time a valued contributor to its leading columns. In 1851 Mr. Haverty made an extensive tour of Europe, visiting all the great capitals, including Rome and Madrid. He also went to Algiers. The narrative of his travel and experiences was given in a series of pleasant and instructive letters published in the *Freeman's Journal*. He utilized his trip abroad to collect materials for a history of Ireland, and after he came back he began the work, which in due time appeared, and was welcomed as a valuable addition to the historical lore of our country. We may mention that a second edition of the book, "Haverty's History of Ireland," was lately issued, having undergone careful revision by the author. His general index to the King's Inns Library, a work which involved immense labor, and which is most exhaustive and accurate, is greatly prized by the students. Amiable, courteous, and kindly, Martin Haverty will long be missed from his place in the library in Henrietta Street.

FATHER DONNELLY'S stand proves him to be a devoted soldier of Christ, and the men and women of the parish who have sought to give him trouble will see their foolishness in the near future. If the women who lately have crowded around St. Stephen's would attend to their household duties, their homes would be cleaner, their husbands happier, their children set a better example, and the daily papers would have less to say to their discredit.

THE SEAT OF A NEW SEE. — The growth of Catholicity in Worcester, Mass., has made the erection of another parish a necessity, and steps are already being taken for the building of a new church. Two years ago last July the Catholics of Worcester fittingly celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction into what is now a flourishing city of the Catholic religion. At that time, 1834, there were only eighteen Catholics to be found in the place. Now there are six fine churches, five for English-speaking and one for the French-Canadian worshippers; yet so constant is the Catholic growth that these edifices are now deemed insufficient, and another is, consequently, contemplated. In all likelihood Worcester will, before long, be made an episcopal city, and it is said that its claims to that distinction were duly considered by the fathers of the last Baltimore Council. Lying nearly midway between Boston and Springfield, and being the heart of a large manufacturing district, it is admirably adapted for episcopal selection, and the fine Church of St. Paul would make a magnificent cathedral. The oldest

church, St. John's, Rev. Fr. Griffin, pastor, which was formerly governed by the present bishop of Springfield, Rt. Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, was once the pastoral charge of the famous Fr. Boyce, "Paul Peppergrass," the author of "The Spae-wife," "Shandy McGuire," and other historical tales.

Nominated for the See of Providence.

A CABLEGRAM from Rome, dated Jan. 31, announces that the Rev. Matthew Harkins, rector of St. James' Church, Boston, is made bishop-elect of the diocese of Providence, R. I., left vacant last June by the death of the Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Hendricken. This appointment is a subject of especial pride and joy to Boston Catholics, for Father Harkins is a native of this city, and intimately identified with its every work of religion and charity. When a boy he attended the old Brimmer School, within the boundaries of his present parish, and won the Franklin gold medal at his graduation from the Boston Latin School in 1862. He began his studies for the priesthood in Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., and completed them in the far-famed Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, where he was ordained. His first mission was as curate at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem, Mass. Thence, he was transferred to the pastoral charge of the Catholics at Arlington, Mass. He remained there eight years, built St. Malachi's Church and rectory, and by his priestly and citizen virtues won as much respect and confidence from the non-Catholic element as from his own devoted people. He has been three years in charge of the important parish of St. James, Boston, and has done notable work in reducing the debt on the church, and improving the parochial school. Father Harkins is of Irish parentage. He is a man of sound judgment and marked administrative ability, a ripe scholar, an indefatigable student, a pious and laborious priest, and of gracious and dignified presence. While his parishioners and the host of friends he has made in Boston grieve to lose him, still they must rejoice at the merited honor done him in his elevation to an office he is so eminently qualified to fill. It is an interesting fact that Father Harkins is the third rector of St. James who has been promoted to the episcopate. Archbishop Williams was rector of St. James, as was also the present bishop of Portland, Me., the Rt. Rev. James Healy.

BACK TO THE OLD HOME.— General Sherman is going back to live at the scene of his early love, Washington. Over forty years ago there was a brilliant wedding party at the house occupied by Tom Ewing, of Ohio, south of the old War Department, to witness the marriage of Lieut. Tecumseh Sherman to Mary Eleanor Ewing. Among the guests were President Taylor with his daughter, Mrs. Betty Bliss, and her husband, Col. Bliss, Sir Henry Bulwer and other diplomats wearing their court costumes, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, and other leading congressmen, and a large number of army and navy officers in full uniform. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Ryder, then president of the Georgetown Jesuits' College. Henry Clay presented the bride with a bouquet in a silver bouquet-holder. When Mrs. Sherman's daughters have since been married each carried a bouquet in the Henry Clay bouquet-holder.

CARDINAL NEWMAN says: "First, when I became a Catholic, grave persons, Protestant clergymen, attested (what they said was well known to others besides themselves) that either I was mad or was in the most imminent danger of madness. They put it into the newspapers and people were sometimes quite afraid to come and see me. Next they put about, what they had prophesied beforehand as certain to be, that I had already the gravest differences with one from whom I had received nothing but kindness, and whom I regarded, and still regard, with no other feelings than those of gratitude and affection — Cardinal Wiseman. They had predicted it, and therefore it must be, whether there was evidence of it or not. Thirdly, when I went to Rome, then at once a long succession of reports went about, to the effect that I had quarrelled with the ecclesiastical authorities there, and had refused to be ordained on their conditions; moreover, that I was on the point of turning Protestant, and that my friends about me had done so already. The list of good stories had not run out by the time I came back; they were too precious to be lost by one of them; so it was circulated, when I came here to Birmingham, that I was suspended by the present bishop of the diocese, and not allowed to preach. Fourthly and lastly, it has lately been put into the papers, under the sanction of respectable names, that I am not a believer in the Catholic doctrines, and, broader still, in private letters, that I have given up revealed religion altogether. I mention these instances, not for their own sake, but to illustrate the power of prejudice. Men are determined they will not believe that an educated Protestant can find peace and satisfaction in the Catholic Church."

Parnell's Amendment.

His Speech in its Support in the British House of Commons.

LONDON, Feb. 7, 1887. Mr. Parnell, in the House of Commons this evening, moved his amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech. The amendment is as follows: "The relations between the owners and the occupiers of land in Ireland have not been seriously disturbed in the cases of those who granted to their tenants such abatements as were demanded by the prices of agricultural and pastoral produce. The remedy for the crisis in Irish agrarian affairs will be found, not in an increased stringency of criminal procedure or in the pursuit of such novel, doubtful, and unconstitutional measures as those recently taken by Her Majesty's government, but in such reform of the law and system of government as will satisfy the needs and secure the confidence of the Irish people."

Mr. Parnell maintained that if the bill for the stopping of eviction which he introduced last session had been passed, the condition of Ireland would have been greatly improved. The operations of the measure would have effectually prevented the present disturbed relations between the landlords and the tenants in Ireland. The blame for the present serious position of Irish domestic affairs rested with the government. The government, despite this, seemed about to renew the mistake of attempting coercion in Ireland. The speaker solemnly warned the government that if they again tried coercion they would again fail, as they always had failed when trying that policy. Coercion would never bring about a better state of affairs in Ireland, or assist in establishing peaceful relations between the two countries. [Cries of "Oh, oh!" and cheers from the Irish members.] If the government's proposed alteration of the criminal procedure act meant an act on the rights of Irishmen, the immediate result would be that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, the chief secretary for Ireland, and the Marquis of Londonderry, the viceroy, would find themselves rapidly

Descending an Inclined plane,

and they would soon come asking Parliament for more coercion. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach wished to attack the authors of the plan of campaign. He thought to crush the plan by muzzling his opponents and putting them into jail. All past experience had shown that the work of suppression would only begin when such things were done, for the secret societies would spring up, and agrarian and political crimes would revive in their worst forms. The government had already been guilty of unprecedented action in the manner in which they had conducted the prosecution of Mr. John Dillon. They had been equally arbitrary in the method employed to suppress the Sligo meetings and in the adoption of a method of striking off juries in such a way as to exclude Catholics. The speaker asked if any government could expect that a nation, three-fourths of whose population were Catholics, would be content to have no representation of their faith in the jury trials of their country. Referring to the Glenbeigh evictions, Mr. Parnell declared that the landlords gave their tenants a month only in which to find five years' rent, arrears, and costs. The ultimate offer made by the landlords to take a half year's rent looked generous, but the costs involved amounted to over two years' rent. The National League, Mr. Parnell continued, never interfered until the work of eviction was in full swing. As one who had no responsibility in the bringing forward of the plan of campaign, he could speak freely upon it. Many tenants who now had a roof over their heads would have been cast out upon the bare hills but for the plan. The reduction in the number of evictions for the last quarter was mainly due to the plan. The government had waited two months before declaring the plan illegal. Was it illegal? That remained to be seen. In the meanwhile he attached no importance to the assertion of illegality. The government talked of the robbery of landlords, forgetting that almost every title to Irish land was founded upon wholesale

Robbery and Confiscation.

The bulk of the improvements made by tenants had been seized by the landlords, who had long been robbing the tenants of the produce of their labor and embezzling their rights. [Irish cheers.] Mr. Parnell went on to condemn coercion as an incitement to conspiracy. He taunted the Tories with the declaration that if they got powers of oppression equalling those of the Czar, they would never be able to administer them under a constitutional government, nor so long as the Irish members had seats in Parliament. [Cheers.] Even now, at the eleventh hour, if the government refrained from the policy of exasperation and stopped the infliction of injustice by legal enactments and a system of repression which had done more to demoralize Irish tenants than all the Fenian agitators from New York to San Francisco — if they would give Ireland power to do for herself what England seemed to have neither a wish

nor power to do, Ireland would show by her laws, tranquillity, and prosperity how unfairly she had been treated in the past and how unjust was the assertion that the Irish were not law-abiding people. [Cheers.]

P. McDonald, Nationalist, member for North Sligo, seconded the amendment.

Mr. R. W. Hanbury, Conservative, member for Preston, suggested the establishment of a sliding scale of rents. He appealed to the government to deal with Ireland with clean hands and a clear conscience, and endeavor to encourage the revival of Irish industries which England had destroyed. The speech elicited cheers from the Irish benches.

Hon. Hugh Holmes, attorney-general for Ireland, said the government was unable to accept a single proposition contained in the amendment. There had been fewer evictions and the rents had been more promptly paid this winter than for seven years previous. These facts clearly proved that the recent disputes between landlord and tenant were not due to the rejection of Mr. Parnell's bill, but to the plan of campaign, which had been adopted with the view of driving landlords out of the country. Referring to the Dillon case Mr. Holmes said that, if any alteration of the law was needed to deal with the state of affairs in Ireland, it would be directed, not against political, but against criminal, action. [Derisive Parnellite cheers.] The government would not be deterred from asking additional powers by the honorable member's threats of dynamite from America.

Mr. Parnell rose to protest against the language of Mr. Holmes.

The speaker said he heard nothing personal in Mr. Holmes' remarks.

Mr. Holmes put the sentence in a more general sense. He added that the government, at the proper time, would submit remedial legislation, which would give the utmost benefit to Ireland consistent with the preservation of the union and the enforcement of law and order.

Mr. Dillon said he thought the diatribe which they had just heard came very ill from a Queen's advisor, it being an attempt to prejudice the jury which he intended to pack. It would better have been reserved for the day of the trial. Ireland hated English law because while minor offences in the south and west of Ireland were severely punished, Orangemen in the north could commit outrage and murder with impunity. The fewness of evictions was due to the joint effect of government pressure and the plan of campaign. If the evictions continued, the time would come when England's conscience would become awakened to the crime the country had committed in allowing its forces to assist at such scenes in behalf of men who were deaf to every sense of Christian charity and public duty.

Mr. John Morley moved the adjournment of the debate, which was agreed to.

LONDON, February 8.— John Morley this evening resumed in the House of Commons the debate on Mr. Parnell's amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech. He said he agreed with that part of the amendment which affirmed that the remedy for the existing crisis in Irish affairs was to be found in such reform of the law and system of government as would satisfy the needs and secure the confidence of the Irish people. There was, in fact, Morley declared, no remedy short of granting the Irish self-government.

Jacob Bright, Liberal, said it was no discredit to England that she had failed to govern Ireland. The discredit was in refusing to abandon an impossible task. The attempt to govern by force had failed in America and Canada, and would fail in Ireland. Ireland must be treated the same as Canada. The relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland were a far greater scandal than was the plan of campaign. He would have been surprised if the Irish leaders had not adopted some such method.

Mr. Gibson, solicitor-general of Ireland, in defending the government's action at Sligo, said that it was the duty of the crown to ensure the selection of jurors of independent mind. The Gladstone administration had pursued the same course. It was a fact that the packed juries had in many cases given verdicts of acquittal.

T. P. O'Connor, Nationalist, called attention to the fact that the government had frankly admitted the charge of jury-packing. He said that Dillon would doubtless be tried and convicted by a packed jury. He felt compelled to denounce such a state of things as a foul and dishonest administration of the law.

Mr. Gladstone promises to support the Parnell amendment.

REV. FR. COLTON, the new pastor, secures harmony at St. Stephen's in New York.

THE old established house of Shepard & Co.,' No. 10 School Street, Boston, successors to Thomas Power and Graham & Nichols, has been for the past forty years a favorite resort for first-class goods to order in the boot and shoe line as more than a thousand individual lasts and measures testify. The present proprietors aim to increase the high reputation of their predecessors, not only continuing custom work as a speciality, but offering to general customers a stock of the choicest selection from the best grades and styles of other renowned manufacturers, as well as of their own make. Patronize the old stand, No. 10 School Street, Boston.

Useful Knowledge.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS. — Three cups brown sugar, one cup milk, one-half cake chocolate, one piece butter (size of an egg). Boil until thick; pour in a buttered pan, and when cool cut in squares.

TO SIFT CINDERS, cover your sifter with an old apron or rag. Seize it thus covered, and shake without lifting the edge of the rag. In case of wind tread on the edges to keep them down. A few stones applied at the corners will do as well.

CLEANING WALL-PAPER.— Cut into eight portions a loaf of bread two days old; must neither be newer nor staler. With one of those pieces, after having blown off all the dust from the paper to be cleaned, by means of a good pair of bellows, begin at the top of the room, holding the crust in the hand, and wiping lightly downward with the crumb, about half a yard at each stroke, till the upper part of the paper is completely cleaned all round. Then go round again, with the like sweeping stroke downward, always commencing each successive stroke a little higher than the upper stroke had extended, till the bottom be finished. This operation, if carefully performed, will frequently make very old paper look almost equal to new. Greatc aution must be used not by any means to rub the paper hard, nor to attempt cleaning it the cross or horizontal way. The dirty part of the bread, too, must be continually cut away, and the pieces renewed as soon as may become necessary. To take grease stains out of wall-paper, mix pipeclay with water to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spot, and letting it remain till the following day, when it may be easily removed with a penknife or brush.

FUMIGATE THE CELLARS.—This is the time of year to look after your cellar. All vegetables should be removed, the walls brushed down, shelves cleaned, and closets washed; the windows should be opened during the middle of the day and the fresh air allowed to come in. After everything has been removed and the cellar cleaned, close the windows and doors, put a little sulphur in an old saucer or tin cover, set fire to it and let it burn. This will destroy whatever fungus growth may have formed, as some always will in a cellar, especially if it be the least bit damp, and is a good preventive of disease. If the fumes steal through the house it won't hurt anything, only be sure to have your silver well protected, so that it may not be tarnished by the sulphur smoke. After the sulphur has all burned out, leave the cellar closed for perhaps an hour, then open the windows on all sides and let the fresh air through. It would be conducive to general health if this was done two or three times during the year. It would destroy disease germs, and act at once as purifier and disinfectant. Many a day's illness is caused bythe malarial airs that steal up through the house from neglected cellars.

THE POTATO AS FOOD AND DRINK.— Economically considered, says an agricultural journal, the potato is of great interest. It supplies an agreeable article of food, acceptable upon every table in the land at least twice a day, year in and year out. Were it not so common it would be considered as a delicacy. Besides its use as food, it enters into a great number of industrial uses. For the manufacture of starch millions of bushels are used every year, and the starch is of the best quality,— so good, indeed, that much of it is sold as an acceptable substitute for arrowroot, and as farina for the choicer articles of cookery. Immense quantities of it are also used in the manufacture of all kinds of sweets; few of the lovers of these ever imagine that the most tempting ones are composed chiefly of potato-starch. Both Germany and France grow immense quantities of potatoes for the purpose of extracting brandy, large quantities of which are imported into England and other countries; but whether it is of the celebrated "three star" brand, we are unable to say. A large quantity is worked up as size and stiffening in the manufacture of cotton goods, and for filling in calicoes; gum and dextrine are manufactured from it, for the use of calico printers; alcohol is another of its products; and the stalks are used in dyeing goods. There are few farm products, if, indeed, there is another, that we should miss more than this, for if we were deprived of bread we could substitute potatoes; and the very fact that the abundance of bread does not displace the potato from our tables shows how great a necessity it has become for us.

Humorist.

"How are you to-day, my dear?" asked the high school girl of her friend as they met one morning. "Oh, I feel under the weather to-day, Mildred," was the reply. "Had you not better say "subordinated to meteorological conditions of the atmosphere' instead of 'under the weather?'" gently corrected Mildred.

SHE was a crank on the subject of music. A gentleman knocked at her door and asked: "Does Mr. Smith live here?" "No, sir, his room is an octave higher — in the next flat," she replied, in a *pianissimo andante* tone of voice.

"DID they perform with credit?" asked the advance agent of the proprietor of the hall, alluding to the comic opera troupe that had performed there the previous week. "They did indeed," said the hall man, very emphatically. "They got credit at every store they could, the hotel had to board them on credit, and my hall rent was credited, too. They performed with credit all round."

"WHAT is your religion, Mr. Glibber?" asked the landlady of the new boarder. "Meat three times a day," was the reply that startled the good woman, and put her in a reverie as to whether the man was a heathen or had misunderstood the question.

"SAY, grandma, the archbishop has taken the beretta." "Hey?" "The archbishop has taken the beretta!" "Took what? This weather stops my hearing all up." "Has — taken — the — beretta." "Oh, that's nothin', child. There ain't no danger of catchin' it way down here."

Housewife: "Why does your milk look so blue these days, Mr. Schalk? It never has been quite as bad as now." *Milkman* (apologetically): "Well, you see, mum, our cow has lost its calf. She nat'rally feels rather blue over it, and I s'pose it affects the milk."

"SOME things," said an excited orator recently, "can be foreseen and foretold; and I now foresee and I will now foretell that the day will soon come when our liberties will be no more. This is as certain, my fellow-citizens, and it is as sure, as that Romeo founded Rome."

"WHAT is your favorite reading, the daily papers?" asked the Widow Flapjack of the new boarder, Judge Pennybunker. "No." "The magazines?" "No." "Novels?" "No." "What, then, do you prefer to read?" "Before I came to this boarding-house I preferred to read the bill of fare."

COLONEL YERGER and his wife are always quarrelling. Yesterday she asked him: "Why are you looking at me so intently?" "I was just wondering what there was about you that made me want to marry you so badly."

"DID you take me for a fool when you married me?" cried an angry husband in the midst of a domestic quarrel, to which the wife meekly replied: "No, James, I did not; but then you always said I was no judge of character."

"YOU may say what you like, mother; George no longer loves me." "But, child, how did you get that silly notion into your head?" "Oh, very simply and only too quickly! When he takes me home nowdays he always chooses the shortest road."

JOSH BILLINGS remarks: — "After several years uv reflection, I have come to the konklusion that the three most difficult things in life are — 1st. Carryin' an armful of live eels up a steep hill without spillin' an eel; 2d. Aktin' as a referee at a dog-fight without gettin' mad; 3d. Editin' a newspaper, and the last is harder than the fust."

A MAN applied for aid. "You should go to work and earn a living," was the indignant reply. "Go to work! It isn't bad enough that I am so poor that I have to beg, but here you want me to work, besides."

"OF what use would archives have been to Noah?" asked a lecturer who was "bearing" everything ancient. He was taken back when an auditor exclaimed — "He could have kept his bees in Arkhives."

AN editor who started a little paper five years ago is now a millionnaire. Nothing is impossible where industry and economy are combined with good looks. He married a rich wife.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Death of Pilate.

From the French of Canon Baunard of the Catholic Faculties of Lille. By Th. Xr. K.

IF you have ever gone to Vienne, in Dauphiny, it is not possible that you have not seen, near one of the gates, the ancient monument which the people of Vienne call the "Needle." * It is a pyramid or obelisk resting on a square block pierced by an arcade and resembling certain Roman tombs on the Appian Way. In fact, many have believed, and still believe, that it is a tomb. Conquered Gaul had taken from the metropolis the custom of placing funeral monuments along the high-roads, perhaps to remind those who passed by of those who had, like them, been travellers on the road of life; with this difference — instead of the monumental way which led from Rome to Alba, it was, and still is, the great road which leads from Lyons to Marseilles, almost following the course of the Rhone, whose swift waters roll by the foot of the nameless ruins of this little Athens of the Cæsars' Gaul.

Vienne was that of old. It had a theatre, arenas, a pretorium, an arch of triumph, a temple to Augustus and Livia, a fine bridge over the river, aqueducts, thermæ, remains of which are still found. It was more than an important municipum of a province, it was almost a capital. Under Claudius the prefect of the Gauls had his palace there, and the maritime prefect there watched over his flotilla which came up and was often stationed in the Rhone. Letters were cultivated there. A little court gravitated around these petty princes; rhætors,

* See Malte Brun, *Géographie*, liv. liii., p. 135; *Univers pittoresque*, by the Count de la Borde, p. 42; *Géographie de la Gaule*, after Pentinger's table, by Ernest Desjardin, p. 317; L. Millin, *Voyage dans le midi de la Gaule*, t. ii.

wits, repeated at the Baths Martial's little verses, a fact on which that author has plumed himself somewhere.*

At the present day the ancient *Vigenna* or *Vienna* is a dead city; men and things of old are forgotten, and the Needle of Vienne, casting its melancholy shadow for eighteen centuries around it, has written nothing on the dust to tell us whose ashes have reposed beneath that mass. The plinth bears no name; history is silent, but tradition is still busy. It speaks, and when you ask the people of the city, "Who lies there?" they reply, shaking their heads and scandalized at such ignorance, "You are the only one, then, in the world who doesn't know that that is Pilate's tomb."

Pilate's tomb? There is a mystery in this. Who has the key to it? Those who relate, who dissertate, who sort over reminiscences, have not yet found it. Those who imagine, who ask, who seek nothing in books, who seek everything in dreams whose flight pierces the clouds, even the clouds of history, do they know any more? We must at least give them a hearing. They pretend to some *mens divinior* or other which has the secret of things; and they have tales which console us for the absence of the truth, because they are more beautiful than it, if, indeed, there is anything that could be more beautiful than truth.

* * * * * *

It was there then, at Vienne, lived the too famous Pilate, procurator of Judea under Tiberius, who, that he might not displease his master, had had his God crucified. That God had had his revenge, and, upon an invisible beck of his hand the friend of Cæsar had been disgraced and proscribed by decree of Cæsar. Princes would fain be served but not compromised. Pilate had gone beyond the measure of exactions and vexations permitted to the agents of the empire. The people had risen in revolt, the informers had denounced, the senate had become disturbed, the prince was irritated, and Pilate recalled from his government had been flung across the Alps into a third-class city where he had dropped dazed by the blow and wounded by his fall. He was not to recover from it. Not that the procurator had left his government empty-handed; the riches of the East, levied on the tributaries, made him amends for the inconveniences of living far from what Cicero called the City of Light.† He had brought to the ancient city of the Allobrogi splendid remnants of the opulence which he owed to his rare talent in the art of administration, which, in those days, was confounded with that of enriching one's self. But domination was the very nature of a Roman, as freedom was the very nature of a barbarian: and Pilate's ambition was not comforted for having seen the proconsular fasces broken in his hands, if not on his shoulders, wounded and forever deprived of the laticlave.

His wife Marcia endeavored to bind up the wound of exile, and she had a hand delicate enough for it, but another wound had been opened

* Fertur habere meos, si vera est fama libellos,
Inter delicias pulchra Vienna meos.
(Martial, lib. vii., Epig. 88.)

† Urbem, urbem cole, mi Rufe, in ista luce vive.

in this heart, a strange wound which became sorer every day — the wound of remorse. And yet he, the Roman, he, the sceptic, had thought himself well bucklered against this vulgar superstition. He had paid so little attention to it, the whole time he had been one of the masters of the East! He did not even know what that meant then. But now he was alone, proscribed, crushed, far from men, close to himself; and in the silence of that isolation, all that world of crimes had recovered a voice which he thought stifled and which was only repressed for a time. It was a vengeful voice like that of the Furies; and when all the blood he had shed, all that nation whom he had crushed, above all that slain prophet, that crucified Nazarean, rose up before him, there gathered on his forehead a cold sweat which only Marcia's hand could wipe away. Then the wretched man, as if to escape from himself, would flee through the country; and he was often seen rushing to the bank of the river, on which he would gaze with eager eye for long hours.

* * * * * *

One day in the year 39, under the second consulate of Caius Cæsar Caligula Augustus and that of L. Apronius Cæsanius, there was talk in Pilate's house of a band of Jewish men and women who had landed at Marseilles. Thence they had scattered themselves through the valley of the Rhone, preaching a new God and working, it was said, some of those superhuman prodigies which the people were wont to ascribe to the magicians of the East. A woman of that nation had come to Vienne, which she enchanted with her tales and also with the wonders of her illusive art. Every one ran to see her, and followed in her footsteps.

This information brought to Pilate displeased him; when he heard it, he manifested a strange irritation: "Jews! Jews everywhere! What are those beggars coming here for? No matter where one goes he must meet that cursed race; don't talk to me about them; the very name of them is hateful to me."

Marcia, as she always did, tried to calm him. She sat down beside him under an open atrium whence broad gardens went sloping down to the river, which could be seen in the distance winding between the hills gilded by the morning beams.

"But, my lord," she said to him, in tones which she made milder than usual, "what can those poor Jews whom you know not do to you? Why be always thinking of them? Why be so worried? Can you not still find some happiness here in this city where everything breathes peace? Come, if you will only believe me we shall think no more of the past, and we shall from day to day enjoy the pleasure of being together and of being nobody—"

"Of being nobody, Marcia! what are you saying, you unfortunate woman; do you understand the meaning of that word? To be nobody the day after such great things, and on the eve of things still more magnificent! Those greater things he may attain, that Vitellius, that governor of Syria, that enemy of my fortune, who, selling his services to those vile Samaritans, denounced me to Rome, whither I had to go, like a vulgar criminal, to defend myself. And what had I done but

repressed the revolt of threatening Samaria, arrested the insurgents at the foot of Mount Gazim, beheaded their leaders, and thus done service to Rome, the State, and the prince?" *

"It is true that you did a great deal for the prince—"

"I did everything, Marcia. For him I made myself an enemy of that people who never mention the name of Pilate save with horror. His sacred images I brought by night into Jerusalem, despite the religion of that superstitious race. And when the whole city in mourning garments came to Cesarea, surrounded my palace, flung themselves on the ground around my dwelling, and remained there five days and nights weeping, wailing, strewing ashes on their heads, rending their garments, beseeching me to remove those sacrilegious emblems from the holy city, you are my witness that I did not flinch; I ascended my tribune and I ordered the cohort to surround the band and to draw their swords. If I did at last give in, if I spared the lives of those Jews who, prostrate on the ground, offered their throats to the legionaries, it was not so much on their account as on his, for I feared a sedition and a fresh insult to Cæsar's eagles." †

"It was worthy of you, my lord, to be clement. But I know that you are not cruel."

As she spoke these words Marcia laid her hand in Pilate's. She was content; she thanked him.

"Oh, no, I am not cruel," he quickly replied; "I do not love blood; blood should never be spilled unnecessarily. And then would it not be amiss to sully the Roman sword with the vile blood of that people? I despise them too much for that. Witness that sedition which I repressed at Jerusalem, but with blows of clubs. Do you remember it?"

Marcia cast her eyes down. Pilate rubbed his hands, and forcing a laugh continued: "That populace! would you believe that they had the audacity to murmur against me because—a fine matter, indeed!—I took a few drachmas out of what they call their corban, their sacred treasure, to build them aqueducts and give them water. The ingrates! I could have taken a bloody satisfaction. I preferred to arm my Romans, who were disguised and who mingled with the crowd, only with clubs, instead of swords, with orders to strike at the first seditious cry. True, they struck hard! You ought to see them fleeing before that hail of blows, or dragging themselves along half dead and with broken limbs. Many of them remained there. But the others never came back; the lesson was given. Verily, these circumcised are not a race like others." ‡

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The matron was silent: she had dropped her husband's hand.

Pilate had applause for himself. "Wasn't that a clever trick?" he asked. "You say nothing, Marcia; you turn your head away. Are you going to express pity for those wretches? You have always shown some weakness for them."

* Josephus, "History of the Jews," Bk. xviii., ch. 5. † Josephus, *Ibid*, ch. 4.

‡ Josephus, "The Wars of the Jews," Bk. ii., ch. 14.

"It is true, my lord; and you will deign to forgive this weakness in a woman; but I cannot rejoice at the torture of the innocent."

"The innocent! but who is it? Whom do you mean? I have tortured the innocent? Who is that innocent?"

Marcia looked at her husband; he was agitated.

"O my lord, forgive me if I have awakened some painful memory. But you seem to be suffering. Why, immortal gods! those looks, that trembling, that agitation? Have I offended you, my lord?"

Pilate did not hear her, and continued: "The innocent! The innocent! I understand you. Marcia, it is always your protégé, that Jew, that Galilean, that seducer of the multitudes whom you recommended to me during his trial, and whom you again accuse me this day of having crucified. You are cruel, Marcia."

Having said this Pilate walked back and forth, became excited, talked as if he were pleading a case in which he felt himself accused and which he would fain win before some dreadful, invisible tribunal — that of his conscience and that of the future.

"That innocent whom you have so much at heart, Marcia, what have I to do with him and his sufferings? You know well enough that I did not want to put him to death, and that I formally refused to have anything to do with the affair. When the jealous Jews led him to my pretorium, denouncing him to me as a criminal, I tried to get rid of him. The only answer I would give them was, to take him themselves and judge him according to their own law. They replied that they no longer had the right; it was true. Then I had to begin the interrogatory. It was mild. When they ridiculously accused him, the poor workman, of pretensions to royalty, I could not take what they said seriously, and I told them all that it did not concern me. Was I a Jew, to take part in their quarrels? When he told me that that kingdom was not of this world, I saw that he was only a dreamer; and I had the courage to declare that there was no cause for condemnation in him."

"It is true that you publicly declared his innocence: you were right, my lord."

"What more could I do? I went from that man to the people and from the people to that man; it was really extraordinary. I urged him to defend himself, but he made no answer; it seemed that he was resolved to die; could I save him in spite of himself? I thought of an expedient. I had been told that he was from Galilee; I sent him to Herod as his natural judge. Herod mocked him and perhaps me, and sent him back to me; fate pursued me. Nevertheless one resource was left me. I proposed to be merciful to him on the Pasch, as was the custom of the Jews; but they, the madmen, preferred to him some robber, taken in a sedition, with arms in his hands. They raved for their prey. Voices cried in the pretorium, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!'"

"Yes, the voices of that populace which you had so often despised and repressed."

"True, but I no longer felt myself master of the crowd or of myself. I had to satisfy them at least in something. You well know,

Marcia, that I surrendered only step by step, and that I retreated in good order. Not being willing to take upon myself to put him to death, I had him beaten with rods; and hoping that it would appease that plebs to see him thus scourged, corrected, exhausted, bloody, I presented him to them, saying, 'Behold the man!' Nothing could soften them; I tried then to make them laugh. It was one of the tactics of my clemency to make the poor pretender ridiculous in order to make their jealousy impossible. So I had him clothed in purple of derision, armed with a reed sceptre, crowned with thorns, hailed as king by my cohort; and this time sure of disarming rage by merriment or pity, I said to them, 'Behold your king!' It had no effect. I had again to hear a thousand voices cry, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' 'What, shall I crucify your king?' I said that in irony, but they did not laugh. 'According to the law,' they replied, 'he must die!'"

"The law! But who but you was judge of that? Was it for that multitude to impose their law upon you?"

"I was filled with affright, I felt myself driven to an extremity which I desired to avoid, for they kept howling, 'Away with him! Crucify him!' What made an impression upon me was that among these voices there were some more cunningly perfidious which said: 'We have no other king than Cæsar!' Those words entered my heart. There were some even who told me plainly that if I released him I was no longer a friend of Cæsar. I felt as it were the ghost of the denouncer holding the accusation over my head, I was in a whirlwind of conflicting ideas. What was I to do? Could I, for the pleasure of saving that Galilean, ruin myself by alienating both the Jews and Cæsar? Was it reasonable to compromise my position for so little? Besides, could there be any other duty for a Roman magistrate than to make the sovereignty of Rome respected? Is there any other authority, any other divinity than the State's, for us, the functionaries of the State?

"It was too long to take that Jew seriously. You know the rest, Marcia: they finished with that competitor of Cæsar as with the slaves. He said he was King of the Jews. I gave him a throne, he mounted a cross; and to show them what I cared about both them and him, I put above his head, 'JESUS THE NAZAREAN, KING OF THE JEWS.' By evening justice was done, and he had lived. But you seem to be weeping, Marcia. You tremble. What is the matter? What! did I not do what I should have done? What would you have done yourself?"

* * * * * *

Marcia raised her head which she had hid in her hands.

"What would I have done, my lord? What should you do? But even then I took the liberty to remind you. Do you remember that at that very hour I sent you this message: 'I beseech you, have nothing to do with that just man'?"

"That just man, Marcia? You called him just man? Well, what did you know about him? Is a man any longer just when he becomes a peril to the State? How happy are you women to understand nothing about political matters!"

"Yes, my lord; and hence you should forgive us for having been able to see in him a sage at least equal to him whom your books made us admire."

"Well, yes, I grant he was a sage after the manner of the philosophers and poets,—a just man like the just man imagined by Plato; he had the traits, the wisdom, the peace of such; his was a curious personality, and — must I acknowledge it? — I myself felt curiously impressed in his presence. His look entered my soul and filled it with perturbation which I could not control. He called himself king, and he had the authority, the greatness of a king,—a greatness which subjugated me. I would fain have domineered over him and he mastered me. I never saw a criminal like that criminal. He said he had descended from above and was come into this world to bear witness of the truth, as if there was a truth! What is truth, and what did he mean? I smiled, and yet I felt that I was grappling with a dreadful mystery. I could not divine what that man was. When I spoke to him of my power, he spoke to me of his. He told me, did that Jew, me, a Roman magistrate, that I could have no power over him unless it had been given me from above, by him apparently. He spoke to me — would you believe it? — to me his judge, of my sin, and of another sin greater than mine! It seemed as if one could not tell which of us was the accused. I acknowledge, Marcia, I did not feel easy. But what did I fear? It is true there was a great deal of talk for three years in the land, about that singular man; they made him out a prophet. But what is a prophet to us? And you, Marcia, who take so much interest in him, what did you know about him?"

"I knew much; I knew what I learned in the dreadful vision I had concerning him, as I sent you word when you were seated in your tribunal." *

"And what vision, Marcia; do you remember it?"

"Ah! my lord, I have it before my eyes, and can never drive it away; but it has ever remained my secret until this day."

"Secret — there can be none between you and me, Marcia. Tell it to me, I demand it."

Marcia was silent.

"I demand it," insisted Pilate.

She obeyed. "Well," said she, "that same man who was even then arraigned before you, I saw, at that hour, I know not how, on heavenly heights, full of glory and majesty! It seemed to me that he bore scars in his feet and his hands, but scars from which shot rays of light. His face shone like the sun, his garment was as white as snow. Innumerable spirits formed around him as it were an army of stars which enveloped him with indescribable light and harmonies. A great multitude surrounded him, and I then beheld a triumph the like of which Rome never saw. That man whom millions of voices called the king of ages,— I saw the ages, one by one, defile before him, all the ages of the past, all the ages of the future, a new order of ages, which all dated from him, and bore his sign on their forehead. There were un-

* Matt. xxvii. 19: Sedente autem illo pro tribunali, misit ad eum uxor ejus dicens: Nihil tibi, et justo illi. Multa enim passa sum hodie per visum propter eum.

numbered multitudes of men, of women, of children, who came in turn to lay their homage of adoration at his feet. There were soldiers, philosophers, slaves, emperors, kings, empresses, virgins, widows, mothers, priests, magistrates—all tongues, all ages, all conditions. They came from the south and the north, from the east and the west, from Asia, Africa, and distant islands still unknown. They kept coming, and I could not count the number of successive ages that thus arrived to lay at his feet their mysterious presents, among which I distinguished gold, incense, and myrrh.

"You and I were there, watching that procession in mute astonishment, when the great emperor turned his gaze towards you; and it seems to me that I can still hear the tones in which he said to you, 'Thou didst ask if I was a king; am I a king now?' Lightnings shot from his eyes.

"At that very moment all those ages, all those peoples, all those worlds entoned a hymn which filled earth and heaven. That hymn began with these words, 'I BELIEVE,' which they afterwards repeated as a refrain at every strophe of the mighty canticle. They told him, that glorious man, that he was God, son of God, light of light, and true God of God. They blessed him because he had descended from heaven to become man for the redemption of men. At that moment, the immense multitude knelt and adored —

"Shall I continue, my lord? — Suddenly, this song of the worlds continuing in another tone, the harps groaned, the heavens shuddered, the earth trembled, the spirits veiled their faces, and the universe chanted all with one voice, as in amaze, '*He was also crucified under Pontius Pilate!*'

"Pontius Pilate — your name, my lord, your revered name, given over to the execration of heaven and earth, of all that is, of all that shall be! I felt such a horror that I awoke from the dream, if, however, it was only a dream. And seeing in it a kind of warning from heaven,— forgive a woman's superstition,— I immediately sent you a message to let you know the great torment, the great fear I was suffering for you, on account of that man who was no longer an ordinary man to me."

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Pilate was astounded. He shook his head, he pressed his lips together; wrath, terror, contempt were in his eyes; a sinister flame burned in them, but no tears. He wiped his forehead, he spoke trembling words, he talked of the tomb around which he had placed a guard, of the soldiers he had put there, of the seal he had set on the stone of the sepulchre, of false news, of the talk of women, of deceiving disciples: his language was incoherent.

Then suddenly breaking out, "Woe to the Jews! It was their fault; let them bear the punishment. Did they not tell me themselves in the pretorium that they took that affair upon them? Did they not cry out, 'His blood be upon us!' And I, what did I do then? All the people saw it. I washed my hands — that was clear enough, and

to make it clearer, I said, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just man; look you to it!'"*

As he spoke these last words Pilate was strange. Those hands of which he spoke, those pure and innocent hands, he twisted, turned, and looked at, and was unable to take his eyes off of them. He turned their backs to him, brought them near to each other, drew them apart, then brought them together again, and fixed on them a gaze filled with affright. Something, I know not what, perhaps a bloody stain which he alone could see, always remained upon them. He began to tremble.

"I am going out," he said to Marcia, in a changed voice. "These thoughts weary me Don't talk to me any more about those things; the peace of the country will give me rest. I want to be alone; I am going out."

And as Marcia, seeing him go, offered him her hand, Pilate withdrew his which he feared to show.

He went out, looking wild, and walked on with great strides as if he was pursued by invisible beings; and, descending the hill on which were his gardens, he did not stop until he had reached the deep river. Marcia had followed him, and kept at a little distance, afraid of what might happen. She saw him go down to the bank of the Rhone and plunge both his hands into the current. Then the unfortunate man drew them out, looked at them, groaned, plunged them in again, rubbed them fiercely like a madman, grew furious, blasphemed, looked fixedly at wave following wave, then opened out his arms as if asking them to hide him in their bosom and to swallow him from sight.

A cry of affright stopped him. His wife had seen him and hastened to his side. She said nothing, she wept. She took his hands in hers, watered them with her tears, wiped them with her veil, in which she enveloped them as if to hide them from the unfortunate man's gaze. He let her do as she would, like to a wounded man whose wounds are being bandaged. His thoughts were elsewhere, wholly absorbed by some memory which pursued and tortured him. But his eye was dry and he did not weep.

He gradually grew calm, by peaceful contact with this gentle kindness. "Come," said Marcia, "let us return. You seem to be in pain. People must not see you in that state. And see, there is an extraordinary gathering at the river bank. What's the matter? Come, let us go home; you will rest there."

* * * * * *

Near there, in fact, the people of the city were pressing around a spectacle which seemed to occupy their whole attention. A young man had just been drowned in the river. His body had been laid on the bank, stretched out on a mat; and his father and mother, kneeling beside him, were wringing their hands in despair, uttering fearful lamentations. The young man was known and loved in the city. The story was that, attracted by the wonders wrought by the Jewess who had recently arrived at Vienne, he was precipitately hastening to the stranger to have

* Matt. xxvii. 24: Accepta aqua, lavit manus coram populo, dicens: Innocens ego sum a sanguine justi hujus: vos videritis.

himself initiated, when the bark that carried him was overturned in the stream, from which they had drawn only a corpse.*

Pilate and Marcia heard this multitude uttering loud cries of supplication. They instinctively advanced towards the spot. A woman was there whom they recognized by her costume as one of the daughters of the Hebrews. "Give him back to us," repeated the suppliant people. "You tell us that your God is the God most great and good: let him prove it, now is the time. Could his power be less than Proserpine's, who restored life to the beautiful Adonis?"

"Blaspheme not," said the Jewess. "The God whom I announce to you has called himself the Resurrection and the Life. I saw him, at Bethany, raise my brother, who had been four days in the grave."

Pilate and Marcia had drawn near to the crowd, the one through curiosity, the other through pity. "Of what God does she speak?" asked several voices.

"Of JESUS, the God blessed in all ages," she replied, bending her head; "and at that Divine Name every knee shall bow on earth, in heaven, and in hell."

When she heard that name, Marcia said to her husband, "Do not let us remain here," and she tried to lead him away.

"No, let us remain," said Pilate; "I want to hear the end of this. Those Jews are audacious to tell such things. Once when I was in Judea I heard of the dead man of Bethany; some people made a great ado about it at Jerusalem. But here there is no chance for fraud. What is this woman going to do with that lifeless body? Let us remain."

It was irresistible. Pilate felt himself enchained, but chained to his torture. In fact, the Jewess told the crowd how this unknown God had gone through this world doing good, making the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the dead live again. She and her sister Mary had received him under their roof, had served him at their table; they had anointed his feet with their perfumes; then when their brother had slept the last sleep, JESUS had gone with them to weep at his tomb; then he had shuddered; then with authority he had commanded Lazarus to come forth from the tomb, and Lazarus had come forth. In return for so many benefits his jealous enemies had given him into the hands of the governor of the city, named Pontius Pilate, who, after having acknowledged that he was innocent, had, nevertheless, made him die the death of the cross. But, according to his promise, he had risen the third day. Finally, after having shown himself during forty days in Judea and in Galilee, he had ascended into heaven in sight of all his disciples. But he had left inheritors of his power in apostles, whom he had sent to preach his name throughout the earth, with the power of showing forth his glory by miracles, that all might believe in him and have life through him. Hence it was that

* RABANUS MAURUS, *De vita Bæ M. Magdalenæ et sororis ejus Marthæ*, places this occurence at Avignon, *apud Avennionem Viennensis provinciæ civitatem*. He says: Juvenis qui erat trans Rhodanum volens audire verbum Dei et videre miracula, Rhodani fluentis esse committens, subito æstuantis Rhodani turgentibus intercipitur undis, submersusque necatus est (apud D. Faillon, t. ii. p. 454).

her brother Lazarus the arisen, Mary her sister, and she, threatened with death by the Jews, had come to these shores, with other disciples, to bear the good news of the Kingdom of Heaven.

* * * * * *

While she was saying these things, the father and mother of the young man who was drowned were eagerly listening to her, embracing her knees. The Jewess raised them up. "Have confidence," said she, "this death was willed not for your misfortune, but it was brought about by God for the glory of his Son, that his glory may this day be made manifest."

She ceased speaking. An inward thrill revealed to her that power from on high had descended upon her: "Listen, if in the name of JESUS I tell this dead man to arise and live, will you believe that JESUS is the Son of the Living God who came into this world?"

"We will all believe it!" said the multitude, "and we will adore Him!"

The Jewess raised her eyes to heaven, "O JESUS, who didst vouchsafe to be our friend on earth, thou didst tell me, 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live,' suffer that I repeat what I then did answer thee: 'I know that thou canst do all things and that thy Father will give thee whatsoever thou askest of him.' Now the hour is come; and already I give thee thanks, O our almighty guest of Bethany, for I feel that thou hearest me, because of this people, that they may believe that it is thou who hast sent me." *

A profound silence fell over the whole multitude. The Jewess bent over the dead man, and taking his hand she said in a loud voice, "In the name of JESUS of Nazareth, arise!"

And the young man arose, opened his eyes as if awaking from sleep, extended his arms to his father and mother; then all three fell together at the feet of Martha, pronouncing a single name, "JESUS!"

"JESUS is God!" cried the multitude with one voice. It was a mighty clamor which the stream bore far along its shores.†

Even Marcia was not able to contain herself. She had pierced the crowd, she was beside the Jewess, whose hands she tremblingly clasped, not daring to speak, but weeping, and pronouncing with rapture the name of that God JESUS, who was manifesting himself to her, in his superhuman might, for the second time.

She returned towards her husband; but he was no longer there. At that cry, "JESUS is God!" Pilate had stolen away and taken to flight. Some had heard him repeat, "He is God! He is God! and I crucified him!" Then while all were pressing upon the man raised

* See the words of our Lord Jesus Christ at the resurrection of Lazarus. Gospel of S. John, ch. xi.

† RABANUS MAURUS, loc. cit. Corpus inventum est et allatum, Marthæ sanctissimæ est oblatum. Convenit universa civitas et nobiliores urbis obsecrant, flexis genibus, ancillam CHRISTI ut CHRISTI salvatoris magnalia liceret eos cernere, in juvenis hujus resurrectione. Annuite illa, etc.

Quod videntes populi conclamaverunt JESUM CHRISTUM DEUM esse.

from death, he, turning his back on the miracle, went alone to the river, striding along the shore, and finally disappeared from sight.

They sought him, but in vain, the following days and nights. Fishermen said that the corpse of a man had been seen floating for some time on the water, its hands closed and clenched convulsively; but as the waves thrust it to the shore, the shore thrust it back, as if refusing to receive it. Then the people said that doubtless this man was a parricide, and they left him to the justice of God.*

How was the corpse of the deicide afterwards found? What was left of it? How long did the urn with his ashes remain in the tomb which Marcia erected at the gat s of the city? What became of them? History has not informed us.

Marcia remained there for some time praying and weeping. Then she went to Martha, of Bethany, who was at Avignon, where she took the widow's veil in the Christian Church.

Holy Orders: The Christian Priesthood.

"My children, we have come to the Sacrament of Holy Orders. This is a sacrament which seems not to concern any of you, and yet it concerns everybody. It raises man up to God. What is the priest? A man who holds the place of God,—a man who is clad with all the powers of God. 'Go,' says our Lord to the priest; 'as my Father hath sent me, so do I send you. . . . All power is given to me in heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach you all nations' When the priest remits sins he does not say, 'God pardons you;' he says, 'I absolve you.' At the consecration he does not say, 'This is the Body of our Lord;' he says, 'This is my Body.'

"St. Bernard tells us that all has come to us through Mary; we might also say that all has come to us through the priest. Yes; all happiness, all graces, all heavenly blessings. If we had not the Sacrament of Holy Orders we should not have our Lord. Who received your soul at its entrance into life? The priest. Who nourishes it, to give it the strength to go through its pilgrimage? The priest. Who prepares it to appear before God, washing its soul for the last time in the blood of Jesus Christ? The priest—always the priest. And if this soul should die, who raises it to life? who restores calm and peace to it? Once more, the priest. You cannot call to mind a single blessing of God without meeting beside this blessing the image of the priest.

"If you were to go to confession to the Blessed Virgin or to an angel, could they absolve you? You might have two hundred angel confessors, and they could not give you absolution. A priest, simple though he may be, can do it; he can say to you, 'Go in peace, I forgive you.'

*Euseb. Coes. *Hist. Eccles.* Lib. ii., cap. vii.: Pilatus qui conservatorem nostrum morti addixit, postmodum, imperante Caio, in tantas incidit calamitates ut mortem sibi consciverit, suorum ipse scelerum vindex. . . . Eusebius does not give the mode of his suicide.

"Oh, the priest is something great! After God, the priest is all things! . . . Let a parish be twenty years without a priest, and the people will adore beasts.

"If the missionary and I were to leave you, you would say, 'What do we want in the church? There is no Mass; our Lord is not there any more. We can just as well say our prayers at home.' . . . When men want to destroy religion they begin by attacking the priest, because when there is no longer a priest there is no Sacrifice; and where there is no Sacrifice there is no religion.

"If I met a priest and an angel I would salute the priest before saluting the angel. The latter is the friend of God, but the priest takes his place. . . . St. Teresa used to kiss the place on which a priest passed. When you see a priest you should say, 'There is the one who made me a child of God by holy baptism, who raised me up after I had sinned, who gives me the food of my soul.' . . . At sight of a church tower you can say, 'Who presides there? Our Lord. How comes it that He is there? Because a priest passed that way and said Mass.'

"The priesthood is the love of the Heart of Jesus. When you see a priest think of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE CURÉ D'ARS.

Friday America's Day.

FRIDAY has long been regarded as a day of evil omen, but it has been, to say the least, an eventful one in American history.

Friday, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

Friday, ten weeks after, he discovered America.

Friday, Henry III. of England gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

Friday, St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded.

Friday, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, arrived at Plymouth; and on Friday they signed that august compact, the forerunner of the present Constitution.

Friday, George Washington was born.

Friday, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified.

Friday, Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown; and on Friday the motion was made in Congress that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

I RECOMMEND you to God, that you may obtain the gift of holy patience; and it is not in my power to propose to Him anything for you, save that He may, according to His holy will, fashion your heart for His dwelling, and reign there eternally; and whether He fashion it with the brush, the hammer, or the chisel, must be according to His good pleasure.— *St. Francis de Sales.*

Gens Hiberna.

In St. Peter's Church, at Rome, there are, on two confessionals, inscriptions which cannot be read without emotion: *Gens Hiberna. Gens Polona.* (Irish Nation. Polish Nation.)

What does this mean if not that in the eyes of faith, in the eyes of the Church, these two sister martyr nations still live.—*Irish Faith in America.*

THE golden hour of setting sun had come to holy Rome,
When I, a homeless exile, first beheld St. Peter's dome;
That dome majestic, towering o'er the famous hill-tops seven,
That dome that forces eye and heart to soar to highest heaven.

Ad limina Apostolorum, I passed with reverent tread,
And knelt within that temple of the living and the dead;
Its "musical immensities" I sought not to define,
I only felt that here indeed is God's most worthy shrine;
That here indeed His majesty is nobly manifest,
And here His grandest prophecy He has fulfilled and blest,—
The *Tu es Petrus* which within the dome is writ in gold,
The *ædificabo ecclesiam* which Christ himself foretold.

Meanwhile, sunshine and evening shades had met in mellow gloom,
On lofty shafts and arches grand, above the Apostle's tomb;
Soon the mystic dim, with vesper hymn and sacred psalm was filled,
With rhythmic music, cadence sweet, my throbbing heart was stilled.
But midst the soothing hush, ere long I caught an undertone,
The murmured prayer of hundreds where I thought myself alone;
I nearer pressed, for still it seemed the faintest breath of sound,
A strange discordant harmony from every clime and ground;
For there were prince and peasant, there were every rank and race,
Hoar crime beside young innocence,—all kneeling in that place.
Ah! there was God's own Mercy-seat, where sin's strong chains are riven,
Where Penance, weeping, hears the words, "Go thou in peace, forgiven."
Confessionals for people who are there from every land,
All pilgrims led to one blest shrine by Faith's unswerving hand.
From Arctic snows, from vine-clad bowers, from sun-kissed east and west,
They solace seek and nourishment from Rome, their Mother blest.

Descendants of the old-time Franks meet those of eastern lands,
Germania's faithful few unite with Spain's unfailing bands;
Columbia's children stalwart grown, from breathing freedom's air,
Look pitying on while Poland and poor Ireland join in prayer.
In prayer for justice—Saviour blest! they clasp thy sacred feet,
Let fall on them thy loving eyes with benediction sweet.
'Mid all their woe and anguish, they have to thee faithful stood;
With freedom bless them, and restore their long lost nationhood.
They lie before thee prostrate now, poor Poland's heart-strings torn
By Tartan hate, the while her sons in hopeless exile mourn;
Too worn and feeble e'en to say, "Thy will be done, O God!"
With lips all tremulous with woe, she tries to kiss thy rod.

Beside her, sainted Ireland bends, her brow with thorns encrowned,
Her mangled, bleeding feet and hands with gyves and fetters bound;
Her snowy vesture blood-stained from the spear wound in her side,—
Most blessed in her semblance to the sacred Crucified.

O Erin, more than martyr! Thou alone art worthy found
To bear the likeness of our Saviour's every woe and wound.
Thou hast thine Olive-garden, thine own drear Gethsemane,
Beyond which, heedless of thy grief, lie many a sleeping three.
Ah! many a Judas kiss has stained thy pallid virgin cheek,
And many a base denial hast thou heard poor weak ones speak.
Thou many a time hast suffered from the scourge, the thorn, the sneer,
And often have thy loved ones fled from thee in grief and fear.
How oft have English Pilates known thee free from sin and wrong,
Yet given thee, in thine innocence, o'er to the heartless throng!
How many a heavy cross has been thy bleeding shoulders on!
How many a mother hast thou seen gaze sorrowing on her son!
How often hast thou fallen under loads of pain and woe,
Yet risen patient 'neath the goad that made thee onward go!
Yea, many a cross-crowned Calvary have thy poor feet had to tread;
Death's throes have all been thine, but ne'er the quiet of the dead.

Ay, truly more than martyr! Of thy very soul bereft,
They've torn from thee thy nationhood,—then thou hast nothing left;
That nationhood God gave thee with His life-bestowing breath,
O hapless Erin! what canst thou pray for but endless death?

Then Erin, like an injured queen, rose with majestic grace,
Prophetic fire upon her lips, its halo round her face;
In tones of holy triumph spake, distinct, yet sweet and low,
"O hopeless child of hopeful sires, why mock me in my woe?
'Tis true, I've borne a heavy cross and worn a thorny crown,
That 'neath my burden and my woe I've oft been stricken down;
But erst, as now, I've sought relief at Jesus' sacred feet,
And ever strength and solace found at this blest mercy-seat.
My children have been scattered north and south and east and west,
But love for Faith and Motherland burns ever in each breast;
And wander wheresoe'er they may, they ever find a home
In that great Church whose centre blest is here in holy Rome.
Yes, Poland brave, and Ireland wronged, 'tis true are yet in chains,
But in the heart of Mother Church our nationhood remains;
Within this grand basilica we're still a nation styled,
Before a tribune sacred where was justice ne'er defiled."
And then, with swelling bosom, *Gens Hiberna* there she showed,—
To *Gens Polona* Poland pointed while her bright eye glowed.

Again spake Ireland: "True, I have my lone Gethsemane,
But, 'mid its gloom the heavenly gleam of angels' wings I see.
Go, tell my faithful sons that here, in highest Heaven's sight,
I claim the boon of nationhood, my heritage and right.
I here keep vigil for the dawn — oh! bid them leave me never,
My dreary night gives way to light—then hope and work forever."

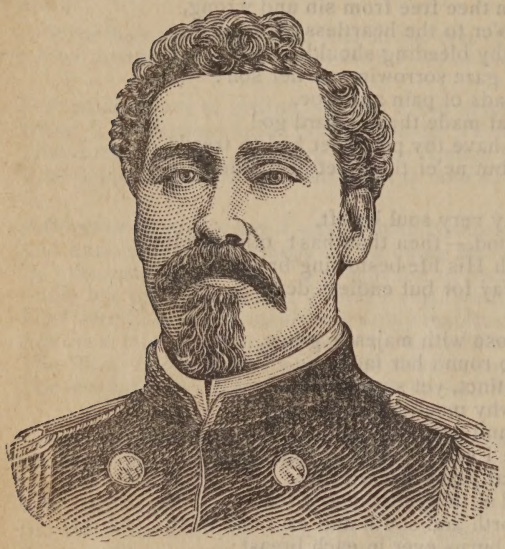
While evening shades enwrapped me round I prayed for that morning's gleaming,
And asked of God that when it comes it shall not find us dreaming,
But up and ready for the day foretold in song and story,
Which shall reward old Ireland's faith with nationhood's bright glory.

Lawrence, Mass. KATHARINE A. O'KEEFFE.

HERE is the great lesson: We must discover God's will, and, recognizing it, we must endeavor to do it joyfully, or at least courageously. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

A Devoted Son of America and Ireland.

MAJOR PATRICK KEEFFE HORGAN.



MAJOR P. K. HORGAN.

IRELAND, stubborn and unconquered, if we cannot hail you as a nation, we at least, thank heaven, may hail you as the shrine of chivalry. A time there was in the history of our efforts to break the cords of oppression that unwillingly bind thee to the stranger's "croup," when the ruthless despoiler misinterpreted our valor to the world and scoffed at our heroism.

The artificial famine of '47 and '48, and the wholesale evictions and extermination that followed, redounded more to our national honor than an accession of colleges. It gave us soldiers whose chivalry emblazon the records of other lands to-day. Among the many, it gave us a Meagher, a Smyth, a Bourke, a Kavanagh, a Byron, and last, but not least, a HORGAN. The inhumanity of the British government, while our people were dying by the thousand, aroused the martial spirit of the race within them, which, in after years, saved the name and fair fame of this great Republic.

Patrick Keeffe Horgan was born, May 7th, 1835, at Ballywater, parish of Doneraile, county Cork, Ireland. While yet only twelve years of age he had infused into him an uncompromising hatred of England. Famine, one of the tyrant's most powerful allies, had struck the entire land like a cyclone. So terrible, so unmerciful, so unrelenting was this awful scourge that language at this late day would be inadequate to even feebly portray it.

The sad picture of national desolation was indelibly traced upon the youthful memory of P. K. Horgan, who had not as yet fully realized the true source of this periodical calamity. Many a time during those agonizing years he sat down and wept over the sad scenes of want, despair, and death which laid waste the beautiful valleys of his beloved Cork. His recollection of those painful and stirring times was indeed vivid, and in a great measure moulded him into a man of war.

The spirit of patriotism, hushed to slumber with the decapitated form of young Emmet, from amid the prevailing ruin of '48 was being resuscitated by the lamented Mitchel, Meagher, Smith O'Brien, and

others, who conceived the idea that it was far better to die fighting, than perish foodless and homeless on the highway in sight of plenty. The doctrine of physical force which they promulgated set young Horgan thinking, and made him at this early stage of his existence an unremitting rebel.

As the famine progressed the limited industries of the country became paralyzed, and, as though to hurry the victims from their wretchedness, the plague dogged the footsteps of distress in its unchecked march. Those who had clung to the little "gatherings" of years, inspired by a new hope from the young Ireland movement that heaven would arrest the ravages of want at an early day, loath to seek refuge in exile, were at length being driven into the roadside by the brutal arm of the law, forced with aching hearts to seek the cheerless and venturesome protection of the emigrant ship. Among those cast out from their holdings were the Horgan family.

To those who have experienced the ordeal of eviction and banishment, the nature of this terrible weapon of the usurper is obvious, while to the average American, familiar with the "annual movings," so common in the cities and towns of the Republic, such an edict conveys no touching significance. But the "rooting out" of the Irish "peasant" from the homestead of his sires, the land of his childhood, chills the patriot's marrow. For generations it has been the cradle of his name, and it is sanctified in his memory by endearing associations. Banishment from home and homeland by unrelenting despotism may, indeed, be sometimes appeased by future rewards in the new land, but P. K. Horgan, in the midst of honorably, industriously acquired domestic comfort and ease, never, not for an instant, forgot the shrine of his nativity. Time and distance obscured the fair hills of holy Ireland from his view, but his large, generous heart lingered o'er them in defiance of every other earthly tie; and his detestation for England was equally as intense.

Driven from their hearthstone by the cruel arm of misrule, the widow Horgan and her young family, Patrick and three sisters, one of whom he was visiting in California at the time of his death, sought the cold refuge of the emigrant ship; and after a tedious, weary journey across the Atlantic, arrived in New York City in the early part of 1850. Their means being somewhat limited, many were the vicissitudes encountered for a time by the exiles. But perseverance and industry were eventually rewarded. Patrick, after learning the building trade, became the chief support and solace of the new home, accepting the responsibility with the devotion of a worthy son.

As he mixed in society, and pondered over the attempt and failure of "the young Irelanders," he became more enlightened in the history of the alien domination; and in proportion as his knowledge of the situation advanced, so also did his abhorrence of tyranny permanently increase. The mere mention of England made his very soul shudder with vengeance, and tempted him to the threshold of profanity. The past, reeking and crimson with blood and tears, erased from his mind the idea of compromise. Ireland a nation, free and independent, was the aspiration of his life. And when Thomas Francis Meagher,

of the sword and silver tongue, called for arms to protect the union and constitution of these United States against treason, Patrick K. Horgan, overflowing with gratitude to his adopted land, and scorning everything savoring of serfdom, was among the first batch of volunteers. Meagher he almost worshipped for his sacrifices, eloquence, courage, and the patriotic story of his life.

On Dec. 31, 1861, P. K. Horgan organized Company "D" Eighty-eighth New York Volunteers, of which he was unanimously elected captain. This regiment, afterwards, with the Sixty-third and Sixty-ninth formed what history now records as Meagher's Irish brigade. The service rendered by this faithful legion of exterminated Celts needs no comment or commendation at my hands; their valor is too fresh in our memory to call for any extended remarks here, save in keeping in sight the subject of my sketch.

The departure of P. K. Horgan to the scene of conflict, in the prime of his manhood, was the occasion of much affliction to his family, whose protector he was. But if companionship in sorrow, as in misfortune, could afford possible consolation, the widow Horgan's tears were plentifully shared in by thousands of mothers, wives, and sisters of her race. His grief, however, was moderated by the consciousness of being enabled, by honest toil and frugality, to place his mourning family beyond the possibility of want until his return, if return he should. It is, therefore, apparent that other and higher motives than "bounty" considerations prompted "our young recruit."

Fidelity to America and horror of slavery were his silent monitors; and for these principles he resolved to dare the soldier's weary lot. Consequently he dashed aside the tear which nature wrung from his big heart, and with buoyant step he followed the idol of his life, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, to the tented field.

Of the journey to the front Capt. Horgan was wont to tell many interesting anecdotes, which to the general ear lost their native humor, for the captain was, indeed, a poor story-teller. He was too serious, too much in earnest, to cultivate the light and indifferent side-issues of life. The good nature and ease of his command under disappointment, tribulation, and danger were at all times themes upon which he loved to dwell. Being an officer he was brought into constant communication with Meagher, whom he admired more than any other living man, and who, he dreamed, one day would be the modern Moses to lead his countrymen from bondage. I might here remark that after many a hard-fought battle, when night had wrapped its charitable shroud around the ghastly prospect of carnage, the probability of applying their military experience in the solution of the Irish problem, was the prevailing topic around the camp fire by officers and men; and, stimulated by the bright pictures of future hope for the old land,—painted during those few hours of dreary calm and troubled rest, when the *reveille*, followed by the rattle of musketry from the enemy's lines announced a renewal of the slaughter,—with encouraged readiness and determination the brigade was in alignement.

A few incidents of the campaign in which Meagher and Horgan participated,— illustrating the terrible strain upon the brilliant mind of

the former,—from the lips of our noble subject, communicated a few months prior to his death in the course of a conversation with the much abused, yet uncompromising patriot, Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa, may be interesting to many of your readers:—

"At the battle of Bull Run, although junior captain, Meagher acted as the major of the Sixty-ninth militia, and was seen riding to the right and left, encouraging his men and trying to stop the retreat, which was general along the whole line.

"At Williamsburg, May 4, 1862, having received the report of the several regiments of the brigade,—the men having been marching for twenty-four hours in a heavy rain storm, many having fallen on the ground exhausted, it being pitch dark,—all were not present, Meagher walking to and fro the floor of a negro shanty, exclaimed, 'Great God! the Irish brigade will be brought into action at daybreak, and the work of a brigade will be expected from them, while I have scarcely two hundred men. Are these the men I expect at some future time to free Ireland with?'

"At Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, at dusk, Meagher walked up to Captain P. F. Clooney of the color company of the Eighty-eighth Regiment, handed him a box of matches and ordered that they be distributed to the men of his company, with instructions to 'burn the Irish flags, if captured, as he did not want them exhibited as a trophy of the war by the enemy at their capital,' and begging the men to 'guard them well, as his American wife had presented them with those Irish colors.'

"At White Oak Swamp, June 30, 1862, the brigade lay all day supporting some batteries. Meagher, riding along the line, was invited by a group of the officers of the Eighty-eighth Regiment to dismount, as the artillery were picking off many of the officers, and he, riding a gray horse, was rather a target for them. Meagher replied, 'No, I will not dismount. If I am to be killed, I would rather be killed riding this horse than lying down.'

"At Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, the brigade, after seven days' fighting and marching continuously, were suddenly brought into action—Meagher and his gallant staff at their head. As the boys passed along, Meagher, at the top of his voice, shouted to them to 'fling off haversacks, knapsacks, and jackets,' and called upon them to go in in their shirt-sleeves, to remember Fontenoy, and that the eyes of the Irish race the world over were gazing on them to-night. How well the men of the brigade obeyed him history tells.

"At Antietam Meagher had a horse killed under him, on September 17, 1862.

"At Harper's Ferry, where the brigade were encamped after the battle of Antietam, Meagher marched at their head every Sunday morning, from the brigade camp into Harper's Ferry, to hear Mass at St. Peter's Church, and as he passed along he could plainly hear the scoffers say: 'There goes the foreign brigade with the Popish general at its head!' He smiled at such remarks, and was proud to lead the sons of the old land through the camp and town of Harper's Ferry to the old mother church, to hear Mass on Sunday morning. I have seen

Meagher kneeling in the mud at a twilight Mass when encamped before Fredericksburg, with a towel for a communion cloth under his chin, receiving the blessed sacrament — a model soldier and a model Christian."

You will perceive that during this thrilling recital there is no reference made to himself — modest and unassuming even to the grave.

Captain Horgan received his baptism of blood at Savage's Station, June 28, 1862. This engagement was a severe installation, but it was accepted with pluck and endurance by the recruits, for it must be remembered it was, to use a common phrase, the first time in their lives when they "smelled powder." The bravery of Horgan upon this occasion bordered upon the toes of recklessness. His men had unbroken confidence in him, and his unexcelled heroism gave courage to individual timidity. Where the sword of Meagher pointed there was promptly found that of Horgan at the head of his command. The more havoc perpetrated by hostile shell the more courageous and heedless of death, which thickly and momentarily surrounded him, he became, until finally, weakened from loss of blood, which freely flowed from a bullet wound in the foot, he sank in front of the enemy's guns. By friendly hands he was borne to a place of safety in the rear and placed in charge of the good sisters, who tenderly administered to the needs of the wounded. After the necessary rest and convalescence, we again find him, sword in hand, facing the rebels at Antietam, where the saucy, dashing little Tipperary man, Col. James Kavanagh, now of the Sixty-ninth New York National Guard, nobly distinguished himself. This engagement was more serious and fatal to Horgan's command, and, indeed, to the entire brigade, than their first or others intervening. The havoc was terrible. Human muscle was too feeble to withstand the awful and increasing shower of leaden hail and bayonets to which they were exposed, for it is recorded that here, on more than one occasion, the contestants were so close to each other that cold steel was brought into requisition. It was in this engagement that the gallant officer, Gen. Richardson, received the fatal bullet, from the effects of which he expired in the heat of the struggle. Horgan's company sustained fearful loss. In the many minor encounters preceding the bold and brilliant (reckless it may have been) charge at Mary's Heights, Horgan took no mean part.

It is not for me, in following up the services of my deceased friend in the brigade, to criticise the sanity, or question the intelligence, or integrity which prompted Burnside's desperate assault upon the inaccessible fortifications of Fredericksburg. The delicacy of that task remains for the keen pen of the military critic.

Prior to the fatal charge, which erased the camp-fire pictures of a regenerated Ireland, every member of the brigade wore an evergreen sprig; and the moment the bugle sounded the dreadful advance, silent resolve stifled the tide of native wit and mirth. The Irish flag, which on previous occasions heralded death to the rebels, once more was unfurled in its verdant beauty, and Meagher, God's noblest handiwork, with sword extended to high heaven, followed by the brigade, moved upon the formidable bulwark of the enemy. Up, up the dizzy Height, to sink or float, soared the banner of the *Gael*, while the breastworks

above seemed a belt of molten flame. Every step gained was consecrated by torrents of human gore. Still, ever responsive to duty's call, upward pressed the exiles, unmindful of the results. In vain, brave hearts, you toil, and tempt the gaping jaws of death. Your valor is, indeed, worthier of more equal odds, and more favorable effort; but the Sunburst, tattered and scorched, still bids you ascend, until, at length, further progress of the surviving few is choked by the multilated bodies of their comrades. The chivalrous martyrdom of this ill-matched combat called forth the admiration of even the Confederate officers, and won a testimonial in history to Irish courage, seconded only by the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Among the fallen and perishing victims of the painful assault was found the prostrate form of Patrick K. Horgan, who had been severely wounded in the hip. Of his company only two survived to join in Victory's Thanksgiving.

In remuneration for his heroic conduct during the campaign he was mustered out of the service as major, which title ever afterwards he was accorded by his numerous friends. After requisite rest and medical attention, not borne away by the merited greetings and flattery of a grateful nation, Major Horgan resumed business with even more favorable results than before the war. Shortly afterwards he got married, and he now leaves to mourn his loss a wife, one daughter, and five sons, two of whom succeed their father in business.

The seedlings of national independence planted by the young Irelanders in '48 began to peep over the surface of misrule in 1863, when the Phenix Society, organized in the heart of rebel Cork by O'Donovan Rossa, and a few sanguine companions, sprang into existence. These few pioneers of the national movement of to-day had attracted the attention of James Stevens, John O'Mahoney, and others in America, who had thought of infusing new life into the dissected corpse which the now Hon. Gavan Duffy left in the hands of quacks, and an alliance with the chosen few, who were then disturbing the peace of the throne, was promptly brought about. O'Donovan Rossa, who had already suffered for his unsubdued opposition to "Royalty," was the medium through whom the promising union was contracted, he having visited America for that purpose. The I. R. B. spread like a prairie fire throughout the length and breadth of the Republic, extending even beyond the line into the loyal borders of Canada.

This new, aggressive movement rekindled the old fire in the breast of Major Horgan. The anticipation of a fight with England brought him forth from apparent obscurity, and his sword was ever ready, did occasion summon it, to rescue the old land. But once more his hopes were foundered; the movement, so favorably inaugurated, terminated in disaster through individual jealousy, deceit, and finally, treason. Its leaders at home were seized and flung into prison, and the faction-mongers on this side of the water sank back into the nothingness whence they sprung, before universal disfavor and merited reproach. Still, not discouraged over the temporary demise of this great organization which alarmed the British Government, Horgan entertained his

first and earliest ideas of a physical solution of the Irish question up to the moment of his death. Adhering to those principles, and still clinging to the possibility of hostilities, he enlisted in the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, and on Dec. 2, 1878, was elected captain of Company "C." While reserved, and, generally speaking, non-communicative, unless in social communion, he had the respect of all who had the honor of his acquaintance. Few men had less enemies; and when abuse and censure strove to suppress the extreme views of the few which he shared, none had the daring to breathe a word of reflection against him. The present agitation he held aloof from, because he did not believe it would result in any practical benefit to Ireland.

Some five years ago, when O'Donovan Rossa's few venturesome Missioners were being hunted down, and tempting rewards for their capture scattered over the British dominions, Major Horgan having been approached, and upon learning of their helpless s tuation on the Continent through lack of means, he lifted a heavy weight from Rossa's brave heart by volunteering financial aid. Perceiving the terror struck into the old foe by the daring exploits of these few men, he went body and soul into the programme laid down by the Society of United Irishmen, adopting the doctrine of the Young Irelanders: "Better to die fighting than perish on the highway in sight of plenty."

In the recent dynamite disturbances in England, which, in his own words, forced the necessity upon Mr. Gladstone of immediate remedial measures for Ireland, Major Horgan's assistance, by voice and purse, was never wanting.

Upon a certain occasion, in Company "C's" room, Sixty-Ninth Regiment, the major, after listening to a brief history of the helplessness and appalling distress of the Irish people, which drew from him a graphical sketch of the scenes of 1848, with a flush of earnestness which light up his manly face, he closed the subject on hand in the following words:—

"Rather than defer the possibility of Ireland's deliverance for another, or succeeding generations, while the government in the so-called name of law are scientifically killing our people by an evident, well-organized method of periodical famine, I am in favor of the readiest, and most effective means, no matter how diabolical hypocrites may choose to dub it, to force the English garrison out of Ireland. By steel and rope and poison she has been seized and held, and, if it must be, by the self-same instrument every link of slavery shall be unfastened. The policy which you brave fellows have adopted has my hearty support." Subsequent events showed the sincerity of his words.

When the tragedy in the Phenix Park, Dublin, sent a thrill through the breasts of continental dynasties, and awoke the disapprobation of many earnest Irishmen, Horgan was not afraid of public opinion to express his accord with the act. When a mass meeting was convened at the Cooper Institute, presided over by the mayor of New York, to condole with terrified England, Major Patrick K. Horgan arose in his place among the audience to express his dissent, and upon being invited to a place on the platform he graciously accepted. He was not afraid, impolitic though it may have been, to meet the sea of surging faces that regarded him at first with indignation. He who had faced the hell-like

walls of Fredericksburg, did not flinch from performing the duty imposed upon him; and in unison with his feelings. After a brief and dispassionate condemnation of New York's flunky mayor, and the object of the meeting, he read a set of resolutions which divided the audience, and frustrated the purport of its mission. "England," said he, "has brought this upon her own shoulders. Atonement for the crimes of centuries has not been rendered; and when Heaven in its own good time sees fit, even in this mild form, to appease the vengeance invoked by the stream of martyrs' gore which crimsons every page of Irish history, then, I say, let England do her own felon setting." These words were rendered inaudible by the burst of applause, in which were mingled a few hisses, which shook the building, and drove the promoters of the gathering in disorder from the platform.

Though many of your readers may not endorse the extreme motive-power of the departed soldier, whose figure precedes this humble tribute, I trust they will, however, generously accord him the attributes of sincerity.

In local politics he took little if any interest, and yet in 1874 he was appointed School Trustee, which office he held for eleven years, during which period he was three times elected chairman of that body. On Jan. 30, 1883, he was honorably discharged from the Sixty-Ninth Regiment.

For a number of years, until Jan. 11, 1882, when he honorably retired, he was a member of the General Shield's Post, G. A. R., over which he was three times elected commander.

His health having been failing for some time, he decided on a trip to California to see his sister, Mrs. Hannah Connell, whom he had not met in thirty years, in the hope that change of air would build him up; but, alas, death pursued him, and would not now be robbed of its victim. Too often in front of danger he escaped its icy clutch, and evaded it until now, when we can least of all spare him.

At the time of his death he was accompanied by one of his sons, a fine, manly-looking fellow, in whom, with his brothers, let us hope, is transmitted the national spirit of their departed father.

EDWARD O'DONNELL.

THE authorities of China have issued proclamations calling on the people to live at peace with Christian missionaries and converts, and explaining that the Christian religion teaches men to do right, and should therefore be respected. The proclamation reminds them that by becoming converts to Christianity they do not cease to be Chinese. "Know, therefore," says one of the proclamations, "all men of whatsoever sort or condition, that the sole object of establishing chapels is to exhort men to do right; those who embrace Christianity do not cease to be Chinese, and both sides, therefore, should continue to live in peace and not let mutual jealousies be the cause of strife between them." The change has been brought about without any outside pressure.

Thy Will be Done.

With passionate prayer I pleaded: Lord
Thy promise is to me,
"Ask and thou shalt receive," I poured
My whole soul in my plea.

My God, to glad this earthly life,
One blessing I implore,
That mine, 'gainst human hate and strife
My heart may bar the door.

On bended knees I pleaded still:
Thy mercy is so great
That Thou canst stoop from heaven at will
To those of low estate.

My sinful voice can reach thy ear —
Through heaven's high hall it rings!
Or white-winged seraphs sweetly bear
My message 'neath their wings.

The stars had left the sky, the dawn
Glowed faintly in the east,
The time of sleep and dreams was gone,
Ere my petition ceased.

The day had come; all through its hours
I looked, and looked in vain,
I found not there the wished-for flowers,
I found but weeds of pain.

The boon I craved I found not there.
The day I thought would bring
Dear hope and love and sunshine fair
Had brought but sorrow's sting.

And when again night's shadows slept
On darkened hill and plain,
Despair into my bosom crept,
My heart could not sustain

Such weight of woe; and now I prayed
What I forgot before,
My God, "Thy will be done," I said,
I ask for nothing more.

If Thou withholdest aught from me,
Thy purposes are wise,
In their mysterious ministry
Thy love I recognize.

Thou, only, knowest what is best;
To thine, my will I bend,
In Thy dear love content and blest
And safe unto the end.

Mary Grant O'Sheridan.

Teachers, Parents and Children.

The *Catholic Youth*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has these practical thoughts for parents, teachers and children. Too much care cannot be taken of the atmospheric condition of the class rooms in our parochial schools. Too much heat is as bad as too much cold, and in these winter months there is an inclination to sin by the first of these excesses. Sickness may be the result, or, if not, the hot little heads will not do much brain work in such an atmosphere. Proper airing of the class room is of as much importance as the daily lessons children recite or study.

Too much attention cannot be paid by parents to the home study of their children. They should see each day that the studies required for the following school day are faithfully learned, and that no time is wasted in play or unnecessary recreation. Parents, besides, should not require their children to do work around the house, which could be done by careful arrangement at some other time than that which should be occupied by their children in the study of their school lessons.

Constant and steady work in the school-room and at home is what counts in gaining an education. The fits and starts may be of service

for the moment and appear brilliant, but they die out. They are of the same nature as sparks from a fire, and never make a permanent blaze nor throw a steady heat. By constant, steady work a boy or girl, with the smallest talents, can always maintain an honorable place in a class, and sometimes even can surpass brighter pupils not only in the pursuit of knowledge, but also in worldly avocations afterward. They are foolish young people who will neglect the golden moments of their school days, and enter into the business of life ignorant of its importance and unprepared to conduct it to a success.

The only pleasure teachers can find in the exercise of their profession is to have classes that will study and obey their commands in the matter of conduct and general deportment. Teaching is a dull, tedious, wearing work, which the world is just beginning to realize and to compensate, yet it is the most important and most necessary of works. Without it the world would lie in ignorance and with it the world is elevated to a plane of light which knows no darkness. Men point with pride to some great structure an architect has built; but the human structure educated and trained to understand the object of its existence, and to live to gain that object, is a work far exceeding the productions of the highest skill or genius.

Famed Fontenoy.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

As attendants at lyceums and histrionic performances have time and again heard recited this celebrated piece, the annexed account will be of interest to our readers, which we find contributed by Alfred Webb to the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*: —

Ever since I first read Davis' "Fontenoy," and that is a good many years ago, I wished to visit the scene of the battle which he so vividly describes. It was one of those wishes held somewhat indefinitely and impractically. However, this year, travelling on the Continent, I determined to gratify it. My historical studies have not led me to entertain much sympathy for the causes in which the Irish Brigade principally figured, least of all the wars of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. But they were my countrymen, driven into the service of Continental Powers by cruel oppression at home. I can never forget their history or their bravery, how —

> The land of their hearts' blood they never saw more;
> For on far distant fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
> Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

Returning, then, last week from Germany via Cologne, we left the main line at Liege, went on to Namur, and had a delightful run up the valley of the Meuse to Givet. The scenery is pleasing, and we hope some time to explore it, perhaps taking Dinant as a centre. Givet is

a bright little French town, strongly fortified, overlooked by a great citadel, and guarded by outworks on the opposite side of the river. As we rattled over the drawbridge and through the fortifications, we thought of Peter Simple and O'Brien's escape therefrom. [I hope many of your readers have taken as much enjoyment out of Marryat's novel as I have.] Next day we passed through the "forest" of the Ardennes, and reached Tournay in time from dinner. Fontenoy is four miles from Tournay. We drove there. It was a fine afternoon. Tournay is the centre of pottery and tile industry. We passed a number of large manufactories and some fine villas. Crossing the Escaut, up which some of those exquisitely neat and gayly painted Dutch boats were being towed by teams of horses, we entered the small town of St. Antoine. There the Prince de Ligne has a chateau, the tower of which must command a view of the surrounding country. We called on his steward to obtain permission to ascend this tower, but were informed that as the prince was then at home such permission could not be accorded. Half a mile of open cultivated country separates St. Antoine from Fontenoy. There we interviewed sundry of the inhabitants — the smith working at his forge, an old man leading a cow drawing a harrow, a plowman, a pleasant girl who kept the neat public house, and who left her sewing-machine to answer our questions. All we could get out of any of them was that a great battle had been fought there — that this was Fontenoy, that that was St. Antoine, and that there in the distance was De Barri's wood. We then called on the curé; he was very civil, but could not tell us much more, so we had to fall back on the meagre information afforded in a "Tournay Guide," which we had bought in the town, and on my recollection of Davis' poem.

The battle of Fontenoy was fought on the 11th of May, 1745, between the French and the Irish Brigade under Louis XV. and the combined army of the Austrians, Dutch, and English. The immediate object of the battle was the possession of Tournay. The French army was drawn up behind Fontenoy, with St. Antoine on its right and the wood on its left. We have all read of the amenities with which the contest opened. "Gentlemen of the French Guard," cried Lord Hay to the enemy, "fire!" — "Fire yourselves, we never fire first," rejoined Count Auteroche, commanding the French Grenadiers. The assaults on the French position by the allies were at first unsuccessful. Then the British advancing in a square, carried all before them, and the day would have been lost but for the intrepidity of the Irish Brigade and the French Reserves. In proportion to the number engaged it was one of the most hotly contested and bloodiest battles of the time. It is said to Louis XV.'s credit, that, wishing to inspire the Dauphin with a horror of war, he brought him over the field in the evening and said, "See, my son, what a miserable thing is a victory."

Let us now turn to Davis, and quote such lines from his poem as I can throw light upon: —

> Thrice at the huts of Fontenoy the English column failed.

Fontenoy is a scattered village of some twenty or thirty for the

most part one-storied cottages, roofed with red tiles. The graveyard in which, probably, most of the dead were buried, stands at the crossroads about the centre of the village. Possibly the church and house are much as they were as the time of the battle. Rows of pollard willows are planted here and there. The inhabitants appeared poor; the insides of the houses were neat.

And thrice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed.

St. Antoine is a well-built, clean, prosperous place of three thousand inhabitants, the chief town of a small district, and a railway station. Its streets slope somewhat steeply down from the battle-field to the Escaut. I could not perceive any trace of earthworks — probably they were only thrown up for the occasion. In the centre of the town, near the chateau before mentioned, are the ruins of what is said to have been the residence of the lords of the district, built in the twelfth century.

For tower and slope were filled with fort and artillery.

The forts consisted doubtless of the old castle, and of a ruined windmill we could perceive on the opposite side of the river. According to my information the French during the battle had a battery of six pieces stationed beside this mill, whence they kept up a galling fire upon the enemy over Fontenoy.

As vainly through De Barri's wood the British soldiers burst.

De Barri's wood consists apparently of pine trees. It is three-fourths of a mile from Fontenoy. Probably it has been much cut away within the past one hundred and thirty years.

Steady they step adown the slope, steady they climb the hill.

The "slope" and the "hill" are not much more than the ordinary undulations in a gentle rolling country. There is nothing precipitous or marked about them. But we know how much a very slight elevation or depression counts for in warfare.

And on the open plain above they rose and kept their course.

* * * * * * * *

Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wrack.

The plain of the battle-field is now bare and under cultivation — no hedges or ditches of any kind. The roads pass over it as a private road passes through a demesne with us. The different properties must be well defined in some way, but there is no appearance of the divisions. This country looked parched and desolate, especially to eyes accustomed to our dear land of "green valley and rushing river." Potatoes and turnips were still in the ground; here and there the eye was somewhat relieved by patches of vetch. For the most part the ground was dry and dusty, and the people were busily engaged in preparing for winter crops, with their wooden harrows and rude plows drawn by cows and horses. From the plain we could see down into St. Antoine, and across the river to the spires and houses of the adjacent city. It was a pleas-

ant drive back to Tournay in the cool of the evening. After tea we strolled out through the town. The moon lit up the four spires of the noble cathedral and the graceful clock tower. It was pleasant to think that before many days were over we would see it shining on Irish soil. After all Tournay is not so far from home. Leaving there at 9:20 yesterday morning, we might have reached Dublin in a little over twenty hours.

Work and Habits.

If the Knights of Labor can infuse in the mass of the organization the same ideas of personal habits as are voluntarily acted on by the managers, they will do much to improve the status of workingmen, whether laborers or mechanics. There already has been much improvement in this respect, the change being attributable to more intelligent estimates of the value of good habits than those which prevailed a generation ago. It was considered not unusual for a first-class workman to have his periodical sprees, and to be a free liver in the coarser meaning of the term; indeed, the union of loose habits and the reputation for competence to do a good job appeared to be natural and expected. "Blue Mondays" were common, the best workmen not putting in an appearance until Tuesday, requiring a day to get over the weekly debauch. Such men appeared to consider that their skill as mechanics entitled them to a license that was injurious to themselves and harmful to the employer's interests.

But the employers tire of these practices, and the dissipated workman cannot so readily assume on his skill as an excuse for his bad habits; the old notion of the union of drunkenness and duty, of immorality and ability, of high pay and low habits, is exploded. One of the most competent and efficient foundry foremen the writer ever knew lost his place in the establishment where he managed nearly fifty men, and his caste in the community, by his persistent practice of intemperate drinking. Said the manager, shortly after his dismissal: "I hardly know how to fill his place. There are not half a dozen men in the country who are his equals in the mixing of irons, the tempering of sand, and the carefulness of general management. I never lost a casting under him of the value of ten dollars. But I needed him six days in the week, and I paid for his coolness, his judgment, and his full capacity. I do not require my men to become total abstainers, although some might benefit by that method; but I do want their intelligent work."

It may be a necessity that employs unreliable skill and presumptive talent, but employers will apply a remedy as soon as they can. The workman may be certain that personal good character and personal good habits are compatible with steadiness in work and skill in handling tools. There is no proper show of independence in working five days and loafing two days because the man is a first-class mechanic,

and can assume on that fact and the forbearance of his employer. One of the best, as well as one of the largest establishments for building machinery in this country has its own temperance organization in the shape of a mutual improvement society, and the proprietors justly boast that they have the best *personnel* of any shop of an equal number of hands. There are no "blue Mondays" in this establishment.

Scientific American.

The Apostles of the Lepers.

A LONELY island far away,
The leprous isle of Molokai —
The people doomed to certain death—
Is haply blest with Christian faith;
And priest and people there to-day
Adore the Lord in Molokai.

Where shall the missionary go
His truest love for Christ to show?
Among the Indian of the plain,
Cannibal, or barbarian?
No; naught but danger threatens there,
He asks a higher, greater care.
Go, seek the spot where death holds sway,
The loathsome land of Molokai;
Go, sooth and heal, and work and pray,
Amid the sick at Molokai.

What Christian branch, or faith, or creed,
Can meet the leper's sorest need?
The old faith, the old faith and true,
Which is, and shall be, ever new,
While men exist, and souls are dear,
And Christ's disciples labor here.
That church and faith whose priests are known
From pole to pole and zone to zone.
Those priests whose love and zeal and care,
Clean and unclean alike may share.
And none of greater love than they
Who guard the flock at Molokai.

W. A. CARNEY.

WE must not desire all to begin by perfection. It matters little how one begins, provided he be resolved to go on well, and end well. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

Notes on Foreign Travel.

TURIN, GENOA, PISA.

THE first city of note at which the tourist through Italy lingers for a day or two is Turin, though there is but little in the place of an artistic or historical interest to induce him to prolong his stay. In some respects it bears a marked resemblance to some of our American cities, being laid out in the modern fashion after a regular plan. The streets intersect each other at right angles. Blocks of houses, square or rectangular in form, and five or six stories high, give it the appearance, when viewed from a height, of an immense chess-board. Owing to this regularity of form its general aspect is monotonous, and lacks the picturesqueness for which nearly every Italian city is distinguished.

Its provincialism is seen at a glance in the monuments erected to the memory of its famous men, few of whom enjoy a national reputation,— being Piedmontese rather than Italian. The artistic effect of these monuments is much impaired by blotches of black color here and there on the marble, altering the expression and effacing the main outlines of the form. As similar defects are observable in the public monuments of London and Dublin, the cause would appear to lie in the moistness of the climate.

The principal streets of Turin converge in a large central square lined with rich, elegantly furnished stores and bordered by arcades. These at night are brilliantly lighted up, and are the resort of large crowds, sipping their wine and enjoying the fine music after the manner of the Parisians. In the summer evenings swarms of bats may be seen flitting uneasily up and down, winding in and out among the pillars, not unlike the spirits of the dead nobles and princes who built these palaces, and who, as one might fancy, still haunt the scenes of their former greatness.

The guide-books recommend a visit to the palace of the Piedmontese kings for the sake of its grand halls hung with mirrors, though one must have a plentiful stock of admiration before wasting any on the cheap glitter and gaudy decorations of a modern *maison de luxe*. In the royal armory, however, is a numerous collection of ancient and modern weapons,— among the number, a buckler and sword-hilt exquisitely wrought by the hand of Benvenuto Cellini, whose statue of Perseus holding the head of Medusa, in the old ducal palace of Florence, no one who has seen can ever forget.

Behind the main altar of the cathedral, and communicating with the palace, is the chapel of the Santo Sudario, so called because reputed to contain a portion of the winding sheet in which the body of our Lord was wrapt when laid in the grave. This chapel is perhaps the only religious edifice in Turin worth seeing. It is circular in form, and surmounted by a cupola, resting on columns of black marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze. Ranged along the walls, which are encrusted with slabs of green marble, are the tombs, adorned with statues,

of the princes of the House of Savoy. An air of solemn gloom invests the whole building, comporting well with the purpose which it serves — that of a mortuary chapel.

As the train sweeps out from Turin, and advances into the heart of the country, we begin to understand why Italy is called the "garden of Europe." In the distance, clearly outlined against a sky of azure, the Alps tower aloft, sharp-pointed and precipitous or sloping downward in graceful undulations, their flanks clothed with a thick growth of verdant forests. Along the sides of the hills are seen groups of white houses, clustered round the ruins of an ancient castle, the haunt of some powerful baron and his predatory vassals when feudalism held sway in the land. Beautiful villas appear from time to time, enclosed by hedges of the prickly cactus, and embosomed in groves of orange and citron, with an occasional palm-tree shooting up straight as an arrow, and surmounted by its crown of dense, over-nanging foliage — the scene set off by a gorgeous emblazonment of color to delight the eye of an artist; the dazzling whiteness of the snow on the far-off mountains, the sombre green of the forests relieved by a lighter shade of olive, the golden fruit of the orange and the lemon peering out through the leaves, the dark, reddish brown of the rocks and cliffs — the whole overhung by a canopy of intensest blue, which melts away into softer and more subdued tones in the glassy waters of the Mediterranean.

But amid all this magnificence of natural scenery, we are still not permitted to forget that we are in a land which is the cradle and native home of art. Many a wayside dwelling, poor and dilapidated enough in outer appearance, one sees adorned with paintings of columns and decorated with frescos, which would not be out of place in buildings of a far more pretentious character. And now the smooth, well-paved roads, bordered with trees proclaim our near approach to some important city, and soon we behold in the distance the towers and marble palaces of "Genoa the Superb."

Through long, narrow, dimly-lighted streets, not over clean, between rows of tall houses,—the lower floors of which are given over to miserable shops and drinking-saloons frequented by porters and sailors,—we drove to our hotel, which we found situated in a remote quarter of the city, overlooking the sea. Like many of the hotels in Italy it must have been built originally for a palace, judging from the lofty and spacious halls, the frescos and decorations on walls and ceiling, the floors and staircases and balustrades of glistening white marble. From the windows of our room we looked out on a striking and animated scene,— the long, sweeping curve of the quays fringed with a forest of masts rising sheer into the air, laden with merchandise, and alive with a busy throng; two large piers extending far out into the water, as a protection against the heavy swells which come rolling in from the sea; a mountain bristling on the summit and sides with fortifications, and overlooking the vast natural basin which forms the harbor; with steamers and sailing vessels of all sizes entering the port or sailing out into the Mediterranean, which stretched away beneath us far as eye could see.

A stroll about the streets of Genoa affords an inexhaustible source of interest and delight to the tourist. Only an active and untiring

pedestrian would think of exploring the labyrinth of lanes and alleys of the suburbs, which, winding their way between lofty, shabby-looking houses, whose squalor is still further increased by intricate networks of clothes-lines, their ragged burdens fluttering in the breeze. In striking contrast with these wretched dwellings are the noble palaces, built by the Genoese patricians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which adorn some of the principal streets. Unlike the palaces of Venice in picturesqueness and originality of design, and destitute of that air of mediæval gloom and sternness for which those of Florence are distinguished, the palaces of Genoa still possess a character of elegance and sumptuousness peculiarly their own, which, however, is slightly marred by the narrowness of the streets along which they are built. Some of them, especially those on the outskirts of the city, seem given over to neglect and decay, and are fast crumbling into ruin. A hideous coating of yellow paint tries to hide the ravages of time. In the once splendid chambers, now deserted, in which the titled nobles of Genoa held high festival, the spider weaves his web and the owl hoots at night, hearing no sound but the echo of his own weird cry. From the broad and lofty terraces in front of many of these ancient palaces fine views are to be had of the city. But it is only when seen from the harbor that one can realize how justly Genoa is called the "Superb." The city is built on a number of small hills rising one above the other and sloping gradually down to the sea. As may readily be conceived such a favorable site affords many a coign of vantage for an effective display of the architectural magnificence of its marble structures.

The churches are chiefly interesting for the mixed style of architecture in which they are built. They exhibit traces of Gothic influence in the arched portals sustained by small columns, and in the stain-glass rose-windows of the choir; while the alternate bands of black and white marble (a style of decoration borrowed from the Arabian mosques) which line the exterior, testify to the influence of the Orient. Mean and unimpressive on the outside as many of the Genoese churches are, within one is dazzled by the blaze of color and the splendor of the decoration. Roofs aglow with gilt bronze are seen resting on twisted columns of veined marble, of alabaster and porphyry, the pedestals adorned with sculptures in high relief of scenes from sacred history.

On the route from Genoa to Pisa a succession of tunnels is encountered, sixty-two in number, within a distance of nearly as many miles. Over bridges and viaducts innumerable the train swept on from one tunnel to another, till the sense ached with the sudden transitions from black gloom to the dazzling glare of an Italian sun. In the open spaces between the tunnels appeared glimpses of the Mediterranean, like visions of beauty seen in dreams of the night. The broad expanse of that historic sea, dotted here and there with white sails and rippled with multitudinous smiles, lay basking in the sunlight, as if enjoying the regular Italian *dolce far niente*, — breaking, the while, with scarce a murmur on its sands of a dark brown hue. The train stopped for a moment at Cararra, affording a view of the quarries in the distance. Huge slate-colored pinnacles towered aloft, cleaving an azure sky, with masses of grayish mist between, casting a deep shadow on the white

blocks of stone which seemed to leap and tumble down the sides of the jagged cliffs like a cataract of marble. A rather complicated series of signals had to be gone through with before the train could start out from the depots of the little country villages. The conductor pipes on a tiny whistle; the ticket-agent tinkles a little bell attached to the front of the depot; a pompous person in uniform blows a blast on a horn; the engineer gives a toot on the whistle of the locomotive, and the train moves on.

In the year 1284 B.C., at the naval battle of Meloria, the Pisan fleet was destroyed by the Genoese — and so great was the number of captives that a common saying through Italy was: "If you want to see Pisa you must go to Genoa." But there were some things in Pisa which the Genoese, even as conquerors and spoilers, could not carry away, whose permanent presence has secured for the city a distinct character of its own, and made of it a place of pilgrimage for all lovers of Christian art. These are the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo, and the Leaning Tower.

Outside the city limits, in a large open space, unintruded on by buildings of meaner aspect, and apart from the noise and bustle of the crowded throng, these marble monuments repose side by side in quiet and majestic beauty. So completely isolated are they that the beholder takes in at a glance the exquisite proportions of their architecture. The hand of the restorer has not marred or defaced their outlines, and they stand to-day as they were built seven or eight hundred years ago, at a period when, to use the words of Vasari, "the Pisans were at the summit of their greatness and their power, masters of Sardinia, Corsica, and Elba, their city the abode of noble and enterprising citizens, and filled with the spoils and trophies of conquest brought from the remote countries of the East."

For the Cathedral let the reader conceive a building about 310 feet long, 250 feet broad, 109 feet high, in the form of a Latin cross, crowned at the intersection of the nave and transepts with a cupola, which is decorated with a range of semicircular arches, resting on slender and graceful marble columns. The façade is composed of a series of arcades, five in number, rising tier on tier, the first three extending the whole length of the building, and made up of nineteen columns; the remaining two of lesser length, and composed of only eight columns, the topmost with a triangular gable, crowned by statues on both sides and on the summit.

The interior of the Duomo is no less striking and impressive. Four rows of Corinthian columns, brought from Elba and Giglio, surmounted by arcades, divide the nave into five aisles; while an equal number of Corinthian columns, the spoils of ancient Greek and Roman buildings, divide the transept into an equal number of aisles. As the eye takes in the various details of the interior, the harmonious glow of coloring, the exquisite proportions of the lines and surfaces, the forest of pillars and columns — the mind is filled with a sense of the solemn and religious character of the edifice.

It is the work of a young nation, awaking to a consciousness of its power, teeming with images of beauty, native and acquired, and desirous

of giving expression in marble to its religious faith and devotion. The elements of different orders of architecture find a place in this monument of Christian art: the Corinthian column typical of the grace and elegance of the Greek spirit; the arch symbolizing the massive strength of its Roman inventors; the cupola, testifying to the influence of the domed churches of Byzantium; the style of decoration in alternate squares of black and white marble, borrowed from the mosques of Palermo; while the exquisite tracery of birds and fruits and flowers with which the doors, and in some instances the walls and pillars, are embroidered attests the rich exuberance of Gothic fancy.

It would seem at first sight, in contemplating this singular cluster of buildings, that the architect, despairing of being able to combine in one structure compartments for the various uses and functions of a Christian church, had resolved to erect separate and distinct buildings — the Duomo, for divine worship; the Baptistery for the administration of baptism; the Campanile or Leaning Tower for a chime of bells; and the Campo Santo for the burial of the dead. But in the Greek church, it would appear, the baptistery, as a hall or chapel in which the catechumens were instructed and the sacrament of baptism administered, was often built apart from the church itself; and the Pisans, brought into contact with the East by war and commerce, may have carried back with them to their native city this idea of the baptistery as a separate and distinct building.

The Pisan Baptistery is a circular building 100 feet in diameter and 190 feet high, crowned with a dome, surrounded by rows of semicircular arches, and clothed on the outside with slabs of white marble. In the interior the most striking feature is the celebrated octagonal pulpit, supported by marble columns. Three of these rest on white marble lions which are intended to represent, after the manner of mediæval symbolism, the awe-inspiring power of religion. This beautiful work of art is remarkable for the curious combination of Gothic forms with classic details. The carvings on the sides, representing scenes from scriptural history, are by the celebrated Nicolas Pisano, an artist who had done more, perhaps, than any one else to bring about that "new birth" of the plastic arts which has filled Italy with so many works of unrivalled beauty. One sees at a glance that the artist had emancipated himself from the stiffness and unreality of earlier sculpture, without detracting from the purity and religious spirit of his art. His Madonnas in particular, by the beauty of their modelling and grace of attitude, are full of human feeling and soft loveliness — perfect embodiments of the Catholic ideal of the Virgin Mother.

The Campo Santo was built for a cemetery, and consecrated to the great men of Pisa. The soil is sacred, having been borne in the Pisan galleys from Mount Calvary, and deposited within the precincts of the cemetery, to form a bed worthy of Christian crusaders to lie in. The building is rectangular in form, with a cloistered court in the interior, surrounded by porticos. Along the walls are a multitude of funeral monuments, ancient sarcophagi, busts, inscriptions, and statues. A succession of slender and graceful columns, springing as lightly from the ground as if they were the outcome of natural growth, support the

arches, into which rose-windows are fitted, designed in a variety of exquisitely beautiful forms. In the elegance and simplicity of its proportions, in the air of cloistered serenity which pervades the place, it is worthy to serve as the final resting-place for the noble dead of a free Christian city.

The frescos of the Campo Santo are famous in the history of painting. Those on the south side, the Last Judgment and the Triumph of Death, are the most remarkable and interesting of the series. A comparison of these frescos with the carvings on the pulpit of the Pisan Baptistery will serve to show how far in advance of painting was the sister art of sculpture at this early period. The intense realism of the paintings in the Campo Santo might appear excessive were it not for the deep religious sentiment which underlies them. In the Last Judgment the painter would seem to have drawn his inspiration from Dante. His fiends are the fiends of Dante, not so much imagined as *seen* by the mind's eye, not veiled in mysterious gloom, but visibly horrible and grotesque: —

E vidi dietro a noi un diaval nero
Correndo su per lo scoglio venire.
Ahi quant 'egli era nell' aspetto fiero!
E quanto mi parea nell' atto acerbo,
Con l'ali aperte e sovre i pie leggiero!
L'omero suo ch'era acuto e superbo
Carcava un peccator con ambo l'anche,
Ed ei tenea de pie ghermito il nerbo.

Inferno, Canto xxi.

"Behind me I beheld a devil black
That running up, advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant, outstretched, and feet of nimblest tread,
His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast."

The other mural painting — which is known as the Triumph of Death — may be regarded as a sort of pictorial illustration of the text of scripture: "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity." It represents a cavalcade of knights and ladies at the foot of a mountain, grouped in expressive attitudes of consternation and disgust at the spectacle of the corpses of three kings in varying stages of decay. In sharp contrast with the pomps and vanities of the world, are the figures of monks and hermits engaged in prayer, and typifying the ascetic, contemplative life of the true Christian. Scythe in hand, Death mows down his human harvests, sparing, by a cruel irony, those who pray for his coming, and smiting those who seek to fly his approach — with the grave as the end of all things, into which are huddled, in a promiscuous heap, popes and bishops, kings and queens, with their tiaras and their croziers, their sceptres and their crowns. Perhaps the fittest interpretation in words of these old paintings may be found in the archaic verse of Piero Plowman: —

"The lord that lyved after lust — tho aloud cryde —
Death cam dryvynge after — and al to duste passhed,
Kynges and knyghtes — kaysers and popes,

Manye a lovely lady — and lemmans of knyghtes
Swowned and swelted for sorwe of hise dyntes."

Various reasons have been assigned for the peculiar formation of the Leaning Tower. Some say it is the result of accident — an earthquake or the yielding nature of the soil on which it is built. Goethe's explanation, which does not seem very probable, and which cannot be said to apply to the Pisan Campanile, is, that in old times every important family possessed a tower. This, when vertical, became a familiar object, and attracted no particular notice. "A leaning tower was built; architect and owner obtained their object; the mass of upright towers are just glanced at, and all hurry on to examine the leaning one."

Be this as it may, the effect which the Leaning Tower of Pisa produces on the beholder is disagreeable, because disquieting. From the very nature of the art, any work of architecture which does not create an impression of strength and durability can only be set down as a failure, which no skill, however great in the construction, can atone for, and no mere love of singularity can justify.

Between Pisa and Rome the route by rail lies along the shores of the Mediterranean. Projecting far out into its calm waters may be seen rocky promontories, carved into all manner of strange shapes, at times like couchant lions, again like the sharp-pointed prows of the old Pisan galleys. On the opposite side, to the left, appear lofty ranges of well-wooded mountains, snow-clad at the summit, opening up into deep and narrow valleys, with quiet marble villages nestling between, and rendered still more picturesque by the peculiar bell-towers with which the roofs of the little country churches were crowned. On one of these, as the train stopped for a moment, the writer caught the inscription: —

"Expulsis tenebris, splendoribus recreat orbem."

In many instances the hills overlooking the Mediterranean were cultivated in vine-clad terraces rising one above the other, having the appearance of vast amphitheatres, built expressly for the purpose of witnessing a sea-fight in the waters below. Scarlet geraniums and oleanders blazed in the open air, heightening by their warm tints the superb display of color with which earth and sea and sky were frescoed. Here is a bit of landscape as seen from the cars: an inlet of green and azure water with a single white sail; a village of red and yellow marble looking serenely down upon it; vineyards, tier on tier, climbing the sides of the hills; above and beyond these, a range of purple mountains; still farther away in the distance, towering, snow-clad peaks, overhung by dense masses of fleecy clouds.

Various signs there are which in Italy, as in almost every other country, indicate the traveller's near approach to some important city. Smooth, well-paved roads, bordered by trees, and thickly lined with houses, lead up to the city gates. Fields of wheat and corn give way to gardens planted with fruit-trees and flowers. An increased circulation is noticed of wayfarers on foot, in wagons, or on horseback. But Rome is an exception. The roads leading to it are almost deserted. It cannot be said to have any suburbs. A vast, undulating plain, seamed by long lines of acqueducts in ruins and covered with rank yellow grass, encircles the city with a belt of desolation. Here and there a few shepherds' huts

may be seen scattered around among a number of low hills, clothed with stunted trees, down whose sides streamlets trickle and lie in brackish pools at their feet.

It was the Roman Campagna; and now looming up in the evening air appeared the domes and towers of the "queen city of the world." With strange heart-beats of emotion, induced by the flood of recollections which rushed in upon the mind, the writer gazed on the wonderful old city — the evening shadows investing it with that air of hoar antiquity which best comports with its history.

> " Those walls have girded in great ages
> And sent forth mighty spirits. The past earth
> And present phantom of imperious Rome
> Is peopled with these warriors; and methinks
> They flit along the Eternal City's ramparts
> And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy hands
> And beckon us on."

Perch'e morta, ha vita — "because it is dead, it lives," said a poet of the Renaissance of Michelangelo's statue of Night, in the chapel of the Medici at Florence. The same is true of old Rome — the grave of buried civilizations of great men whose dust has mingled with its soil, and whose profound sleep has remained undisturbed under the drums and tramplings of many conquests. Immortal life, too, looking down on the crumbling memorials of decay and death! — for is not Rome the central seat of an institution which saw "the smoke of sacrifice rise from the Pantheon, and camelopards and tigers bound in the Flavian amphitheatre," and which still survives in undiminished vigor, amid the wreck of kingly and imperial thrones, and all the changes and vicissitudes of time?

J. C.

Ireland is a Good Land.

IMPROVISED ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

I.

Oh! Ireland is a good land — no better e'er was seen;
A blue sky stretches o'er her, and all her fields are green.
She is the home of gallant hearts, in joy and sorrow, gay;
So here's God bless dear Ireland, tho' we are far away!

II.

Oh! Ireland is a fair land — the fairest 'neath the sun;
Such hills and vales and lakes and streams his rays fall not upon.
Her fields and fells are flowery from the centre to the shore;
Then God be with old Ireland, tho' we never see her more!

JAMES KEEGAN.

Ireland's Proudest Glory.

THERE is a little spot of earth in the bosom of the sea to which her children are passionately attached. There the fields are ever green, with a freshness reflected in the constant love of her patriot sons. The soil is fertile, and everywhere is to be found "the dear little shamrock," — that magic plant, so intimately connected with the religious history of our native land — so honored and revered by Irishmen at home and abroad.

Looking upon a map of the world, a mere speck marks its position and relative size. Yet what honor attaches itself to the island indicated by that tiny point, it exceeds the power of words to say. You will be told of its ancient greatness — great and old when more pretentious lands were as if they were not, civilized when the darkness of ignorance hung like a mighty pall upon the rest of Europe. You will hear of her law-givers and her minstrels — for poetry with her sister song were not divorced from nor estranged by sterner companionship. You will learn of a time when the awful mysteries of heathen rites were performed under the sacred cover of the spreading oak. The skill of her artificers, too, will be to you an awakening of wonderment, as it has astonished even those versed in the antiquities of many lands. There are existing monuments to evidence a perfection in the mechanical arts, that no mist of sophistry can hide, no power of argument can overthrow. And you will be told of another glory that surrounds the fair fame of our native land — how a powerful neighboring state sought, but sought in vain, to bring about her political subjugation. Shock after shock will be given to your innate sense of right, at the bare recital of the barbarous means to compass the unholy end, and you will be forced to doubt the universal application of the *dictum* that "all is fair in war." But delight will chase delight in quick succession, on learning that failure has ever crowned these foul attempts, and you will rejoice to find that, after centuries of butchering and slaughter, the work of subjugation is still to be done, for Ireland stands to-day, with better truth than ever, "unconquered and unconquerable." And yet not half the tale is told, for glory, greater still and more ennobling, remains.

Whilst yet the Christian era was young, the successor of St. Peter sent missionaries to Ireland with his paternal benediction. Pope Celestine favored the distant mission of St. Patrick. The faith was sown, but not in the blood of martyrs. Such blessed rain fell not upon such seed divine. And oh! what a striking contrast between the conquest made by Christianity, and that sought to be effected by a jealous neighbor. Of our Saint, it may be truly said, "he came, he saw, he conquered," for, within the lifetime of the apostle, the whole island was brought under the "sweet yoke" of the religion of the Crucified, and since that happy day, when the most western part of the then known world was included within the fold of Christ, no part of the church bore so unswerving and so loving an attachment to the person of our chief

Pastor, the Holy Father, as that portion of his flock in sea-girt Erin. In return for the blessings conferred by Christianity, Irishmen brought the light of the gospel into many of the countries of Europe. Our shores became the hospitable home of learning, and piety kept pace with the rapid march of knowledge. In a word, Ireland won for herself the proud title of "The Island of Saints and Sages." Foreigners flocked to her schools, as to the emporiums of knowledge. There were to be found those treasuries of science, — those heaven-sent gifts, which diminish not in being bestowed on others, and which were so freely placed at the disposal of the votaries of learning. Such was Ireland for some centuries after the planting of Christianity. The alphabets of St. Patrick had developed into every department of knowledge, sacred and profane; the simple grandeur of his heavenly doctrines found worthy expression in the net-work of convents and monasteries that covered the land.

But an evil day came for Ireland. Foreign invasion and domestic strife laid waste her fertile fields, and the best energies of our talented people were suffered or compelled to lie dormant and unused. Sovereignty and civilization gave place to ignorance and foreign rule. Right after right of her nationhood was relinquished. But the faith remained, which Danish power nor Saxon gold could corrupt or take away. The powers of earth and hell were leagued together. The ways and means were of infernal making; but all in vain, for the hand of God was with us. Hence, we proudly sing to-day, as felt our sires of old: —

> "Faith of our fathers living still,
> In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword."

The evil work of penal days is being gradually undone. Our religion has been emancipated, and we are returning to our old fame, we are acquiring our ancient glory anew.

The early history of Christian Ireland is a record of times and deeds of which the proudest states might envy the possession. She was the setting sun, whence rays of missionary lights radiated to illumine the greater part of Europe. The names of Irish saints revered and honored in the great cities of the continent, as well as in those places remarkable as being the centres of intellectual activity, would make a goodly list. But is not like glory due to the Ireland of to-day? Mid the millions who speak the English tongue, is not the Irish missionary doing the work, so nobly done by his countrymen for the continent, when Ireland was the island of saints and scholars? Let the mighty fabric of the church in America and Australia bear testimony, as also the hopeful if more humble appearances of restored hierarchies nearer home.

The exiles of Erin, forced to seek elsewhere the means of living denied at home, became the pioneers of Catholicity in the far West. Thither they took with them the precious gift of the faith, thither they bore those lessons of religion and morality, taught and practised in the old country by their pious parents, whilst life was yet for them all sunshine — entirely free from care. Under the genial influence of security, these seeds fructified into fruit exceeding great, and every

Irish family became the nucleus of a Catholic community. The want of pastors to look after the spiritual concerns was soon felt. They naturally looked homewards, and sought amongst their countrymen across the mighty ocean for a suitable remedy. Nor did they look in vain. The youthful ecclesiastic, like our great apostle of old, heard "the voice of the Irish." From the New Ireland beyond the heaving Atlantic the cry was heard, "Come, oh, priest of God, come, and work amongst us!" The words fell on sympathetic ears, they appealed to the levite's early fervor, and with the alacrity of another St. Patrick, he loosed the ties of home, he parted from his kindred, and all those associations which bind us to our native land were sundered. He blessed his mother on the day of his ordination, now she blesses him as she looks upon his manly form, perhaps for the last time. Oh, these Irish mothers! none shall know their goodness or their greatness, till the day comes when all shall be revealed! His father's heart is well-nigh broken at the parting, yet still he offers no resistance to the far-off mission of his darling son. No: he gives his child willingly to God, and prays a father's blessing. His sisters dear and brothers,—playmates of his childhood days,— who took such a pride in him when home for vacation during college years, oh! who shall tell the sacrifice they make, who describe the pang that rives their very souls, in saying "fare thee well"? On such devotion God looked lovingly. He blessed the work, and the readers of DONAHOE'S need not be told of the abundant harvest that crowned the laborer's toil.

Indeed, the Catholic church in America owes so much to Ireland for the gift of faith, that there can be no doubt but in the near future, the feast of the national apostle of Ireland will be universally kept as a festival throughout the length and breadth of the American church. In this she will be but following in the footsteps of the Australian continent. Surely the church beneath the Southern Cross does not owe more to Ireland's apostle, than her elder sister in the region of the setting sun? Is Catholicity more beholden to the Irish element there than in America? Are our exiles in Australia less forgetful of domestic traditions and national institutions, than those whose boast it is to live under the Stars and Stripes? Are the Catholics there,— from the illustrious Cardinal Moran down through all the orders of the hierarchy, even unto the humblest child who bears allegiance to the Roman See,— are all these more alive to the blessings derived from heaven through the powerful intercession of St. Patrick, or is his influence with God more acknowledged in the South than in the West,— that influence, I mean, which our glorious apostle must ever use in favor of the spiritual welfare of his faithful Irish children, wherever fate may cast their lot? Oh! surely not. Then, as the 17th of March is a red-letter day with Irishmen the wide world over, as it brings to mind the happy days of yore, ere yet we knew what meant a ruined home and scattered friends, teaching us, too, with the sweet persuasion of our holy religion to bow before the will of Him who rules the entire universe, disposing all things for His own wise purposes, and as the Irishmen in exile will, if possible, have a little faded sprig of shamrock from the hillside sacred by the memories of childhood, so it should remind us of our duty to honor as we ought

the name and memory of St. Patrick, to thank heaven for the priceless gift he brought our forefathers, and to glorify God in His Saints, by making the feast of Ireland's apostle a national festival, in whatever place we make the land of our adoption.

J. B. M.

"Died in Harness."

"He is the first who has died in harness, of all the men who took service under Mr. Parnell's banner in Parliament, since the night when Mr. Biggar and himself first heard the chimes considerably after midnight in 1877." — *United Ireland.*

THE first day of the new year, that day which is wont to bring so much happiness and hope to men, was a day of sorrow and mourning throughout the length and breadth of old Donegal. And the men of Donegal did not sorrow without just cause; for on that day there passed from their midst as good a man and as true a patriot as ever trod on Irish soil; on that day, Bernard Kelly, the gifted Parliamentary representative for the south division of the county, went to receive the reward of his labors for faith and fatherland.

There are times in one's life when both the tongue and the pen refuse to give full expression to the feelings of the heart. One of these occasions has come for us. It was our privilege to know Bernard Kelly intimately and well, and we might say much, very much, in his praise. For the present we must let others praise him whilst we mourn his loss.

Writing editorially on the 3d of January, the gifted and patriotic editor of the *Derry Journal* says: — "It is with a sadness we can but poorly express we speak of him to-day as one gone. In the death of Bernard Kelly a light is extinguished in the land, a rarely endowed mind has ceased to act for the country's weal, a true, good heart has ceased to beat, a cheery face is withdrawn from a people who recognized in its every lineament the kindly qualities of a sterling man. We might write much where so much invites laudation, but in the preceding brief sentence is the compendium of his character."

United Ireland a few days after his death said of him: — "Poor Bernard Kelly! Had he been spared a few years longer the Irish people would have known him better. He had talents which were bound to show, modestly though he shrank from obtruding them upon the public gaze. He had an extraordinary wealth and flow of picturesque language, and with that a fine, sonorous voice and an eye which lighted and flashed with enthusiasm. During the last general election campaign, he delivered a series of addresses in Scotland whose eloquence, earnestness, and thoughtfulness made a profound impression. Withal, he was the least vain of men. He used to sit on the hindmost bench in the House of Commons, taking in the proceedings with a quiet but vigilant eye, never either courting or shirking a personal part in the conflict, and always with a cheery smile and an appreciative word for a comrade. In South

Donegal, Fermanagh, and Leitrim the mourners over his early grave will count by tens of thousands."

The story of Bernard Kelly's life is briefly told. He was born at Ballyshannon, the birth-place of some of Ireland's most gifted sons, in the year 1850. His father, who survives him, is a respectable merchant of that town. His mother, who had gone before him into eternity, was a woman of no ordinary parts, a woman of good education and deep religious feelings, a woman in every way worthy to give birth to a great and good man.

Mr. Kelly received both his primary and classical education in his native town. His brilliant and varied talents might have well adorned any of the learned professions, into which so many of his class-fellows at Mr. McIntyre's school afterwards entered, but the death of his mother and other family arrangements determined him to remain at home, to comfort his respected father's declining years. He was accordingly trained to his father's business, in his father's establishment at Ballyshannon.

The young business man's amiable disposition, his social virtues, above all, his sterling and disinterested patriotism, soon made him a prime favorite with his townsmen. He was the heart and soul of every project for benefiting the people of his district, foremost in every scheme for their instruction and amusement.

When the Land League was started, Bernard Kelly threw himself into the movement with all the enthusiasm his warm Celtic nature was capable of. He was mainly instrumental in establishing the Ballyshannon branch, and became himself its secretary. Soon the young secretary of the Ballyshannon branch began to show exceptional talents. Endowed with a rich gift of eloquence far above the common, imbued from his childhood with a wholesome and thorough hatred of that hell-devised system of landlord oppression, which had made so many of his countrymen wanderers in foreign lands; add to these his spotless integrity, his sincerity, his love for the old land, his honesty in advocating her cause, and who will be surprised that he became a popular favorite, not only in Donegal but far beyond its boundaries? In Fermanagh and Leitrim the name of Bernard Kelly was as well known and as widely respected as it was in his own Donegal.

When Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill became law, when Donegal had an opportunity for the first time within living memory of being represented as she ought to be represented, Bernard Kelly was chosen as one of the four "good men and true" who were to voice her aspirations and fight her battles — their country's battles too — in an alien Parliament. When Father Spence, one of the oldest and most respected priests in the diocese of Raphoe, proposed Bernard Kelly's name at the county convention, there was no dissentient voice. Mr. Kelly was opposed at the election by the county grandmaster of the Orangemen, known in local nomenclature as "Blind Foster," but the opposition was only a *bogus* one and the popular candidate counted his majority by thousands.

Mr. Kelly sat in Parliament during that eventful session in which England's greatest statesman and orator introduced his Home Rule Bill, and when that measure was defeated by a narrow majority, the

member for South Donegal was sent by Mr. Parnell to organize the Irish vote in Scotland. He was afterwards sent to England on a similar mission, and was in Yorkshire when another *bogus* contest on the part of Foster brought him home. Again the Orange candidate was badly beaten, and again Mr. Kelly returned to Westminster to fight the old fight and uphold the good old cause. But before going back to the "Modern Babylon," the young member did just what we should expect one of his deep religious feeling to do. He made a holy retreat in the far-famed island of Lough Derg. Writing to a friend a few days after his return to London, and referring to this pilgrimage, he says,—"Mrs. —will have told you of my being at Lough Derg. It was a glorious trip, and surely one that possessed for me a sacred import and memorable attractions."

He returned to Ireland towards the end of September in anything but good health. With a view to recruit himself he went to Carrick, whose health-giving atmosphere has restored many a helpless invalid to strength and vigor. But his devotion to the people's cause, his anxiety for their welfare, his sympathy in their struggles to cope with the landlord devil, urged him, in spite of his failing health, to do work for which he was in no way able. We shall let Canon Clifford tell the rest. We quote from the sermon delivered at Mr. Kelly's funeral:—

"When he arrived at Kellybegs Dr. McFeely told him he was speaking too much, and that he was not able for the task that he was taking upon himself. He then decided to come home to spend Christmas with his father. Sooner, however, than cast a gloom over his home by his illness he remained at Mountcharles, where he was tenderly and kindly looked after. He felt better on Christmas Day, when he said he would go to Mass. Some one said it would be better if he would not. 'Not go to Mass!' said he. 'Why, I would not miss Mass on Christmas Day for the whole world.' And he went, and next day he rallied, and on the following day seemed as well as ever. On New Year's eve he said, 'I will go to chapel in the morning for confession and to receive Holy Communion, and begin the New Year properly.' Alas! before seven hours of the New Year had passed he was in the embrace of death. That night he took ill. Dr. Smith was sent for and then Dr. Warnock; and all that could be done for mortal man was done for him. These gentlemen remained by him with the priest until his eyes were closed in death, and a happy death it was."

Another quotation from Canon Clifford and we have done:—

"I will never forget the 8th of December, when all were in the turmoil of an election. I came here after being at the court-house, and when I said I was surprised at his not being at the polling booths, he said he was going to hear Mass first; and he served Mass for me and I administered Holy Communion to him. This alone shows how little he was excited by the ways of the world, not puffed up with pride or vanity."

Such was the late member for South Donegal, a good Catholic, a thorough Irishman, and who can say more for mortal? Gentle reader, you will not, we know, refuse to say a little prayer for the soul's happiness of Bernard Kelly.

JANUARY 28, 1887. OLLAVE FOLA.

Do not be quick to speak; say much by a modest and judicious silence. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

The Glory of Ireland.

FROM AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, IN THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE, VIRGINIA CITY, ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1866.

On this day, nearly one thousand three hundred years ago, the lurid fire of the Druid began to pale, and the cross appeared in the kindly Irish sky. The celebration we Irishmen make to-day is the celebration of love, of pride, of sorrow. Were Ireland an ill-favored country—were it sterile, bleak, inhospitable—were there no scenes there to delight the eye and captivate the heart—were there no sweet valleys, no laughing rivers, none of the graces and grandeur of Nature such as have inspired the melodies of Moore, and given to the pencil of Maclise some of its finest themes; had the country no picturesque history, no great name illuminating her annals, no halls that had echoed to a superior eloquence, no fields on which heroism had fought for liberty; were it a desert in the light of an unpropitious sun, and a blank in the literature of the world—even so, as the place of our birth, as the place where we first knew a mother's smile and a father's blessing, we should love it, be jealous of it, and cling to it all the more devotedly, on account of the deprivations with which it had been stricken. But our love for Ireland has no such rigorous conditions to test and vindicate it. Heaven has been most bountiful to that land. As it came from the hand of God it has all the rare excellence that makes it a singularly favored land. Under a government of its own sons—partial and generous as they would be to it—no land would be happier, no land be more profitable to its people; for it has been endowed with all advantages,—serenity of climate and wealth of soil, safe and spacious harbors indenting the whole circle of its coast, the more essental minerals and superabundant water; all which, under a genial administration and favoring laws, would not only make it prosperous but give it greatness. I have spoken of the means which Ireland abundantly possesses to be a strong and prosperous nation. Her intellectual wealth is fully commensurate with her physical. The fame of her more gifted sons revolves with the planet, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has a recognition which is co-extensive with civilization. Has not the Vicar of Wakefield gone round the world? Does not Edmund Burke loom up in political history with a stature too colossal not to be seen from every quarter of the globe? "Lalla Rookh" has been translated, and is a volume of gold in the land of the Fire Worshippers themselves. Sheridan has written his name in letters of inextinguishable light upon the desecrated temples and plundered palaces. Never in any country was there so superb an assembly of orators and wits, statesmen and gallant gentlemen, as the Irish Parliament was in the few years of independence. There was Harry Flood, of whom it was grandly said by his great rival that, like Hercules, he failed with the distaff, but with the thunderbolt he had the arm of a Jupiter. There was Henry Grattan, of whom Lord Brougham declared

that no orator of any age was his equal, and who, communicating to Ireland the pentecostal fire with which he himself was inflamed, beheld his country, to use his own magnificent phrase, rising from her bed in the ocean and getting nearer to the sun. There was Curran — the most thorough Irishman of them all — the exhaustless wit, the dauntless and defiant advocate, whose marvellous eloquence threw over the darkest cause the most copious streams of splendor and enchantment, and who was as true to Ireland as he was to the saddest client who sought the shelter and defence of his blazing shield. In art Maclise has won an imperial crown. Davis said of him that his pencil was as true as a sunbeam. Barry was in his studio what Burke was in the Senate — a prodigy of genius. In his vast painting of the Last Judgment he has "shaken one world with the thunders of another."

But it is said that the educated intelligence, to say nothing of the property of Ireland, has, unless in some eccentric instances, become imperialized, and that to the independence of the country it is haughtily hostile. Here an argument is advanced against Irish independence. With me that argument goes for nothing. Shall a nation postpone her liberty in deference to an erudite slavery? Is the liberty of a nation a usurpation unless the menials of political life, the painted butterflies of fashion, varlets, harlequins, and vassals, concur in the claim? Give me the people — the democracy — the men who till the fields, the men who build ships and cities, the men who subjugate the wilderness, train and rear it into a noble civilization, and, so far, consummate the divine purpose of creation. From this element have some of the most powerful intellects and potentates of the world sprung. Homer, Shakespeare, Michelangelo, the great jurists of England, the great statesmen of America, the marshals of Napoleon, were from the democracy. Give me the people, the democracy of Ireland! should they demand the liberty of Ireland, I shall not wait on any lord or pedant, nor on any lord's or pedant's flunky, to ratify the claim. Give me the peasantry — the reviled, scorned, ignored peasantry of Ireland. Their wretched cabins have been the holy shrines in which the traditions and the hopes of Ireland have been treasured and transmitted. In the adverse days — in the days of cowardice, debasement, and despair — the spirit of Ireland has lived in them and become immortal. In the fiercest storms they have never once winced or wavered. In the bloodiest times they have been dauntless and heroic. The hills of Wexford, the plains of Kildare, the mountain passes of Wicklow — all are vital with their desperate courage under the shock and scourge of battle. Never, never let the Irish heart give up the hope of seeing, on Irish soil, the fatal destiny of centuries reversed, and a restored nation, wisely instructed and ennobled in the school of sorrow, planted there. Think, think what this hope has been to Ireland. It has been the light of her darkness, the jewel of her poverty, the music of her tribulation, the bright companion of her exiles. It has been the main nerve of her industry abroad; on the field of death it has been the fire of her heart and the magic of her flag.

Now comes the question — is this festival of love, of pride, of sorrow, celebrated here, incompatible with Irish loyalty in America? The ques-

tion — an ignominious one — would not surely emanate from me were it not that there are some vicious bigots, men of small brains and smaller hearts, men of more gall than blood, who, even here, assert that love for Ireland, devotion to her cause, active sympathy with the protracted contest for her redemption, involve an equivocal allegiance to the United States. Out upon the bastard Americanism that spews this imputation on the gallant race whose blood, shed in torrents for its inviolability and glory, has imparted a brighter crimson to the Stripes, and made the Stars of that triumphant flag irradiate with a keener radiance. I appeal not to the burning sands, the cactus-circled fortresses, the causeways, the volcanic heights, the gates and towers of Mexico. Let the woods and swamps of the deadly Chickahominy, the slopes of Malvern Hill, the waters of the Antietam, the defiant heights of Fredericksburg, the thickets of the Wilderness — a thousand fields now billowed with Irish graves, declare that love for Ireland blends in ecstacy with loyalty to America, and that America has been served by none more truly than by those who carried in their impetuous hearts the memories and hopes of Ireland. No true American looks otherwise than with full trustfulness and the heartiest fellowship upon such manifestations of Irish heart, Irish piety, and Irish remembrance of the Irish birthplace as to-day animate this city. The true American knows, feels, and with enthusiasm declares, that of all human emotions, of all human passions, there is not one more pure, more noble, more conducive to good, and great, and glorious deeds than that which bears us back to the spot that was the cradle of our childhood, the playground of our boyhood, the theatre of our manhood.

Has the Holy Book a passage more deeply touching than that which pictures to us the daughters of a captive race, in their desolation of soul, weeping by the waters of Babylon when they remembered their lost homes and the vanished Towers of Zion? Has profane verse a line more exquisitely eloquent than that which tells us of the brave young Greek,— beautiful and radiant as his native land,— bleeding and dying on the plains of Latium, with his darkening eyes fixed on Greece? Has political history a grander incident than that of Warren Hastings, the Dictator of India, in the midst of all his ambitious schemes, all through his struggles, his contests, his triumphs, and splendors, ever and always cherishing in his purer heart the hope and purpose of returning to his ancestral domain, and spending there, in calmness and goodness, the evening of his stormy life? Has our own bright poet, Moore, with all the wealth of his melody and fancy, given the world a scene in the presence of which kindlier, sweeter, holier sympathies arise than that which shows the captive girls of the East, amid all the luxuries of their perfumed and golden bondage, amid all the deadening enchantments of their voluptuous vassalage, winging their way back in tender thought to the scene of their free and spotless childhood? It is the American who has no heart, who has no thought beyond putting a dollar out at mighty interest, who has no zest for any other book than his easy account or his soulless ledger, who hates the Irish for their generous qualities, their infallible religion, and who deprecates the love of Ireland which the Irishman brings with him to America, which

he cherishes here in every vicissitude of his laborious life, and with which, whether he be in rags or in purple and in fine linen, whether he be digging for gold like a drudge in Montana or spending it like an Irish prince in New York, he celebrates St. Patrick's Day.

A Touching Story.

He bade his wife a tearful good-by.

"My love, my only one! The time will soon be here when I shall be in a position to snap my fingers at fate and set up as my own boss. Then we shall have no more of these cruel partings."

"And you will be true to me?"

"As I always am," he responded. "You did not forget to put that photo you had especially taken for me in my gripsack, did you?"

"Oh, dear, no. Are you sure you will look at it sometimes, love?"

"You wicked doubter! You know that I should be wretched without at least such a semblance of my pet to look at daily and nightly."

Draw the veil of charity over his grief, and the treachery of one in whom he had such unbounded confidence.

In brief, she, his only love, his pet, his wife, had secretly planned to make him "wretched." She had taken that photograph from his gripsack, and was gloating over his misery when he should discover that only memory remained to him, for the time being, of his darling's looks.

"The dear fellow, how he will scold me for the trick," she thought; "but I will send him the photograph in the first letter I write to him."

Thus appeasing her conscience she waited for his first letter. It came from Chicago.

"My heart's delight" it began. "Got here O. K. this A. M. Have been wrestling with the trade all day, and a tough time I've had of it. Weary and fagged, I have retired to my room, shut out the gilded atmosphere of sin that envelopes this terrible city, and taken from my satchel your sweet picture. It is before me as I write; I shall kiss it when I have said my evening prayers; it will rest under my pillow. It is my one solace until I hold you, my sweet wife, in these faithful arms again."

Thus far she had read, then she toppled over on the floor.

What comfort she found there it is hard to say, but a great determination rose within the stricken wife, who went out an hour later and sought a telegraph office.

Her husband had been saying his prayers abroad that evening, and when he got to his hotel about midnight, his spiritual emotions received a rude shock by a telegram from his "only love."

It was elaborate for a despatch, but under the circumstances one could not expect an outraged wife to transmit her feelings by the slow mail. The despatch read: —

"You are no longer the only drummer who is not a liar, as you have always claimed. Let the fraternity make you their chief in the art. Had you taken the pains even to look for the photograph you said your prayers to, you would have discovered that I had — to tease you— removed it. My faith in you is dead!"

The husband clutched his hair.

"Why, what did I write to her, anyway?"

After a while his face cleared.

"By Jove! I must have been piling on the taffy. That's what a man gets for trying his best to make a woman feel good. Poor little dear, what a fume she must be in! Lucky for me she gave her grievance away. What geese women are! Bless her little noddle, her faith shall be resurrected."

Forthwith he telegraphed to a knowing friend:

"Send me, first mail, photograph of my wife. Beg, borrow, steal it; get it somehow. Mum's the word. Will write all particulars soon."

About a week later a drummer, in dignified martyrdom, stood face to face with a stern but very wept-out wife.

She expected to see him meek and humble, but he gazed upon her with much scorn, and then passed on to his room in crushing silence.

She was amazed. With quick impulse she followed, thanking heaven he had not locked her out.

"Well," she began, with wavering courage, "what have you to say for yourself now?"

Coldly, cruelly, he looked at her.

"I?" he queried. "Woman, if it were not for the over-mastering love I bear for you I should never look upon you again."

His face convulsed with tragic suffering that was balm to her heart to witness, but she only sneered.

"Can you explain the insult put upon your husband in that unwomanly despatch? A woman with so little confidence in her husband would be better off to live alone. For my part, I am not only disgusted but disenchanted."

He turned sorrowfully away and buried his face in his hands. She approached him and laid the letter which had caused her such grief under his eyes.

"Read that. Knowing you had no picture of mine, what was I to think?"

"What any intelligent, right-minded wife would have thought; you would have said to yourself: 'He is incapable of deceit; he has my picture somehow.'"

"But you did not have it."

He looked at her with sad, resigned sorrow. His lips quivered as he murmured:

"O woman! without an atom of faith!"

Then he put his hand in his pocket and produced her photograph.

"O darling, forgive me! This old thing taken long before we were engaged! Why, I didn't know you ever had one of these!"

The restored confidence made her pretty blue eyes swim in tears of joy. She put her arms around him, asking his pardon, caressing even his coat collar.

"My dear," he said, looking into her face with a grave but loving reproach, "let this be a warning. Never doubt me again, no matter what appearances may be. I can always look you squarely in the eye and say, 'I am innocent.'"

And she believed him.

Religion and Politics.

It is true that Daniel O'Connell once said: "As much religion as you please from Rome, but no politics."

But Daniel O'Connell had a Catholic conscience, and his clear mind distinguished between matters of pure politics, with which the Church has no concern, and those public questions in which morality is involved, and in which the arbitrament of religion is properly invoked and its judgment is to be accepted as final and true.

Those questions are religious as well as political, and in their religious aspect and bearings they come within the scope of the Church's magisterium.

The Church, therefore, has a right to intervene in politics, when justice or truth or honesty, or other principles of morality, are at stake. It has a right to tell rulers that they must govern justly, and to teach nations that they are bound to obey constituted authority legitimately exercised; it has a right to warn statesmen that they may not enact oppressive or unchristian laws, and to notify officials that they cannot with impunity be negligent in the fulfilment of the obligations of their position; it has a right to teach voters that they may not elect unscrupulous and corrupt candidates for political honors, without becoming in a measure responsible for the crimes that they commit against the commonwealth. It has a right to pass judgment concerning the morality of statutes passed by legislatures, and, for instance, in the case of divorce laws, to pronounce them null and avoid.

Wherever morality is concerned the Church has authority. It enters the field of medicine, and, for example, as regards craniotomy, it determines that that is an improper operation. It investigates business transactions, and hurls its anathemas against employers who defraud the laborer of his wages, and puts the brand of its condemnation on adulterations and swindles. In public and private affairs, whether they be political, economic, social, or commercial, it has the divinely-bestowed right and duty of deciding what is morally right and what is morally wrong.

Its members are free to accept or reject its doctrines. If they accept its doctrines they are in the safe way; if they reject its authority they are on the high-road to perdition. But they cannot refuse to heed its voice, and at the same time presume to announce that they are true and devoted to the faith of the Church. That is absurd. They are either faithful or disloyal, and, if disloyal, they are no longer Catholics

Daniel O'Connell was not one of the stiff-necked, rebellious, crafty, proud, and defiant class of agitators. He took his religion from Rome,— as much of it as Rome could give,— and in politico-moral circumstances he recognized the right of the Church to lay down the law and rule the actions of its members. And when he was dying he willed his heart to Rome, the City of Justice and the Refuge of the Oppressed.

Catholic Review.

Justin McCarthy.

THE Students' Lecture Association of the University of Michigan, has not had such a drawing card, in many years, as it had in the person of the member who represents the historic town of Derry in Parliament. In the course of his address, Mr. McCarthy said: "Every reform brought into the English Parliament has to knock more than once at the door for admission. We have knocked once. The coming of Home Rule for Ireland is as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. We have no differences between the Irish Catholics and Protestants. We have carried every borough in Ireland except in Ulster, and even there we have a majority of the representation as we have of its population. If the question were to be left to Ulster, it would proclaim for Home Rule to-morrow. If there was one citadel of Protestantism it is the city of Derry, and I, an Irish nationalist and a Catholic, have been sent up to the House of Commons to sit for that historic city. The Catholic constituencies have nominated Protestants. Very touching was it, indeed, when on that famous debate on the bill of Mr. Gladstone, member after member rose to speak in these words: 'Mr. Speaker, I rise as a Protestant member from Ulster. I rise to support the measure.' I have been asked by kindly friends in England what security we can give for the safety of the Protestant minority in the North. What security? What security for those who formed the very flower of our history, for those who have fought for our rights, who have lived and died with us? The memory of our dead is sufficient for their security, and never until there is sponged from the heart of Irishmen that generosity, which is their characteristic, will the Protestants need guarantees of security. Our national cause is bound to succeed. I don't know what party we will get it from. Perhaps the tories may do, as they often have done before, — take the measure of their enemies and pass it as their own. Much more gladly would we take Home Rule from Mr. Gladstone than from any other English statesman. But we, as Irishmen, must take it from whoever gives it, and we will return the man who gives it no thanks whatever. The honor and the gratitude will be made to the men who risked, in the darkest days, all that they had and all that they might be. When we get our parliament, and the monument of Irish independence is raised in College Green, it will have on it the names of those who dared in the hard days, and not of those who came in when success was assured."

Der Deutscher's Maxim.

DHER vas vat you call a maxim
  Dot I hear der oder day,
Und I vride id in mine album,
  So id don'd could got avay;
Und I dells mine leedle Yawcob
  He moost mind vot he's aboudt;
"'Tis too late to lock der shtable
  Vhen der horse he vas gone oudt."

Vhen I see ubon der corners
  Off der shtreets, most efry night,
Der loafers und der hoodlums
  Who do nix but shvear und fight,
I says to mine Katrina:
"Let us make home bright und gay;
Ve had petter lock der shtable,
  So our colts don't got avay."

Vhen you see dhose leedle urchins,
  Not mooch ofer knee-high tall,
Shump righdt into der melon patch,
  Shust owf der garden vall,
Und vatch each leedle rascall
  Ven he cooms back mit hees 'boodls,'
Look oudt und lock your shtable,
  So your own nag don'd shkydoodle!

Vhen der young man at der counter
  Vants to shpecgulate in shtocks,
Und buys hees girl some timond rings,
  Und piles righdt oup der rocks,
Look oudt for dot young feller;
  Id vas sa e enuff to say
Dot der shtable it vas empty,
  Und der horse vas gone avay.

Dhen dake Time by der fetlock;
  Don'd hurry droo life's courses;
Rememper vot der poet says,
  "Life's but a shpan"—off horses.
Der poy he vas der comin' man;
  Be careful vhile you may;
Shust keep der shtable bolted,
  Und der horse don'd got avay.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS (YAWCOB STRAUSS).

What an Intelligent Englishman Says.

MR. STEAD, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is publishing a series of articles in which he proposes, and replies, to the still vexed question, "What should be done for Ireland?" The true answer, he avers, is to do what the Irish want to be done. We think it was Sir Wilfrid Lawson who once raised a laugh at the late A. M. Sullivan's expense, in the House of Commons, by saying, "The honorable member has been in gaol—like most of the Irish members." Mr. Stead, too, has been behind the bars and bolts, and this experience, so familiar to Irish politicians, has enabled him to study the Irish question from a point of view which places him *en rapport* with the gentlemen who sit below the gangway. "Until you have been sent to gaol, in what you believe to be a good cause, you find it difficult fully to understand the Irish question, or entirely to sympathize with the Irish people."

Such is the sum and substance of Mr. Stead's "prison thoughts." "An Englishman," he says, "cannot realize the mental atmosphere in which an Irishman lives. It is the atmosphere of a gaol. Hence the key which locked me in my solitary cell at Coldbath-fields, with my plank bed, my oakum, and my skilly, opened for me a free entrance into the region in which generation after generation of Irishmen have been doomed by us to live and to die. There is hardly a chosen leader

of the Irish race down to Mr. Parnell, who has not been at least once in gaol." Mr. Stead proposes, like Molière's doctor, to change all that; to begin with a general gaol delivery, and then to allow the Irish people to manage their own affairs, interfering as little with them as we do with the Scotch, living under laws of their own making, tried by juries of their own choosing, and sentenced by judges of their appointment. Law and justice are to the Englishman convertible terms, and all his sympathies are on the side of the authorities. In Ireland all this is reversed. For centuries injustice has been consecrated by laws framed in a foreign land and imposed by military conquest. The Irishman has been tried by packed juries and sentenced by judicial hirelings who were the mere creatures of the crown. As a natural and inevitable result, he is disposed to regard all offenders against the law as innocent victims of legalized oppression, and his sympathies go out, not to the judge, but to the prisoner. This order of ideas is a complete inversion of all the normal conceptions of law and order that fill the English mind.

The Workman in Politics.

We are not a bit alarmed at the attitude of labor in this country at the present time. People who know little of the economic history of the past are apt to become apprehensive, and conclude that the present agitation bodes anarchy and ruin. The fact is, all things considered, the present is the most peaceful labor agitation the world has yet known. In the fifteenth century the labor unions governed Europe, and the authority of the state was only co-ordinate, where it was not subordinate, to that of the guilds.

Strikes were more frequent, more violent, and of greater duration than those of our day, one of the bakers, in particular, lasting ten years. The whole of Europe was an armed labor camp, and the cities were like fishes in the meshes of the labor net. The double-eagle of Germany and Austria recall the days when the guilds ruled Europe. Our word sterling is a contraction for "easterling," which meant a member of the hanseatic league in England, and the money it was intended to designate was the coin of the league, which was pure and free from the debasement so often suffered by the money of the realm. The guilds for the laborers and artisans, and the league for the merchants, supplied the place of government and set it pretty effectually aside.

But the decline of capital means the decline of labor. After Luther broke up religious unity in Germany, and the thirty years' war drained the resources of the country, destroying and annihilating trade and manufacture, the workingman went out of power and politics, and did not reappear until the last quarter of the eighteenth century. When riches abound the laboring classes will agitate. The present outlook is in nowise disheartening; on the contrary, it prognosticates a better day for both capital and labor.

(*Western Watchman*, St. Louis.

Words of Wisdom.

BISHOP CURTIS, of Wilmington, Del., recently preached in the cathedral of Baltimore, Md., and made some points that are of interest to audiences more numerous than even that which heard him. No one not lost to the Catholic faith will seriously dispute these words of the bishop: "In these days men deny all the rights of God. They deny even the right of the Supreme Being to exist. We hear enough of the rights of man, but nothing in behalf of the rights of God. Of course men have certain rights which must be respected, but when they accept the duties and responsibilities of a certain station in life, they must expect their previous rights to give way to the demands of their new position. A man who desires to live in the city must give up his residence in the country, and take city life as it is; a man who desires to marry has to forego the freedom of single life. President Cleveland cannot go abroad travelling now with the same impunity he could as a private citizen. His executive duties require his undivided attention. So it is with a priest. He forsakes his rights as layman to accept the rights given him as a clergyman, to give his life and efforts for the Church and for the poor. He has no right to go around electioneering, because there is plenty for him to do in the ministry; and if he has time to canvass votes he should give that leisure, if such it be, to his clerical duties instead."

Irish Discoverers of America

A THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

REV. J. P. BODFISH, rector of the cathedral of the Holy Cross, Boston, read a paper on the "Discovery of New England by the Northmen in the Tenth Century" before the Bostonian Society, at one of its recent meetings. Father Bodfish said the so-called New World is in reality the Old, and proofs of this are by no means wanting, but yet nothing shows the origin of these proofs. In the time of Plato the Atlantic Ocean was called the sea of darkness, and yet Plato spoke of an island to the westward, which he called Atlantis, and which was larger than Asia and Europe combined. The earliest missionaries in America describe the people they saw as bowing before the cross, and as the Irish, a maritime people, are said to have invaded Denmark, and there carried the Catholic religion, they might easily have crossed to North America, and may have been the first people to visit these shores. This, however, is merely conjecture. Near the close of the tenth century, the first voyage was performed by the Northmen from Asia to Denmark, Norway, and Greenland, from which latter place they went to Iceland, which had been settled by Irish monks A. D. 795. Greenland had several Catholic churches, and about A. D. 1100, a bishop had

charge of them. "Do the manuscripts show a pre-Columbian age?" asked Fr. Bodfish; and he then referred to the custom among the Northmen of relating all their histories, poems, etc., orally, writing and printing being unknown to them; and the degree of memory attained by these people, who were supported by the court, was surprising. The Roman style of printing was introduced among them towards the end of the twelfth century, and then the service of these historians ceased.

The first voyage of the Northmen, in which New England was discovered, was by Lief, the son of Eric, who sailed from Greenland A. D. 1002, discovering first Newfoundland, then Nova Scotia, which they called Vinland, and afterwards sailing along the coast of New England until reaching Vineyard Sound and Mt. Hope Bay. They returned home in the spring, and the next year Lief's brother Thorwald made a voyage, and a second one A. D. 1004. On this latter, coming in contact with some of the natives, they murdered eight, and in a subsequent attack by the tribe of the slain, Thorwald was shot in the arm by an arrow, died, and was buried on the shore, his men returning to Vinland. A. D. 1007, three ships, with 140 men, women, and children, with cattle for a settlement, came to Nantucket and Buzzard's Bay, but dissension arose and the affair was a failure, with much suffering.

Fr. Bodfish, on the authority of Mr. Forbes, a celebrated archæologist of Rome, Italy, and others, claimed that the so-called old stone mill at Newport, R. I., was undoubtedly the work of the Normans. They would naturally, for a watch tower; erect it on a commanding site, as well, also, as a place of defence and against surprise, while the points of the building are perfectly with the points of the compass. The material and the method of using it point unmistakably to the Northmen. Woods Holl and others of like name are probably from the Norman, holl signifying a hill. In conclusion, Fr. Bodfish considered the Catholic evidence coming from the church history, and read from Dr. Richard Clark's lives of deceased bishops in this country, commencing with Eric, bishop of Vinland, A. D. 1121, and then said that it was the rule for all missionaries, and others of the priesthood of the Church, to send as often as possible to the Pope accounts of all matters, spiritual and temporal, which came under their notice, and accounts from those in New England must have been in Rome in the tenth and eleventh centuries. Columbus, during his troubles in fitting out his vessel, went to Rome, and while there was doubtless shown by the librarian maps of New England, and immediately on his return his sailors were quieted, and he sailed. While Columbus was entitled to all the credit for his bravery in battling with the ocean, it was far easier for the Northmen to sail along the coast, and far more likely they were the first to do so.

LET us humble ourselves profoundly, and acknowledge that if God be not our shield and armor, we shall be pierced through and through with every kind of sin. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

The Day We Celebrate.

THURSDAY will be Patrick's Day. Greater than St. George of merrie England, St. Andrew of bonnie Scotland, St. Denis of gay France, St. James of proud Spain, St. Patrick has established himself in our hearts and homes, has linked himself with our names, as no other patron saint has done with his people; and whether it is a Marshal that is proud of his descent from Irish kings, or a Prince of a ruling house that wants to curry favor with the people of the land from which he takes his title, the password to popularity and the cue to fatherland are found alike in the Christian name of Patrick. Nor let us ever forget that even as St. Patrick gave us Christianity, so did he give us a national emblem. Not lily, not rose, not thistle — no, none of these is blended with the history or the sainthood of France, England, or Scotland, as is the triple leaf with the Christianity and the nationality of Ireland. With a truly Celtic readiness our apostle plucked the tender trefoil at his feet, and thus popularly explained to his quick-pulsed hearers the tremendous mystery of the Trinity. Since that time the chosen leaf of bard and chief has been given a secular significance from the pen of the poet Moore, and every Irishman will join with us in praying that never may our country fail in the characteristics of love, and wit, and valor, which have been tunefully sung as springing from one stalk, that of Irish birth, and emblematized in one plant, the green immortal Shamrock. But if St. Patrick had Celtic readiness, Celtic courage to encounter single-handed the Druids, and unfold the truths of Christianity in the midst of a hostile court — if he loved the people for whom he labored with the purest and the noblest devotion, so had he the virtues of self restraint, persistency, prudence in an eminent degree, and there is really no use in imitating only the virtues that suit us, if we do not also model ourselves on the sterner traits which, by their judicious blending with those, make a character perfect. We do not mean to sermonize our readers — this is no place for that; but it is plain that they are happier in the possession of a patron saint than most people, and all that they require for perfection, as things go here below, is the cultivation of the whole, not a moiety, of Patrick's historic virtues. He was eloquent, brave, witty, and resolute, and of a most self-sacrificing love. His self-denial and his perseverance remain only to be imitated. Never had Irishmen greater need of those virtues They have to face a world immersed in the gloom of international depression; they are striving for a goal which is given only to him that lasts and to the long-enduring. Let the national holiday then be freely devoted to rational enjoyment, but let it not be lost in excess, squandered in dissipation. We are not of those who believe that in stimulants there is an unmixed evil, but when there is danger of immoderateness it is decidedly better totally to abstain. We notice that in the diocese of Ferns the Catholic bishop has, by the special privilege of his Holiness the Pope Leo, granted religious favors of the fullest kind to those who will abstain from intoxi-

cating drinks on the eve of St. Patrick's Day, on the day itself, and the day after. It is not necessary for the general behavior of our people, who are by this time sufficiently schooled by the trials of adversity to be able to practise the virtues of self-restraint. If they are not large partakers in the blessings bestowed upon other and greater nations, they are also mercifully preserved from many of the calamities of flood and field, of war and pestilence by which those are decimated; and altogether there is much reason to be thankful that we are allowed to celebrate, under circumstances so little unfavorable, the festival of a saint whose history comes down to us through fourteen hundred years, fragmentary, indeed, in character, but with its great facts preserved undimmed by the mist of ages, and far removed from the legendary nature of the tales told of other tutelary beatifics, who yet have furnished battle-cries to hosts, and spurred nations to more difficult deeds of conquest than that moral victory to which, in Patrick's name, we now invite our countrymen.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Something About Lent.

THE Church invites her children to rejoice, at Christmas, for the birth of the Saviour is indeed a source of great joy; but she does not forget that he came into the world to suffer on account of our sins, that in the distance there is Good Friday; so three weeks before Lent she puts off her bright-colored vestments, the *Gloria* is no longer sung, and slowly we are prepared for the holy season of Lent, which began on the 23d of February.

On Ash-Wednesday the faithful receive the ashes on their foreheads, while the priest pronounces these words, "Remember, O man, that dust thou art, and into dust thou shalt return."

Formerly it was on Ash-Wednesday that sinners who wished to be reconciled to God, and be received into the communion of the faithful, began their public penance; the priest first heard their confessions, then they covered them with a hair skirt or sackcloth; they then put ashes on their foreheads, sprinkled them with holy water, and with all the clergy recited over them the seven penitential psalms. During the procession they walked barefooted; they were led out of the church, to be received back only on Holy Thursday. The door was closed upon them, and not till after this the Mass of the Faithful was sung.

The fast of Lent, the most celebrated fathers of the Church tell us, is of apostolic tradition, but it was only about the middle of the third century that it was made obligatory.

A single meal was allowed, and we read that towards the end of the eighth century Theodolphus, Bishop of Orleans, exhorted the faithful to abstain from eggs, cheese, milk, fish, and wine as much as they could. But he also adds that the use of these things may be allowed to the infirm and the sick, or to those who, working hard, have no other food

to sustain them, provided they make a moderate use of them, eating only once a day, and that in the evening!

Not later than two hundred years ago there could not have been found in a city of France ten families who did not abstain from Ash-Wednesday till Easter Sunday. If a butcher sold a few pounds of meat for the sick, it was not seen, and it was at night that this meat was carried away. Wine was also forbidden.

We have said that Christians formerly took only one meal a day, and that in the evening after the Vesper service. We read, however, that in the fifteenth century this custom had changed, for the Bishop of Paris speaks of this meal being taken at the hour of noon; but it was only gradually that the Church saw herself obliged to tolerate the change.

Then, about the seventh century, we read that besides the noon meal, the religious of the Order of St. Benedict were allowed to eat in the evening a small piece of bread, but as they did not wish to lose any time, instead of having their evening reading in the hall of the chapel as usual, they had it in the refectory, and they called it "going to the *collation*," from the Latin name of the conference of these holy fathers. Thus the name "collation" was given, or transferred rather, from the reading of the conferences to the small evening repast; but how many people, in taking the evening collation, make the same holy use of the time as the good monks of old?

For the origin of fasting we must go back to the beginning of the world. It is a sign of grief. We read that Abraham, grieving for Sarah, and Jacob for Joseph, fasted while they mourned and prayed. The Jews fasted before and after the giving of the law. Joshua and the Ancients of Israel remained prostrated before the Ark from the morning until the evening, without taking any food. David, we are told, often fasted. The inhabitants of the city of Nineveh fasted for forty days at the preaching of Jonas, and on account of their repentance God spared their city which he had resolved to destroy.

There are in the Bible many other examples of fasting, but the greatest is that of our Saviour. He had not sinned, he had no need of doing penance, yet he fasted for forty days and forty nights! He came to teach mortification unto men, and he wished that in all the actions of our lives we should have in him a model and example. The young cannot fast, and the Church has dispensed them from it; but they can keep Lent, the rich in depriving themselves of luxuries and giving much to the poor, the poor in suffering patiently — all in doing better than ever before the duties belonging to their station in life.

MUST you be disquieted and troubled because of difficulties? Oh, by no means. It is the devil who is ferreting and spying about your mind, to see if he cannot find some door open to him. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! who that has not wandered far
From where he first drew vital air,
Can tell how bright the visions are
Which still surround his fancy there?
For, oh! it's sweet 'round memory's throne
When time and distance gild the way,
To cite the scenes that long have flown,
And view them o'er on Patrick's Day.

Though distant from our native shore,
And bound by fortune's stern decree
To tread our native land no more,
Still, Erin, we must think on thee.
Is there a heart of Irish mould
That does not own the magic sway
That tempts the generous patriot soul
To celebrate our Patrick's Day?

No nation e'er at freedom's shrine
Has sacrificed more right than we;
Our blood has flown in every clime
That raised the shout of liberty.
But, oh! will freedom never smile,
Nor shed one bright, one cheering ray
To cheer our own lov'd native isle,
And raise our hopes on Patrick's Day?

Yes, Erin, raise thy drooping brow,
And wreathe it with the shamrock green;
Go, tell thy proud, thy haughty foe
That she's no longer ocean's Queen.
Columbia's banners wave on high,
Her eagle seizes on its prey.
Then, Erin, wipe thy tearful eye,
And raise thy hopes on Patrick's Day.

Thy gallant sons have nobly bought
Columbia's gratitude for thee,
In freedom's cause they nobly fought,
And shed their blood for liberty.
Then sing, my harp! and speak, my soul!
Let tyrants grumble as they may;
The wish we'll speak is — "England's Fall!"
And Erin's joy on Patrick's Day.

Rt. Rev. Dr. England.

Who is St. Joseph?

ST. TERESA shall tell us; listen to her words; she is giving the experience of her own life:—

"I took for my patron and lord the glorious St. Joseph, and recommended myself earnestly to him. I saw clearly that this my father and lord delivered me out of this and other troubles of greater importance, touching my honor and my soul. He rendered me greater services than I knew how to ask for. I cannot call to mind that I have at any time asked him for anything which he has not granted; and I am filled with amazement when I consider the great favors God has granted me through this blessed saint, and the dangers from which he has delivered me, both of body and soul.

"To other saints our Lord seems to have given grace to succor men in some special necessity; but to this glorious saint, I know it by experience, He has given the grace to help us in all things. Our Lord would have us understand that as He was subject to Joseph on earth (St. Joseph bearing the title of His father, and being His guardian, could command Him), so now our Lord in heaven grants all his petitions.

"I have asked others to recommend themselves to St. Joseph, and they too know the same thing by experience.

"I used to keep his feast with all the solemnity I could.

"Would that I could persuade all men to be devout to this glorious saint; for I know by long experience what blessings he can obtain for us from God. I have never known any one who was really devoted to him, and who honored him by particular services, who did not visibly grow more and more in virtue; for he helps in a special way those souls who commend themselves to him. It is now some years since I have always on his feast asked him for something, and I always have it. If the petition be in any way amiss, he directs it aright for my greater good.

"If I were a person who had authority to write, it would be a pleasure to me to be diffusive in speaking most minutely of the graces which this glorious saint has obtained for me and for others. But I ask for the love of God, that he who does not believe me will make the trial for himself, when he will find out by experience the great good that results from commending one's self to this glorious patriarch, and in being devout to him.

"Those who give themselves to prayer should, in a special manner, always have great devotion to St. Joseph; for I know not how any man can think of the Queen of the Angels, during the time she suffered so much with the Infant Jesus, without giving thanks to Joseph for the services he rendered them then. He who cannot find any one to teach him how to pray, let him take this glorious saint for his master and he will not wander out of the way."—"St. Teresa's Life," by herself, c. vi.

"Go, then, to Joseph, and do all that he shall say to you:"

Go to Joseph, and obey him as Jesus and Mary obeyed him;

Go to Joseph, and speak to him as they spoke to him;

Go to Joseph, and consult him as they consulted him;
Go to Joseph, and honor him as they honored him;
Go to Joseph, and be grateful to him as they were grateful to him;
Go to Joseph, and love him as they loved him, and as they love him still.

However much you love Joseph your love will always fall short of the extraordinary love which Jesus and Mary bore to him. On the other hand, the love of Joseph necessarily leads us to Jesus and Mary. He was the first Christian to whom it was said, "Take the Child and His Mother!" This lead a father of the Church to say, "You will always find Jesus with Mary and Joseph."

Terrible Earthquakes.

SINCE the earthquake in Lisbon, in 1755, and the volcanic shocks in the Japanese Islands, a few years ago, no disturbance of the earth's surface has occurred to equal, in its destructive consequences, that which took place on Feb. 23 throughout the portion of Europe which extends through the Italian "Riviera" and the southern portions of France,—the region that, for generations, has been recommended as the most salubrious, for invalids, of all the territories bordering on the Mediterranean, and which, since the luxurious reign of Napoleon III. made the baths at Cannes and the adjoining districts "fashionable," has been frequented by the pleasure-seekers of Europe, and by not a few of our American tourists, "who follow the crowd" wherever they go, without a thought of using their own judgment, in the pursuit of recreations or novelties, for which they are eventually compelled to pay very dearly. In the face of this disaster our own recent experience of the Charleston earthquake becomes insignificant, both as to its destructiveness and consequences. Whole villages in the Italian mountains have been obliterated, and their inhabitants either buried in the ruins of their houses, or severely injured in escaping from them. Cities, like Nice and Genoa, were so severely shaken that churches, theatres, and public buildings fell in ruins; and for several days, even up to the end of last week, hundreds of thousands of people were camping, as best they could, in the parks, the fields, the open spaces, and even in the cemeteries, dreading to re-enter their tottering houses. The total loss of life, so far as can be learned, is estimated at over two thousand, while the wounded are reckoned to reach as high as five thousand, many of the destroyed villages not having a house left undemolished. The earthquake shock extended from Genoa, all through the lower portion of the Italian peninsula, to the south of France, where it was sensibly felt in the mountain regions. Its influence was even perceptible in the Physical Laboratory, at the United States Signal Office, in Washington, where the sciesmoscope, which has been in use since the Japanese disturbances, recorded at 7 hours 33 minutes A. M., 7.50 meridian time,

Feb. 23, the arrival at that point of the shock of the earthquake that had occurred in France and Italy. A rough calculation gives about five hundred miles per hour as the velocity of this transmission of the impact of the earthquake,—a force ten times greater than that of one of our most violent wind-storms. Undulations of the earth were noticed at Catania, in Sicily, at the foot of Mount Etna. It is reported that at Bussana, a village of eight hundred inhabitants, successive shocks levelled nearly every house, and one-third of the people were buried in the ruins. Not one of the one hundred and six communes in the populous province of Porto Maurizio escaped injury. The villages built on terraces, on the sides of the Italian hills, were almost all destroyed. Hundreds of the houses at Nice are tottering and ready to fall. The earthquake was strongly felt at sea. Off Genoa it woke sailors from their sleep, and the inhabitants of the city fled in terror from their houses to the ships in the harbor. Altogether it has been a time of horror in that portion of Europe so long regarded as one of the favored spots of Mother Earth. We, here in America,—even with the few ills of which we are so apt to complain,—should regard ourselves, in comparison, as being specially favored by an All-wise Providence, not only in our terrestrial quietude, but in the sum-total of our political and social surroundings.

Irish-American.

The Want of Religion Among Politicians.

SOME of our secular exchanges have very pertly remarked the absence of any mention of God or religion, in all the letters of condolence received by Mrs. Logan on the death of her esteemed husband. Of many hundreds of such, received from eminent politicians all over the United States, only two referred in any way to God, and both these employed the consoling expression and appeal to Him alone who can comfort at such a time.

These two letters contained the phrase, "May God comfort and sustain you." No earthly greatness can console earthly affliction, and only God can sustain human nature in its hours of deep distress. However, the fact remains to show the departure of religion from the minds of our great politicians, who rely solely on their own efforts and human aid for their success in this life, while they leave all thoughts of the life to come to other days and unknown occurrences after death.

The great hero whom the country regrets so much and whose life was spent in his country's cause was born of humble Irish parents, who if they lived would regret more than any one else the loss of their son, and his dying without the consolations of religion, which of all others can render death a happy termination of a well-spent life. The same is true in almost every case where the children of Catholic parents depart from the religion of the father. They become ignorers of all religions, yet many piously inclined Protestants are ever engaged in striving to

weaken the faith of Catholics, while facts prove their success does not improve either the individual or their church membership. Times are greatly changed now in their religious aspect from more primitive days in our country's history, when every public document that was issued from the hands of our great men began and ended under the protection of a wise and benign Providence. Is it our too great prosperity that has wrought the change? or is it any mark of prosperity to abandon God in the works of life?

When our forefathers drank in the little erudition obtainable in the log school-house, and that under the most trying circumstances, they had their heart imbued with religious instructions, which under the present advanced state of secular education in the free schools of the day, seem to be totally disregarded, and which to our minds accounts for much of the irreligion of our public men of to-day. It is by no means a good omen of the future of our country, to have its destinies repose in the manipulations of an irreligious set of officials, many of whom proudly boast of their freedom from religious restraint and their independence of God and man, except at the approach of an election, when the biggest of them crave for the votes of constituents, and profess themselves followers of the religion most predominant among their constituents, only for election purposes.

Catholic Progress.

Infanticide in India.

THIS horrible practice existed from the earliest period in India, though in all nations, before Christianity shed its light upon them, the sacrifice of a child to some grim idol has prevailed; and even in Scotland so late as the early part of the ninth century an Earl of Caithness is said to have offered up a human sacrifice to Odin. Without referring to the long legend in support of female infanticide, the first official intimation the government had of it in India was about 1789, when Mr. Duncan, afterwards governor of Bombay, informed Lord Cornwallis that he had discovered it to be "no unfrequent practice among the tribe of Rajkoomar, to destroy their daughters by causing the mothers to refuse them nurture." By the humane exertions of Mr. Duncan and Major Walker, every means were taken to suppress this crime at Benares and among the people of Cutch and Kattywar; though, when urged on the subject, they had the effrontery to say, "Pay our daughters' marriage portions, and they shall live." In the Koran we find this crime referred to thus among the Arabs. "And when any of them is told of the birth of a female his face becometh black, and he is deeply afflicted; he hideth himself from the people, because of the ill tidings which have been told him, considering within himself whether he shall keep it with disgrace, or whether he shall bury it in the dust." Mr. Duncan was inclined to pay for the lives of the girls, but the Court of Directors at once declined, on the plea that other tribes would

seek to barter in the same way. From time to time new disclosures of the most fearful nature came to light, showing the extent to which this crime prevailed among the Khonds and others; while the worshippers of Boora Penu, a sect of the Khonds, alleged his permissive sanction for the custom, given on the last occasion of his communication with mankind, when he said to men: — "Behold! from making one female what I and the world have suffered. You are at liberty to bring up only as many women as you can manage." According to the law of births the number of each sex is nearly equal; but at one time it was found among the population of Kattywar, a central division of Goojerat, though exceeding eight thousand, not more than sixty-three female children had been preserved in the course of ten years. On some of the largest estates only one, and on others, containing more than four hundred families, not one female child was found.

Conversion of Pagans.

A RECKONING-UP OF THE GREAT MISSIONARY BALANCE SHEET.

THE year is drawing to a close, and it is time for us to cast up the balance sheet, and see how it stands with the great business of the pagan world's conversion. Let us, therefore, examine the statistics given on another page, for they will show us the state of Christianity in a large part of the globe. The whole population of the countries there given is 745,351,988, and out of this vast mass only 2,440,481 are marked as Catholics; in other words, paganism in these countries alone has now in its favor a balance of some 741,000,000 of souls. We should doubtless have liked to have seen a different result. But do we fully realize what these figures mean?

The first question they suggest is — How will Christianity ever overtake heathenism? Facts and figures show us that Mohammedism, Hinduism, and Buddhism are not dying out of themselves. Nor will secular education effect their dissolution. It may induce a gradual dissociation. It may force the various heathen creeds to cast away their distinctive features, and unite in one common system of atheism, hardened by a self-imagined enlightenment. But the Church alone can Christianize. She must press forward in her missionary campaign. Press forward, indeed! For will heathendom ever be converted, if missionary activity continues as it is now?

Reckoning only from the days of St. Francis Xavier, we have more than three hundred years, and only two and a half millions of souls to be numbered now. At this rate we can never hope to overtake paganism. Think only of the increase of births over deaths! The carefully-taken census of 1881 shows that the growth for India is fully one per cent., or that the population doubles itself in one hundred years; elsewhere the rate is probably greater, but let us take it as the same.

Then, in one hundred years, our 741,500,000 of pagans will have become 1,483,000,000. Christians, it is true, multiply more rapidly. Let us, therefore, put the increase for them at two per cent. (that for England); then, in one hundred years, the two and a half million Catholics will be ten millions. In other words, heathenism will have outgrown Christianity by 1,473,000,000. Will the church, then, have failed in her mission? Surely not. She was bidden to go to the uttermost parts of the world, and to preach to all nations. This she has done and will ever do. But was she not intended to convert all nations? Yes, indeed, this was God's intention; but beyond the limits required by the church's apostolicity and Catholicity, He had made her success dependent on the free will of the pagans and on the co-operation of the faithful.

Now, how are the faithful doing? What, for instance, are the Catholics of the United Kingdom doing towards the diffusion of Christ's gospel? The annual income of the United Kingdom's population is estimated at £1,000,000,000, and its numbers at 37,000,000. One-seventh of these, or about five millions, are Catholics, and their yearly income may therefore be reckoned at £143,000,000, say at least £100,000,000. We will not ask what a community with one hundred millions a year at its disposal has done, but only what it ought to be doing now.

We cannot say all this revenue is required for the expenses of life. It is calculated that nearly one-fourth of their entire income is annually saved by all classes — £25,000 000 then yearly laid up by Catholics. Might not half a million a year be spared for the greatest work in the world, the work most pleasing to God, and the most profitable to ourselves, our families, and our country? You, readers, perhaps contribute more than your share; and you have asked others to aid, but they would not. Try again — try at least, to spread our Magazine, for it may come into the hands of others able and willing to aid; moreover, if all the Catholics of only these islands were to become subscribers, how great would be the sum that we could annually give for the propagation of the faith.

Catholic Missions for December.

When we are ill in body we must exact of our minds only acts of submission and acceptance of labor, and acts uniting our will with the good pleasure of God, which acts are formed in the superior part of the soul. As to exterior actions, we must perform them as best we can, even though it be languidly, heavily, and against our inclinations; and to make them acceptable to Divine Love, we must acknowledge, accept, and cherish the holy abjection of our state. In this way you will change the lead of your languor into gold, and that, too, finer gold than your heart could offer in its brightest and happiest moments. — *St. Francis de Sales.*

The Celtic Element in America.

THE relative numbers of Celtic inhabitants in the four principal cities of the Union must be a matter of interest to every Irish nationalist. To find out such a matter with absolute certainty would be well nigh impossible; but by means of the directories of the cities, about the Celtic population of which we desire to speak, a very close approximation can be made as to the Irish element they contain. We had recently an opportunity of examining the directories of the four principal American cities — New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston — and took the trouble to count the number of columns in each directory that contained the most common and numerous Irish names, and the results are very interesting. It will invariably be found that wherever there are the most Os and Macs and the most Murphys and Sullivans there is the largest Irish population; for the names Murphy and Sullivan, and names which begin with O and Mac, are the most numerous among the Celtic race. The prefix O should, by right, be retained before the names Sullivan and Murphy, but in most cases it has been discarded.

The number of names in the columns of the directories of the four cities mentioned is very nearly the same, and will average about 80. The following table gives the number of columns of Os and Macs, Sullivans and Murphys in the four cities mentioned:—

NEW YORK.	*Columns.*	CHICAGO.	*Columns.*
Names beginning with O	42	Names beginning with O	13
Names beginning with Mac . . .	138	Names beginning with Mac . . .	71
Sullivans and Murphys combined .	24	Sullivans and Murphys combined .	28
Total columns	204	Total columns	112
PHILADELPHIA.		BOSTON.	
Names beginning with O	28	Names beginning with O	30
Names beginning with Mac . . .	176	Names beginning with Mac . . .	91
Sullivans and Murphys combined .	15	Sullivans and Murphys combined .	31
Total columns	219	Total columns	152

From the foregoing it will be seen, contrary to the general belief, that Philadelphia is absolutely, and that Boston is relatively, the most Celtic of American cities. The population of New York is, in round numbers, 1,300,000; Philadelphia, 900,000; Chicago, 700,000, and Boston, 400,000. Philadelphia, about one-third less in population than New York, has fifteen more columns of Celtic names: but Boston, in proportion to its population, is the most Celtic of all. If New York were as Celtic as Boston its directory would have about 550 columns of Os, Macs, Sullivans, and Murphys, instead of 204; and if it were as proportionately Celtic as Philadelphia, its directory would contain about 300 instead of 204 columns of the Celtic names mentioned. Chicago is relatively and absolutely the least Celtic of the four cities. It is about

once and a half as populous as Boston, but its directory contains only 112 columns of the prominent Celtic names against 152 in the Boston directory. We use the term Celtic instead of Irish because a considerable minority of the names beginning with Mac are Scotch rather than Irish. Boston, then, is in proportion to its population the most Celtic and the most Irish city in America.

The case of Philadelphia is curious. It is said to contain a smaller foreign-born population than any of the great cities of America, and this is probably so; yet, with the exception of Boston, it is relatively the most Celtic of the four cities. This is explained by the fact that long ago, as far back as the time when what are now known as the United States were British colonies, there was a vast tide of emigration from Ireland to this country, and the greater part of it was directed to Pennsylvania. The difference between the Irish element in Boston and Philadelphia is that in the former city it is new and in the latter it is old.

The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.

The Australian Frozen Meat Trade.

In a letter written last month, the Melbourne correspondent of a Scotch paper gives some interesting data regarding the frozen meat trade of that city. He says that though the frozen meat companies have not been very successful, the Melbourne one having been wound up some months ago, yet since the works passed into other hands there is promise of success. Instead of purchasing sheep, as did the original company, the present owners of the works only kill, freeze, and ship the sheep for private owners at specific rates, the owners themselves taking all risks of sales in London. This new system, which has for some time been in vogue in New Zealand, came into operation in Melbourne last April, and up to the despatch of the correspondent's letter, as many as 50,000 sheep had been frozen at the works at Williamstown.

The graziers who consigned on their own account to London agents were pleased with the returns, as they found, after paying all expenses of freezing, freight, and commission, they had got more per head for their sheep than the prices realized for similar animals sold alive in the Melbourne market. Such shippers actually realized from 15s. to 17s. 6d. per frozen sheep, when the market rates in Melbourne for live sheep were only 12s. a head. But even had they realized only 12s. for the frozen carcass, they would continue to take all the trouble and risk of sending the meat to London, because one of the main objects of doing so is to reduce the surplus stock in Australia, which without an outside market to resort to, becomes a glut in the colony, and probably without such outlet sheep would have to be sold for 5s. or less per head, or be got quit of by being boiled down for tallow.

Father Wood, an English monk at Rome, constructed the first piano-forte, in 1711.

Saint Patrick's Fire.

"THEY took away our books, but left us the ruins," said an Irishman the other day, speaking of the sources of Irish national inspiration. The same may be said, in a sense no less true, of the sources of religious inspiration in Ireland. Desecrated churches, ruined shrines, monasteries crumbled and ivy-grown, and a system of customs and usages peculiar to Ireland, were the books which spoke to the Celt of his ancient faith in the trial that robbed him of everything else. Of these no power could deprive him, and he has kept and cherished them as sacred relics of the past. Not the least striking of these ancient relics is the bonfire celebration of St. John's eve, as it is called.

Some years ago I happened to be present at this festivity, and shall not soon lose the pleasant impressions it left me. It was in Glen Enny in Southwestern Donegal. The Glen is closed in by a great horse-shoe of rugged mountains, which runs around and shelters it on the north, east, and south. A mountain torrent, tumbling over a rocky cliff at the upper end of the Glen, winds down among the hills, and gradually swells into the river Enny, known for its trout and salmon. The cataract bears the name of the Grey Mare's Tail. Neat little thatched cottages, half concealed in clusters of hawthorn, set off the river's banks, and nestle themselves in the green hill-sides. The clansmen of Tyrconnell have held these venerated homesteads for long ages past. Here they still speak the "rushing Celtic tongue," and cherish the old faith as warmly as when they first received it from the lips of St. Patrick and St. Columba. They despise alike innovations, either in manners or in dress. The men still appear in knee-breeches and swallow-tailed coats, and the women dress in home-spun gowns and snow-white linen caps.

It was on this spot, and among these people, that I enjoyed for the first time the bonfire of St. John's eve. The Irish lads look forward to this as to a great event. For weeks before they had been busy, getting together whatever might swell the blaze or add to the merriment of the occasion. What did they not have? Peat and fir and heath and furze and bramble and fire-wood of every sort. As the eve itself approached all other occupation was stopped. The boys got together in great numbers and worked like "beavers." A circular wall of peat was first built. The space within, as the wall rose, was stuffed with heath and tarred wood, until it formed a dome, some ten feet in diameter, and six or seven feet high. Besides this, great heaps of bramble and furze were kept at a distance to feed the flame, as the night went on. Meanwhile the old men had been at work too. They had prepared torches for the blessing of the crops, and the spreading of the fire among the cornfields. And now they came forth with bundles of long fir and pine splinters, and placed them near the fire in readiness. At length, when all was done and everything was prepared, after the fire and torches had been sprinkled with holy water, as soon as the sun went down, at a given signal the match was applied to the great pile and the flames leaped up to meet the twilight

Then the crowd stood back and greeted with hearty shouts every fresh outburst of the fire, while the flame, growing in height and volume, mounted higher and higher, threatening the clouds above and filling the lads below with merriment.

Meanwhile the sturdy farmers lighted the torches and distributed them among their boys, assigning to each one his portion of the harvest. They in their turn dashed off at full speed into the gardens and fields, waving the torches over their heads, and casting the fire among the green corn and yellow wheat. They kept this up as long as the torches lasted, and did not return until they had thus visited every sown field, and burned some of the first fruits of the harvest, as a sweet-smelling sacrifice to God.

All this, however, was but the beginning. After supper, the whole village, young and old, married and single, the old grandfather and grandmother even, came out to see the fire. The boys had meanwhile put off their working dress and put on their best Sunday clothes, and the girls flitted about like fairies in their bright mantles and kirtles of green. Then appeared Mike, the fiddler, greeted with three cheers as he drew his ancient Cremona from its green bag. Reels and quadrilles were arranged, and soon the night air vibrated in unison with the merry music, and the nimble motions of the dancers. From the hill-top on which I was standing, I could see that our fire was only part of a great chain which spread itself along the Glen and up the mountain side. As the night darkened I could see the movements of the torches and catch the strains of distant music, which told of other social gatherings like our own.

I was struck with the grandeur of this scene, and wished to know something of the origin of these bonfires. I was putting questions to those nearest at hand, when the village schoolmaster came forward and gave me some interesting explanations. "You see, sir," he said, "when St. Patrick came amongst us, he was so pleased with our island that he converted not only the people, but the hills and the groves, and the holy wells and sacred fires of the Druids also. He hallowed the hills of Ireland by erecting churches where the Crom-cruach or Sun-pillar once stood. He built monasteries in the sacred groves. The mountain springs worshipped by the Druid he turned into baptismal fonts for the regeneration of his numerous converts, and they remain to us as places of pilgrimage down to the present day. He hallowed even the green sod by referring the little shamrock that grows at the Irishman's foot to the first mystery of our religion — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost existing in one Divine Nature, as the three leaves of the shamrock exist on one stem.

"The conversion of the Sacred Fires took place in this way. A short time after St. Patrick's arrival, he heard that the great feast of Beal-tine, that is, the Beal-fire, which took place annually about the time of the vernal equinox, was to be celebrated that year with great pomp at Tara. He thought this a fitting occasion to announce the Gospel to the assembled nobles. Breaking off, therefore, his labors in Down, he journeyed up towards the Irish capital. On reaching Slane, in the present county Meath and only a short distance from Tara, he

paused to celebrate the feast of Easter, which this year coincided with Beal-tine. Pitching his tent, he lighted a fire in the open air, according to the custom of the Church on Holy Saturday, and proceeded with the usual ceremonies.

"Meanwhile the Druids at Tara, perceiving the fire, brought word to King Leogaire that strangers had landed, and contrary to law had lighted a fire in advance of the royal signal, and that unless this fire was put out theirs would be forever extinguished, and his kingdom thrown into confusion. The king, thinking that an enemy was coming upon him, placed himself at the head of his forces, and marched out to do battle with the audacious foe. But on coming near Slane, he found that the imaginary host had reduced itself to a few peaceful-looking men praying in a tent. He halted in his march, and sent some of his guards to bring the strangers to him.

"So well did St. Patrick apologize for his intrusion that the king invited him to come up to court next day, and explain his mission before the Druids, the bards, and the assembled chieftains. Preceded by his little band of clergy, attired in his episcopal robes, and chanting a Christian hymn, the Saint on the following day, which was Easter Sunday, entered Tara, and was received by the high king of Ireland and his court in solemn assembly. In this event, sir, I have always been at a loss which to admire more, the Christian intrepidity of St. Patrick, or the simple and ready disposition of the Irish king to hear the truth. We have on the one hand an unknown stranger, coming up into the Irish capital at a time when the minds of the people were inflamed by the performance of their own religious rites, and penetrating through files of mail-clad warriors into the presence of a pagan king, to unfold a new doctrine, and maintain it against the sages and heathen priests by whom he was surrounded. And on the other we have a king, the head of a pagan people, contrary to his country's customs and against the wishes of the Druids, in the midst of great national festivity, suspending all other business, to give welcome and a ready hearing to the humble stranger, who had come to announce Christ to him and to his subjects.

"The discourse of the Saint was violently opposed by the Druids; but before its close he succeeded in reducing them to silence, and won for himself the favor of the assembly. The king gave him permission to teach Christianity throughout the kingdom. The royal poet, Dubtach, was converted on that day, and ever after cherished the Saint with the warmest affection, and dedicated his talents henceforth to Christianity. Erc, the young noble, who rose up to give his seat to St. Patrick at his entrance, was received among the clergy who accompanied the Saint on his missions, and we afterwards hear of him as bishop of Slane. It is needless to add that the fire that was destined henceforth to light up the hills of Erin, was not the fire of the Druids but the fire of St. Patrick, no longer the fire of Beal but the fire of Christ. The fire that burned at the return of spring no longer represented the material sun returning from the southern hemisphere, but Christ, the Sun of Justice, rising glorious from the dead. And the fire of the summer solstice, on the 21st of June, no longer blazed in honor of the material sun, standing on the tropic, but to the one true God, who from His throne in heaven fills the world with light and love.

"'*For this sun which we see,*' says St. Patrick in the book of his Confessions, '*rises daily in our behalf at the command of God. But it will never reign, nor shall its splendor remain always; and all who adore it shall fall into punishment with the wicked. We, however, believe and adore the true Sun, who is Christ.*'

"The Irish youth, therefore," the schoolmaster went on to say, "whilst lighting his bonfire, and scattering embers among the wheat on St. John's eve, thinks no more of Beal or fire-worship, but of the one true God, who has strengthened his arm and made fruitful his fields. The name of John, too, brings to his mind the apostle of love, who above all others shared the sacred flame of charity that burns in the heart of Christ, and verified in his life that saying of his master: '*I come to cast fire on the earth and what will I but that it be kindled.*'"

While the schoolmaster was speaking, I noticed that the fire had burned low, the music had ceased; the heads of families were now going silently around the fire, the beads were in their hands, and their lips were moving. And as the young persons began modestly following their example, I too joined in this pious procession, thanking Christ, through the intercession of St. John and the Blessed Mother Mary, for the great gift of faith and charity which He had bestowed on these good people, and asking that it might spread until the whole world should be enlivened by its light and heat.

C. in *Messenger of Sacred Heart.*

A Baby's Trouble.

We say that the promiscuous kissing of children in general is to be deprecated. The mildest sort of harm resulting from compulsory kissing is the nauseating of the child. Many persons in their zeal to kiss a child do not stop to consider whether they are themselves pleasant persons to kiss; they assume it. The poor child often has a most unsavory experience,— we need not go into details,— and all this in the name of affection. A child too young to express its dislike in words is often not only heartily kissed but violently hugged and tossed, and not seldom inverted in the enthusiasm of the visitor; and it is a stout baby whose breath is not taken away, and whose stomach stands it all. There are, however, more distinct and serious troubles that may arise from the custom of kissing children. The contagious disorders of mouth and throat can be communicated in this way, and probably often are. They certainly are in adults. The breath of persons suffering from whooping-cough, measles, and scarlatina is universally dreaded; but, except in the first-named, owing to the isolation of the patients, these diseases are probably rarely spread in this way. The danger, we believe, is especially great in connection with the various kinds of sore throat. No one with a sore throat, however slight, should kiss a child. A hundred times it will do no harm, perhaps, and the next time it may do irreparable injury. In the practice of many physicians these things

are well understood. When little ones rush at the welcome visitor, each with his kiss ready for delivery, it is self-denial not to accept it; but usually a word of explanation relieves the child of any sense of slight. It is easy enough to express our tenderness by some caress which cannot harm.

One Name Sufficient.

"GIVE your daughters but one name in baptism," cried out a thoughtful clergyman once, "and she ought to be perfectly content with that."

This brings us to speak of a custom coming only too much into vogue, of dropping the good, old-fashioned English terminations of female Christian names, and adopting the "ie" termination, in imitation, probably of the French. Hence our Julie, Sallie, Caddie, Mattie, Pollie, Lucie, Mamie, Nellie, Katie, and most to be deplored of all, Marie.

This "Marie" is a corruption of Mary, the sweetest of all female names. It is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies "exalted." The Magnificat will show the great exaltation of Mary, the Blessed Virgin, who was Mother of the Son of God made man. In all ages since her time the name Mary has been conceded to be the most exalted, and in pious Catholic families it is almost always perferred for a daughter.

Let the great name of Mary, therefore, continue to be preferred. It is not only endeared to us by religion; it has ever been a favorite name with the poets.

But we return to the "ie" movement. We hope our fair friends will be content with the actual, plain, old-fashioned names given them at the sacred font. And let them not only eschew modern innovation, or rather affectation, in their names, but let them also learn to love the old, robust habits and trains of thought, taste and feeling prevalent in the days of their mothers and grandmothers. Let each be content with one name; and the best of all is the name of Mary.

Catholic Columbian.

THE FIRST DRINK.—Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits ever extinguished by drink, wrote mournfully, looking back upon his childhood: "Could the youth to whom the flavor of the first glass was delicious look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eye and passive will; to see his destruction, and not have the power of will to stop it; and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise, how he would avoid the first temptation to drink!"

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

OUR LADY'S SHRINE.

'TWAS a lonely spot in the forest,
Where that simple shrine was placed,
Yet the brow of the dear Madonna
With sweet wild flowers was graced.

And the hand of the Infant Jesus
Was filled with the forest fern,
And below, in a niche quite sheltered,
A taper was placed to burn.

I was weary from hours of travel,
But I knelt me down to pray,
When I heard a light footstep coming,
The step of a child, that way.

I had thought, while my prayers I whispered
To the Mother and the Child,
If men or the angels tended
That shrine in the forest wild.

So I watched, as the steps drew nearer,
And waited what might be done,
And sheltered myself in the shadows,
For even had almost come.

'Twas a child that I saw approaching,
And her eye was full of love
As she gazed at the dear Madonna,
And the Infant Child above.

In her arms she carried some flowers —
The sweet wild flowers of the wood —
And stooping, she rolled to the altar
A stone, upon which she stood.

And around the dear Child and Mother,
Wherever a flower could rest,
She scattered her wildwood treasures,
Then strewed on the ground the rest.

THE PEASANT MAID OF DOMREMY.

JOAN of Arc was born on the 6th of January, 1412, at a village called Domremy, in the west of France. Her father and mother were hard-working people; they had no riches, only a small cottage with a garden; but they brought up their five children to be good and God-fearing Catholics.

Joan was the elder of two daughters, and was a good, simple, and sweet girl; never idle, she worked with all her heart, spinning and helping her mother in the household work, or going into the fields with her father and brothers, while her favorite occupation was to take charge of the village flocks, and drive them out to the green pastures. With all her work she still found time to go to Mass every morning, and while she was watching her flocks she would often kneel down and pray, and every Saturday she loved to go with other young girls to a hermitage dedicated to Our Lady of Bermont, and there burn a candle in honor of the Blessed Mother. Sometimes her young companions would laugh at her and say she was too pious, and although these remarks would cause her to blush, she continued her way of life in spite

of them. Her faith was accompanied by good works, and however small the amount of money she had, she spent it in alms. She used to visit the sick and console them, and invite the poor to come into the house and take a place at the hearth ; and her charity was not satisfied until her parents gave her leave to give up her own bed to them.

She was always modest and retiring. Every spring there used to be a festival given to the villagers by their lord, and the young girls made garlands of flowers to hang on a certain tall beech-tree. Joan would go with her companions, but while they were dancing and singing she would slip away quietly to the little chapel not far off, dedicated to Our Lady of Domremy, and suspend on the Blessed Virgin's image the wreaths she had made.

Now, at this time France was in a wretched condition. There was war between the English and the French, and at last the English were masters of the whole country, except the city of Orleans. Joan, too, suffered from the evils of this cruel war, for Domremy was for some time in the hands of the enemy, and we may be sure the pious girl would often pray that God might help her country.

One day, when she was about thirteen, she was in her father's garden, when she saw a brilliant light and heard a voice calling her. Three times the call was repeated ; then St. Michael the Archangel appeared to her, in company with many other angels. After this they often came to her, and she would weep when they left her, and ask them to take her with them. At first St. Michael only told her to behave well, to go to church often, to be a good girl, and that God would help her; but one day he told her she would help France and its unfortunate King, and promised to send St. Catherine and St. Margaret to direct her. Soon after these two saints appeared to her, and then Joan consecrated herself to God by a solemn vow ; but though she was in constant communication with the saints all that was observed in her conduct was a greater spirit of recollection.

A few years passed thus, and at last one day, when Joan was scarcely eighteen, the Angel told her the time had come for her to go to the King, and do the work God intended her for. Her parents opposed her, and no one believed her but her uncle ; so, weeping bitterly, she left her home secretly, accompanied by him, and went to Vaucouleurs, where dwelt an officer of the French King called the Sire de Baudricourt.

The Sire de Baudricourt at first laughed at her, but after a time he began to believe her, and buying her a horse and a complete suit of armor, he sent an escort of six men to conduct her to the King. Now the latter, whose name was Charles, had not yet been crowned, and Joan's mission was to deliver Orleans, which was being beseiged by the English and to lead Charles to Rheims to be crowned King of France. It would take too long to tell you how Joan succeeded in doing all the Angel had told her ; but in a short time she had driven the English out of a great part of France, had delivered Orleans, and been present at Charles's coronation. She then asked the King to let her go back to her village home, but he would not consent to this, and so, much against her will, Joan remained at her post. But her mission was over, and she

soon after was taken prisoner by the Burgundians, the allies of the English. Poor Joan! now began for her a life of cruel torture. Placed in an iron cage, she was carried to Rouen, and there she was tried and sentenced to be burned to death. Joan wept when she was told of this, but soon regained her courage, and asking for Holy Communion, she prepared herself for death. She was led out, surrounded by ten thousand soldiers, and fastened to a stake on a heap of wood. A good Dominican Brother, Isambard, held up a crucifix before her, and when Joan saw the flames rising, she thought only of the danger he was in, and begged him to leave. The flames mounted higher and higher, and Joan crying out "Jesus! Mary! My God! My God!" gave up her pure soul. The crowd wept aloud at the pitiful fate of this young girl of nineteen, and an English soldier declared he saw a dove come out of Joan's mouth and mount up to heaven; others saw the word "Jesus" written in the flames. Remorse soon seized upon her executioners, and the Secretary of the English King wrote, "We are lost; we have burnt a saint."

Joan had foretold that the English would be driven out of France in less than seven years, and her prediction was fulfilled, and not one town, except Calais, remained in their possession. The Holy Father, Pope Calixtus III., declared that the sentence pronounced against her had been an unjust and wicked one. So died Joan of Arc, the peasant maid of Domremy, and her memory lives forever in the hearts of all who love true heroism in fulfilling the work God gives His children to do. Her sorrows were bitter but short; her joys are, we may believe, eternal.

THE KING OF THE FISHES: A STORY OF "ONCE UPON A TIME."

ONCE upon a time there lived near the sea a fisherman and his wife. The man was called Hans, and the woman Isabel.

They were very poor, and had only a little wooden hut to live in, and Hans' fishing to depend upon for food and clothing.

Hans, seeing that he could not mend matters, would have been quite contented had Isabel only been of the same mind, and left him in peace. But instead of doing her best to keep the hut clean, and mending and washing their clothes, she was forever complaining and grumbling. "What is the good," she would say, "of cleaning a wretched hole like this, or mending such rags? Now, if we'd only a nice little farm, with a cow, and a pig, and some poultry, I should be quite happy, and would work with pleasure; but as it is—" So she would sit for hours together doing nothing, and Hans' life was made much more miserable than it need have been.

One day, while he was out fishing, he felt his net so heavy that he was sure he must have made a great catch, and hastily dragging it into his boat he saw it contained one very large fish.

"Aha!" he said, "my fine fellow, you'll do to take up to the big castle on the hill; the steward there will give me a good price for you."

To his amazement the fish deliberately winked at him, and opening his big mouth, answered:

"Not so fast, good Hans, not so fast. You must know that I am not an ordinary fish by any means, but the King of all the fishes."

Hans opened his eyes to their fullest extent, and staring at the fish he saw that he had a beautiful little golden crown on his head.

"I beg your Majesty's pardon," he stammered, in confusion. "If it only depended upon myself, I would put your Highness back into the sea at once, but if Isabel, my wife, got to know that I had let such a prize as your Majesty slip through my fingers, I should never hear the last of it!"

"I never asked you to *give* me my life," answered the King of the fishes, in an offended tone; "I will pay you well,—a great deal better than the steward of the castle either would or could. Ask for anything you wish and I will grant it you; but be quick about it, for this upper air doesn't agree with me, and I begin to feel rather faint."

Hans scratched his head, and having Isabel's constant complaints in his mind, he made a low bow, and said:

"Well, as your Majesty is so kind, I would like a nice snug little farm, with a cow, and a pig, and some poultry."

"You shall have it," answered the King; "and more than that, if ever you are in any need, come to the sea and call for me, and I will do all I can for you; but if you are a wise man, you will tell your wife nothing about me or my promise."

Hans gladly promised this, and releasing the fish King, rowed back to the shore.

Jumping out of his boat he hurried home; but instead of his poor old hut, he saw a beautiful farm house, with a garden, and orchard, and green fields all around it, and Isabel came running to meet him, crying out:

"Oh, Hans, what do you think? Half an hour ago the old hut disappeared, and all this came in its place, and my old rags fell off, and I found myself in this lovely dress!" And here Hans saw that she was dressed like the rich farmers' wives were in that country.

Inside the house was as comfortable and complete as it looked on the outside, and nothing was missing either for use or ornament; and Isabel, having nothing to grumble at, was for once contented, with just one small exception,—she was devoured by curiosity to know how all this change had come about.

One evening she was, as usual, guessing all kinds of things when she happened to look up at Hans, who was sitting opposite to her. Now Hans was determined to tell her nothing about the King of the fishes, but his secret was almost too much for him. Ever since he had married Isabel she had always assumed that she knew so much more than he did, that for the life of him he could not help feeling very superior to her now, and this night, after a good supper, he showed this feeling by smirking at the fire, as much as to say:

"I could say a good deal if I liked; I am not so stupid as you think."

When Isabel looked at him, she saw this as plainly as if he had spoken, and exclaimed:

"You know all about it, and you won't tell me—your own wife!" and she began to abuse and scold him just as she used to do.

But for once she found it was useless, for not a word would he say. Then she began to cry and to coax him, and this so upset him by its novelty that he told her all — foolish, foolish Hans!

At first Isabel was so surprised at Hans' story that she said nothing; but the next morning she asked him, "Didn't the King of the fishes say that if you called for him he would give you all you asked?"

"Yes," said Hans; "but as I am very well off at present, and don't want anything, I don't intend to trouble his majesty."

"Oh," answered Isabel, "I don't know about that. After all, you might have asked for something better than a farm while you had the chance. Now, if you had asked for a castle, with servants and carriages, like the great lord's to whose steward you used to sell your fish, there would have been some sense in it."

After this Hans found to his cost that there was no more peace for him. Morning, noon, and night Isabel worried and grumbled at him, and this was the constant burden of her complaints: Why should she milk and churn, and bake and scrub, when, if he liked, she might ride in a carriage and have servants to do her work? Why should she wear woollen and cotton gowns, when she might brave it with the best in silks and satins? and so on all day long. Once, when Hans was from home, she went herself to the sea and cried: —

"King of the fishes, come out of the sea,
Hans' wife Isabel calls for thee!"

But all the answer she got was that an angry wave dashed over her and wet her through to the skin; so she ran home frightened, and took good care not to tell Hans anything about it.

At last she got her own way, for Hans, not being able to stand her scolding any longer, consented to ask the King-fish for what she wanted.

With a heavy heart he went to the shore and said: —

"King of the fishes, come out of the sea,
My wife Isabel sends me to thee!"

Hardly had he finished these words before he saw a golden crown appear above the waves, and then the head of the King-fish who asked, "Well, Hans, what do you want?"

Then Hans stammered out his request and added, "I am quite content and much obliged to your Majesty, but my wife Isabel wills it so."

At this the King-fish looked very grave, and said, "I told you, if you were wise you would not tell your wife about me. However, what's done can't be undone, and, as I promised, I must keep my word;" and without as much as saying good-by he disappeared under the water, leaving Hans to find his way home. When he arrived the farm, where he had been so happy, was gone, and in its place stood a grand castle, at the gate of which he was met by a servant in livery, who told him the Lady Isabel was waiting for him in her bower. The astonished Hans followed the man up a wide marble staircase, and in a room beautifully furnished he found Isabel, dressed in crimson satin and with a gold chain round her neck, lying on a couch, and giving herself all manner of airs and graces.

Now began a life of misery, worse than anything he had before experienced, for poor foolish Hans, and not an hour passed that he did not wish himself back at his dear little farm. Neither he nor Isabel knew how to behave like lords and ladies, and he often saw their servants laugh at the mistakes they made.

But Isabel strutted about like any peacock, and at last insisted upon going to Court.

So they went; and here even the king and queen could not help laughing at their awkwardness and ignorance, and Isabel returned to her castle in a towering passion. Hans, she cried, must go to the King-fish at once and ask to be made a king, so that she might be a queen and be revenged upon all these stuck-up people for daring to ridicule her!

Hans refused for some time, but at last he went. It was a dull, windy day, and the sea looked gray and angry; he felt inclined to turn back, but it seemed worse to face Isabel's anger; so, with a trembling voice he cried out:—

"King of the fishes, come out of the sea,
My wife Isabel sends me to thee!"

An impatient voice startled him by saying, "What, Hans, back already!" and he saw the King-fish before him looking anything but pleasant. Still trembling, Hans made his request.

"Foolish man!" cried the fish, "if I could help it I would not grant it to you; but as your wife will be your ruin yet, if you go on like this, take this piece of advice: your life as a king will be still more unhappy than it has been as a lord; but if you do your best to do good to every one, and keep your wife in her proper place, things may not be so bad. If you neglect this warning I can do no more for you."

With these words he disappeared, and Hans found himself in a palace, with a crown on his head, and Isabel in magnificent robes, and also crowned, by his side.

Her pride was now something terrible, and in the course of a few days she was thoroughly hated by everybody; while, as for poor Hans, he wished himself a fisherman again, and that he had never seen the King-fish; but wishing was all in vain.

He tried feebly to follow the King-fish's advice, but he found it was too late; if he could not control Isabel before, it had now become quite impossible, and it was not long before he began to fear his own life was not safe in her hands.

One morning Isabel was awakened by the sun shining in her face; angrily she exclaimed, "What is the use of being a queen, if the sun can wake one like any common mortal! Go at once to the King-fish and ask him to give me power of having sunshine or rain whenever I please."

"But, wife," cried the horrified Hans, "that would be wanting to make you like the Almighty Himself!"

"I don't care," answered the wicked woman, "do as I tell you, or I'll make your life not worth having!"

Wretched, cowardly Hans! he gave in even to this wicked order.

As he went towards the shore the sky became as black as night, red and blue lightning darted out of the clouds, and the noise of the thunder was terrific, whilst the waves were as high as a house and threatened every moment to swallow him up.

Half dead with fright, his knees knocking against each other, he repeated almost inaudibly:—

"King of the fishes, come out of the sea,
My wife Isabel sends me to thee!"

In a voice louder and more awful than the thunder, amid a crashing sound, as if all the world were tumbling to pieces, the King-fish asked, "What do you want!"

Hans, driven to desperation, repeated his wife's impious demand.

"Cowardly and wicked wretch!" cried the King-fish, "return to your hut and your rags, and hope for no more relief!"

Terrified, Hans ran from the sea, which seemed as if it would drown him, and soon he found Isabel in her dirty rags in the old hut, and all the grandeur had vanished.

More wretched and discontented than ever they dragged on a miserable existence amidst mutual reproaches; and as for the King of fishes, they never saw him more.

A GIFT TO THE SACRED HEART.

It was on the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and a child of Mary was dying. The priest, who had already prepared her for death, and given her the last Sacraments, was engaged, together with her mother and sisters, in reciting the prayers for the dying.

"Father," whispered the dying girl, and she pointed in the direction of a table, upon which rested a common drinking-glass, containing two white roses. "Father," and her trembling voice quivered as at intervals she faltered the words, "take those roses, please, and place them at the foot of the Sacred Heart. To-morrow is the Feast. Say shall I be in time? Shall I be near that Sacred Heart? And she looked appealingly towards the priest, as though he had but to say the word. "Help me," she continued, "and when there I will pray for you."

"Only a little while longer, my child," said the priest, "and Mary will offer your heart to that of her Divine Son."

Friday, the day of the feast, came and went, and Saturday brought with it Mary for her child. The priest, taking one of the roses from the drinking-glass, laid it upon the dead girl's breast, while the other he placed at the foot of the statue of the Sacred Heart, and prayed that others might before their death give, not a rose, the emblem of charity, but their own hearts, in which charity, love for God, should dwell, to the Sacred Heart. Yes, he wondered, and wonders still, at the *few* who will, after repeated invitations, console the heart of Jesus by removing once for all their lips from the glass filled with poisonous drink, and

their hearts also from ever desiring such drink in preference to the waters of eternal life which flow from the source of all grace, the Sacred Heart of our Lord.

Who, among all who read this, will tell our Lord that they will remove lips and heart from the glass of intoxicating drink? Who will renew their pledge, and seal it with a prayer, and a resolution to offer up at least one Holy Communion in reparation and for the conversion of those who have not yet the good-will to say to the priest, "Father, here are two gifts: my lips, ever free from the intoxicating glass; and my poor heart, free from any desire of indulging in its fatal contents again?"

Lovers of the Sacred Heart — souls consecrated to His service — pray frequently, pray much, for the conversion of drunkards, for fathers and mothers especially, who have charge of so many innocent children; and Mary will come and one day offer your roses — the souls of those saved from a drunkard's death — to the Sacred Heart.

Pray, pray, for prayer will work more good among souls than long arguments with those you desire to withdraw from the vice of intemperance. Pray, for our Blessed Lord has revealed the desire which burns in His Sacred Heart to communicate Himself to souls, saying, "Publish, and cause to be published over all the world, that I will set no limit to My graces, for those souls that come to seek them in My Heart." Pray, then, that you may obtain the grace to keep the pledge, and that others may have the grace to take and keep the same, so that countless number of mortal sins may be hindered. Countless, then, may be the roses — the hearts of men, women, and children — taken from the common drinking-glass of intoxicants, and forming your joy and your crown in heaven.

LOST AND FOUND.

THE other day a bruised and battered old dumb watch and chain lay in the gutter where some foot had kicked it from the walk. If any one gave the toy a second glance it was to realize that some child had lost or flung it away. The case was battered, the face scratched and scarred, and no boy would turn aside to pick it up.

By and by a curious procession came up from the street. It was composed of a man and his wife, both past fifty years of age, and four children, the youngest of whom seemed to be about twelve. They were spread on walk and street, heads down and moving slowly, and there was a look of anxiety on every face. Some one asked the man if he had lost his wallet, and he replied, "No, not that. Somewhere as we came along we lost our Jamie's watch."

"Very valuable?"

"Well, sir, not as far as money goes; but it's a relic of the dead, and—and—"

"Oh, it was an old dumb watch, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll find it in the gutter up by that post."

The entire family made a rush for the spot, and the watch had no sooner been lifted than the mother kissed it and the children shouted their exultation.

"It may seem foolish to you, sir," explained the husband, as he slyly wiped at something like a tear in the corner of his eye, "but it's a long twelve years since Jamie died. That watch was the first toy I ever bought him. We've been burned out of house and home twice since he died, and that's the only scrap or relic left us of the little one. You see it's old and bent, but money couldn't buy it. Every time we look at it we can call up his blue eyes and chubby face, and the thought that he is waiting for us up there, almost answers for a meal with mother."

"Are you going away?"

"Yes; across the ocean to our old home in Ireland. We must leave the dead behind. Had we lost the watch I believe the mother would have broken her heart. So long as we have it the boy's face comes up to us. We can almost hear him laugh again, and it seems more like we had laid him away to sleep for an hour or two. Thank Heaven that we have it! It was Jamie's, sir, and we are never to see his grave again."

THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD.

THE late John B. Gough, in one of his powerful addresses, tells the following most touching story: "I once was playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly; for I loved him, and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go down with me to the side of that green bank?'—'Oh, yes!' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky; the sunbeams that warmed and cheered and illumined us lay upon his porous, greasy face; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned; the very swine in the fields looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded being, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life, peace, and innocence; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land,—strong drink,—then did I pray to God to give me an everlastingly increasing capacity to hate with a burning hatred an instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being once as fair as that child.

"PAPA," said a little five-year-old, pointing to a turkey gobbler, strutting around in a neighbor's yard, "ain't that red-nosed chicken got an awful big bustle?"

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

SUBSCRIBERS WILL PLEASE EXAMINE the printed slip on the wrapper of their MAGAZINE. If there is any error in the name or address, or in the date which represents the expiration of your subscription, you should communicate with us at once, so that the mistake may be rectified.

THE Irish Societies of Boston and vicinity will celebrate the 17th of March by a procession. Forming on Broadway, in South Boston, the right resting on E Street, the route will be through Broadway, Harrison Avenue, Concord Street, Washington, Camden, Tremont, Dover, Harrison Avenue, Essex, Washington, Boylston, Charles, Beacon, School, Washington, Hanover, Prince, Charlestown, City Square, Warren, Main, Chapman, Washington, City Square, Causeway, Endicott, Cross, Haymarket Square, Merrimac, Causeway, Leverett, Green, Chambers, Cambridge, and Charles, where the parade will be dismissed. It was decided to start the procession promptly at 11 in the morning, and all societies are expected to report at South Boston at 10.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY IN BOSTON.— On his way home Mr. McCarthy visited Boston. He was entertained by the Press Club on the evening of the 26th of February, and lectured in the Boston Theatre the following Sunday evening to an appreciative audience. He sailed for the old land on the 5th of March to attend his parliamentary duties. He will receive a *cead mille failthe* from Parnell and his lieutenants and the Irish people.

HOW promptly the world, the flesh, and the — newspapers join forces to defend and applaud the course of any Catholic the least out of tune with his church or bishop!

THE AMERICAN CARDINALS.— In his audience with Cardinal Gibbons the Pope said: "You are indeed happy. The American Catholic church enjoys the greatest civic freedom. Her bishops have no other work than to live like shepherds guiding and leading their flocks." In his interview with Cardinal Taschereau the Pope was quite effusive about England and her colonies, and dwelt upon the success of Mgr. Agliardi's mission in Canada. It is rumored that the American patriarch will be made a cardinal.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed Very Rev. Geo. L. Willard a commissioner to select a diminished reservation for the confederated bands of Cayuse, Walla Walla, and Umatilla Indians, vice Wm. Pearsons, whose commission is revoked. Father Willard is associate editor of the *Catholic Citizen*, Milwaukee, Wis.

READERS of A. M. Sullivan's brilliant work, "New Ireland," will remember, in connection with the "Pope's Brass Band," the story of Edmond O'Flaherty. This gentleman was the political manager of the suicide Sadleir and "So help me God" Keogh, and was rewarded for his treachery to his country by the post of Commissioner of Income-tax. One day he disappeared, leaving bills in circulation, some of them with forged signatures, amounting in the aggregate to about £15,000. On Monday, Dec. 27, there died at the residence of Mr. Kilroy, Haarlem, New York City, under the as-

sumed name of "William Stuart," the Mr. Edmond O'Flaherty of Keogh and Sadleir times. For years he has maintained himself by writing for the press in New York, and his bones now lie in the stranger's land "unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

MESSRS NOONAN & Co. have published a Catholic Directory for the archdiocese of Boston for 1887. It is for the use of the clergy. From it we learn that the number of churches with resident pastor are 111; churches without resident pastor, 38; stations attended, 13; churches building, 4; priests (secular, 245; regular, 67), 312; students in philosophy and theology, 80; seminary, 1; colleges, 2; female academies, 5; convents, 27; number of Sisters, 658; orphan asylums, 10; orphans, 950; hospitals, 7; number of scholars in Catholic schools, 20,066; Catholic population about 400,000.

THE British Government have abandoned the scheme of boycotting Queenstown, and from the first day of March another mail contract will be in force, by which the interests of the Irish port will be respected.

Brilliant Wedding in Boston.

ONE of the most notable weddings of the season, at the Highlands, took place in St. Joseph's Church, Circuit Street, Boston, on Wednesday morning, Feb. 17, the contracting parties being Mr. James McCormick, Jr., son of the brewer, and Miss Mary Louise Maguire. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James B. Troy, assisted by Fathers Lee, Boursaud, and Byrnes. The church was well filled by the friends of the young couple, and as the procession moved up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March, the scene was impressive and brilliant. The bride was attended by Misses Agnes Lappen and Carrie C. Doherty, while the bridegroom had as best men Messrs. Edward Kenney and George F. Doherty. The ushers were Robert E. and James F. Maguire, brothers of the bride, Charles McCormick, brother of the bridegroom, and Mr. Henry A. Doherty. The bride was attired elegantly in a costume of white satin, trimmed with seed pearl and lace. She carried a handsome bouquet of hyacinths, her veil being decorated also with the same kind of flowers.

Immediately after the ceremony at the church a reception was held at the residence of Hon. Patrick Maguire, the bride's father, No. 208 Warren Street, lasting from 10 A.M. till 12.30 P.M. The presents were numerous and elegant, the apartment set apart for their exhibition resembling a richly-furnished art room. The parents of the happy young couple led the list with substantial tokens of their affection. The other gifts from personal friends and from prominent citizens numbered some two hundred, and represented an aggregate value of considerably over $10,000.

THE earthquake, in the district about the Gulf of Genoa, bids fair to prove the most disastrous for that region since the severe shocks of August and September, 1822, when thousands of lives were lost. About the same time Aleppo was destroyed and 20,000 lives lost. The earthquake of 1881 was most disastrous in Southern Italy, where hundreds of houses were destroyed and hundreds of lives lost.

WE are happy to learn by cable from Madrid that the priest who assassinated the bishop of that city, who was tried and condemned to death, has been examined by a medical commission and pronounced insane. The verdict was unanimous and is universally acquiesced in, even by the relations of the dead prelate.

The Irish Cause.

Boston Herald: It would have been deemed impossible, three years ago, that Sir William Vernon Harcourt could have written a letter such as that published in the London *Times* a day or two ago, in which the assertion is made, that present disturbances in Ireland are due to the exactions of the government, and to its failure to accept the moderate and statesmanlike proposals of Mr. Parnell. The triumph of the Irish cause may be delayed a few years, but now that not only Mr. Gladstone but apparently all of the prominent men of the Liberal party in England are thorough home rulers, it only becomes a question of the transfer of political power from the Conservative to the Liberal party, when Ireland will receive the right of local autonomy.

PATRICK CUNNINGHAM, of New Bedford, Mass., who invented the bomb-lance

harpoon for whale-killing, which is now used the world over by whalers, has perfected a rocket for carrying its own line that not only attains a tremendous range, but greater accuracy than any known projectile of the rocket kind. The United States officials have tested the rocket, which can be made to carry a mile; and it can be furnished so cheaply that all ships can carry it.

The Late O. A. Brownson.

WE publish an address to the Catholics of the country, in relation to a monument to be erected to the memory of the distinguished deceased, to which we direct the attention of those who desire to contribute to such a desirable object. Mr. Donahoe will gladly receive subscriptions, and forward them to Rev. J. H. Mitchell, Treasurer of the Brownson Memorial Committee, Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHILIPS, the Henry George candidate for Mayor of Philadelphia, received only 1,606 votes. This is explained on the ground that so many Philadelphia workingmen own their own homes instead of living in tenements.

Archbishop Croke on the Glenbeigh Evictions.

THE PALACE, THURLES, Jan. 21.

MY DEAR SIR:—Enclosed you will find a check for £16 18s 6d., of which sum £5 are my personal subscription to the fund for the poor homeless outcasts of Glenbeigh, the remainder, as you will see by the accompanying letter, being the aggregate contributions of a few Irishmen resident in South America and placed at my disposal. I cannot trust myself to write what occurs to me in connection with those dreadful doings in Kerry, that are sending a thrill of indignant horror through every Christian heart in and out of the empire. Only think of the shameless hypocrites who turn up their eyes at the supposed enormities and immorality of the "plan of campaign," and gloat over the ruin and conflagrations of Glenbeigh! How long is civilization to be outraged by such barbarities, and what is to be thought of a government that not only countenances, if it does not positively commend them, but is actually engaged in framing a coercion act for their safe conduct and continuance? I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful servant.

✠ T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

It is thought that the government will prosecute the archbishop for the above utterances. Let them try it.

THE birth of Robert Emmet was celebrated in Boston and vicinity with more than usual rejoicing.

THE stalwart men in green will celebrate St. Patrick's in many places by processions, dinners, etc., but more particularly in the churches. We devote a good deal of space in this issue to the great apostle, and his work throughout the world.

THE LATE GEN. LOGAN.—The following has been received from Mrs. General John A. Logan, dated at Washington, D. C.:—

"The family of General John A. Logan desire Mr. Donahoe to accept its grateful acknowledgment for the biographical sketch, together with its expressions of sympathy and condolence, in the March number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE."

The Queen's Jubilee.

THE 21st of June has been decided upon as the date for the national celebration of the Queen's jubilee. The day will be declared a holiday, and her Majesty will attend a state service to be held in Westminster Abbey. In Boston the day will be observed by Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irish Orangemen. The Charitable Irish Society were invited to participate, but declined and passed the following resolutions at its last meeting:—

Resolved, That, inasmuch as this Society knows of no action on the part of Queen Victoria, affecting the Irish people during the fifty years of her reign, which this Society can commend,—but has, so far as this Society has knowledge, been inimical to the best interests and aspirations of the people of Ireland; therefore,

Resolved, That this Society do not participate in the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of Victoria to the English throne; and that the President and Secretary of this Society communicate in a suitable manner the action of the Society, to the gentlemen by whom the invitation was extended.

THE Armenian patriarch is in Rome perfecting measures to end the great Armenian schism, and has thus far met with most gratifying success, whole villages returning to the Catholic church.

HIS Grace, Dr. Carr, left Dublin for Rome, *en route* to Australia, after a series of affectionate demonstrations from the people of his former diocese at Galway, and in other parts of the country. He bears with him from his native land the good wishes and prayers of many hundreds of priests, who had known and revered him while professor at Maynooth College.

INCREASE AND MULTIPLY.—The Bureau of Vital Statistics reports the total number of births, in New York City, as 31,319 for the year 1886. The number of Catholic baptisms for the year in the city of New York, says our contemporary, the *Catholic Review*, is twenty-two thousand, being over two-thirds of the total of children born in the metropolis! If all these children could be educated in Catholic schools what a Catholic city New York would soon become! Assuming the number of Catholics in New York City to be six hundred thousand, and having ascertained from official sources that during the year over twenty-two thousand infants were baptized by Catholic priests, then there are but nine thousand children left to the credit of the remainder of the population. Estimating the total population of the city at one million two hundred thousand, the result is as follows: In the Catholic population of six hundred thousand, there is one child born each year to about every twenty-seven inhabitants, while among the six hundred thousand people outside the Catholic church there is but one child born to every sixty-six inhabitants. In other words, there are approximately three Catholic children born in New York City to one child of all the other denominations.

WE are told how Archbishop Croke converted Pope Leo XIII. to condonation of the "plan of campaign." "What would your Holiness say," asked Dr. Croke, "if a poor peasant of the Romagna were to hire for a few scudi a barren rock in the Apennines, and were to enclose it with a wall, and plant it with a vineyard, and build on it a house, and if, when the vines began to bear fruit, the lord of the soil were at once to raise the rent to the full value of the improvements made, and if, on failure to pay, the poor peasant were to be turned out and his labor confiscated?"—"I should call it," said the Pope, "a robbery." To which the archbishop replied, "That, Holy Father, has been the whole history of the land quarrel for generations in Ireland."

MR. HENRY JOSEPH DILLON, B. L., B. A., in religion Rev. Father Nicholas, and brother to Mr. John Dillon, M. P., was professed at the Franciscan Church, Killarney, on Feb. 8th.

THE young girl, who figured in the Glenbeigh evictions by knocking down a bailiff with a shovel, has received a guinea from the Liecester Liberal Club, who wish to get possession of the shovel, that it may be hung up in the club-room with a green ribbon attached.

THE JURY DISAGREE.—In the case of the trial of Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, Redmond, and others, for their connection with the "plan of campaign," the jury disagreed. Another trial is spoken of.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL, speaking on the 16th inst., to a crowded meeting at South-place, Finsbury, said the effect of Mr. Gladstone's Irish bill would simply be to empower an assembly, sitting on Irish soil, to deal with matters peculiarly Irish. Before long the object of the bill would be attained, and men would wonder at the outcry which had been raised against an attempt to do an act of simple justice.

THE Pope is reported as feeling gratified at the assurance that Bismarck is sure of a majority in the German Reich stag, and as saying that peace is assured.

THE Catholic Church, California, is now receiving back from the Mexican government the two million dollars known as the "pious fund," which was confiscated by Santa Anna in 1842. The record of the fund was lost for fifteen years, when Archbishop Alomany found at Monterey documents which established the claim of the church to the money. The fund had been deposited with the Mexican government in trust, for the proper management of missions.

THE church property in New York City is valued at $38,443,000. This includes all religions. It is all exempt from taxation. St. Patrick's Cathedral is valued at $2,000,000.

ARCHBISHOP ELDER, in conversation about the relations of labor, capital, and the church, with a reporter, said: "The great difficulty now is the lack of feeling of good-will and the charity which belongs to religion, on the side both of labor and capital. Such a rule as that each man should try to get the best he can in every transaction seems to prevail now. So long as this spirit remains there will be contention. When the capitalists are strong, the workingmen fail in their contests with them, and *vice versa*. What we need to-day is a spirit of good-will and charity to modify this selfish rule of each man striving for his own advantage. Now each man wants to get the most for his money, and to give the least. What is necessary is that by which each man may claim a fair profit for himself, and he must allow the same to his neighbor."

IN 1676 there was great suffering in Boston in consequence of the Indian wars, and the citizens of Dublin sent out a ship with a full freight, the proceeds of which, £980, equivalent to $30,000, was divided by the captain among one hundred and sixteen impoverished families of Boston.

THE Minnesota Legislature has enacted a law placing license at $1,000 a year for the sale of liquor.

SIR MICHAEL MORRIS, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas Division, has been appointed lord chief justice of Ireland, as successor to Lord Chief Justice May. He is the first Catholic to occupy the position since the "Reformation." He has always been a conservative.

THE Vincentian Fathers are about to build a mission-house on the Pennant Hills, Sydney, N. S. W. They were recently introduced into Australia from Ireland by Cardinal Morgan. This is their first foundation on the southern continent. They will not have charge of any parish, but will devote themselves wholly to the giving of missions and retreats.

IT may be of interest to our many readers to know that Mrs. President Cleveland is a total abstainer from all intoxicating drink. An excellent example to follow.

Significant Retirement.

Boston Daily Globe: One by one the enemies of home rule for Ireland disappear. The retirement of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach from the chief secretaryship for Ireland, is merely another token of the hopelessness of the Tory endeavor to again govern a portion of the kingdom by brute force. Able man though he be Sir Michael has given up the task in despair. Of course the plea of ill-health and failing eye-sight is used only as a cushion to break the fall of the chief secretary. The excuse belongs to the "urgent-private-business-demands-his-attention" class, and really is not expected to nor does it deceive any one. Translated into plain English its import is that Sir Michael is convinced of the hopelessness of the struggle; that he sees no hope of success for his exertions, and that he would prefer to have some person other than himself standing beneath when the inevitable crash comes.

The retirement of Sir Michael from the chief secretaryship probably precedes, by a short time only, the ultimate dissolution of the cabinet. Government cannot go on successfully under a ministry so vacillating and disheartened. The existing cabinet is at best a compromise, scarcely two members of which agree upon any line of policy outside of the coercion of Ireland,— a policy pursued in the face of the enlightened sentiment of the entire world, and especially, as recent elections have shown, of sentiment in England itself.

Lord Salisbury's cabinet will soon be a thing of the past. The civilized world does not move backward.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S lecturing tour in this country and the Dominion has been a great success. It has been a series of literary triumphs. He has delivered a very large number of lectures in four months—110 in all. He has spoken in sixteen States, the District of Columbia, and in five Canadian provinces. The Irish cause has derived inestimable advantages from Mr. McCarthy's visit.

News from Rome.

CARDINAL GIBBONS — KNIGHTS OF LABOR — DR. McGLYNN.

ROME, March 1. — The American bishops take a favorable view of the Knights of Labor in the United States. Cardinal Gibbons has placed before the Vatican a formal statement as to the nature of the organization, and the attitude the church should adopt toward it.

The cardinal believes that any condemnation of the Knights would be not only useless, but highly inopportune, and that it might alienate the sympathy of the American laboring class from the church, and hamper the mission of the church to the laboring poor.

The primate also treats the alarmist theories respecting the Knights of Labor as puerile, and says that nearly one-third of the men belonging to the organization are Roman Catholics.

Cardinal Gibbons says the association is not a secret society in the sense condemned by the church, and is consequently exempt from canonical censure. In Canada the case is different.

The cardinal further says he considers the organization in the United States not only harmless, but that it will possibly help in the eventual settlement of the great question of the proper relations between labor and capital.

Dr. McGlynn.

THE following cablegram has been received in New York :—

ROME, March 3, 1887.— Dr. Henry Carey, chairman St. Stephen's parishioners, and John R. Feeny, vice-chairman, 541 Second Avenue, New York, America: Your telegram was most acceptable to the sovereign pontiff, who, returning thanks, imparts most lovingly his apostolic benediction to Rev. Dr. McGlynn, to you, and to the faithful of the parish. M. MOCENDI.

The despatch was immediately sent up to the reverend doctor, who expressed much pleasure at its receipt. From an intimate friend of Dr. McGlynr, it was learned that the reverend doctor's only objection to going to Rome was that he did not wish to go there as a deposed or silenced priest.

ROME, March 4. — The public Consistory, at which Cardinal Gibbons and Cardinal Taschereau will be hatted, has been fixed for March 17, as originally announced.

One of the latest rumors is that Cardinal Tinaro, lately elevated, is to be made papal secretary of state. Cardinal Tinaro belongs to the Sicilian nobility. He is highly esteemed for his great learning and piety.

Bishop Keane of Richmond, who left for the seashore a week or so ago on account of his health, has returned to Rome much benefited by his trip. He will remain here with Bishop Ireland of St. Paul, to witness the investiture of the American cardinals.

Very Rev. Pierre Jean Beckx, general of the Order of the Jesuits, died to-day from a heavy cold contracted last Sunday. He was born ninety-two years ago at Sichem in Belgium, and was appointed general of the Order in 1853. Three years ago he was retired from active participation in the duties of his office on account of extreme old age and delicate health. Since that time Very Rev. Father Anderledy has been acting-general, and he will now be appointed general. Father Beckx lived here with Cardinal Mazella, in whose house he died.

ROME, March 6, 1887.—A project is on foot for the erection of a new American college. The present building is too small. The new structure, which it is proposed to build, will have a church attached for the benefit of American visitors.

THE Prussian Government has consented to give full liberty to the religious orders, with the exception of the Jesuits and those that are declared to be similar to the Jesuits — the Redemptorists, the Lazarists, and the Fathers of the Holy Ghost.

DURING January, in the present year, there were 6,341 English, 1,325 Irish, and 1,103 Scotch emigrants, — a total of 8,769 against 7,793 in January of last year.

Thy Kingdom Come.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLORED MISSION UNION.

THE following approbation from the Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, explains the object of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union. While it will include for the present year, at least, the Virginia Mission Union, it however is intended for the propagation of the faith among the six hundred and fifty thousand Negroes of Virginia, of whom not one-half have ever received any kind of Baptism.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, RICHMOND, VA., Oct. 21st, 1886.

For seven years the Virginia Mission Union has been a great assistance to me in supplying the providential needs of the poor missions of this Diocese. It has helped me in the erection and support of many churches and schools. Above all, it has aided me to lay broad and firm the foundation of a great work for the enlightenment and salvation of the colored race within the limits of my jurisdiction. On the eve of a visit to Rome, which duty imposes on me, knowing that it will be impossible for me to attend personally to the work for the coming year, I turn it over to the charge of Rev. Father Slattery, the worthy and zealous Pastor of our Colored Mission. He has a great work in hand, not only in the city of Richmond, but in several other parts of the Diocese as well, and will sorely need all the help that he can obtain from charitable and zealous souls for its accomplishment. Hence, the funds of the Mission Union for the coming year, at least, will be devoted to this purpose. I ask for his appeal an affectionate welcome and a hearty response. And I personally appeal to each of the charitable contributors and kind friends, who have so nobly aided me hitherto, not to relax, but to redouble their efforts in behalf of the work, which they know to be so great a solicitude to my heart, and so special a desire of the Sacred Heart of our dear Saviour.

✠ JOHN J. KEANE,
Bishop of Richmond.

ST. JOSEPH'S NAME AND PATRONAGE.

The Colored Mission of Virginia has been placed under the protection of the glorious Patriarch, who first brought our Blessed Lord to the land, whence the ancestors of the Negro race were forcibly carried to Virginia. God grant that in it be realized, in some measure, the blessings which followed the Flight into Egypt, and which brought forth such rich fruit in the lives of the Fathers of the desert, making its sandy wastes to bloom like the rose of Sharon.

OBJECT OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLORED MISSION UNION.

Of the six hundred and fifty thousand Negroes in Virginia, not more than four hundred are Catholics, who mostly reside in Norfolk and Alexandria. In the rest of the State, outside of Richmond, where there are ninety, there are not a dozen colored Catholics. The object of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union, is to erect churches and schools for this unfortunate race,— whose souls, alas ! are but a deeper reflection of their bodies,— and thus win them to the Church, which alone can raise them up to the Christian standard of virtue and morality.

WHAT IS BEING DONE FOR THE COLORED PEOPLE OF VIRGINIA.

In Richmond : St. Joseph's Church, with a resident priest and a congregation of ninety, of whom forty-seven were baptized during the past three years. A small number indeed, when the thirty thousand colored of the city are thought of.

St. John Baptist Institute, with eight pupils, all over sixteen years, who are taught all kinds of needle work. Of them, seven are Protestants and *unbaptized.*

St. Francis' School, with eight-nine children, of whom seventy are Protestants and *unbaptized.* Both of these schools are taught by the Sisters of St. Francis, five in number, who are especially devoted to the Negro Missions, taking a vow to be the servants of the poor people.

In Petersburg : St. Joseph's Colored School. It was opened a little over a year ago. Although, for weeks, no child presented itself, yet by the end of the school year, twenty-seven were in attendance. And last September, on the Sisters of Charity taking charge, the number increased to forty-five, all Protestants, and

save two *unbaptized.* Of the fourteen thousand colo ed people in Petersburg, but *four* are known to be Catholics.

In Norfolk: A school was opened last September by the lady who has started the schools in Richmond and Petersburg. It now numbers twenty-eight, of whom the majority are Catholics.

Support of Church and Schools

comes, whence only the Master knows. The school in Richmond has a nominal charge of fifty cents a month. The others are free. Let us hope and pray that these small beginnings are the leaven, which by your charity, will purify and sanctify this unfortunate race.

Prospects of the Colored Mission of Virginia.

Richmond: The St. John Baptist Institute opened last October with only two pupils, a Catholic and a Protestant. It has met with bitter opposition on all sides, one public school-teacher going so far as to denounce it in his school. Its purpose is to fit colored girls for earning their living by sewing. At present it numbers eight, who hold their exercises in the principal room of the Convent, to the great inconvenience of the Sisters, who cheerfully suffer it. With its growth more room will be needed, and then, a department will be added to train teachers. St. Francis' School has about twenty five more children this year than it had last. To-day, every seat in the school is occupied. To accommodate the many more, who are sure to come, room must be had. There are at least eight hundred colored children in this city, who have no school, public or private, to enter. A golden chance for Catholic schools. An effort is being made to get a teaching Brotherhood to take charge of the boys. Unfortunately, just at the critical age, these poor boys are cut loose from school, and the first wild sallies of their passions develop uncurbed. It is then that the need of Brothers is felt.

Petersburg: Although there are but *four* colored Catholics in this city, out of a population of fourteen thousand, yet to carry on the work, a priest ought to be stationed there and a church built. The school building now used is about twenty by thirty feet, which the forty-five children quite fill. When it is remembered that this is the second year for this school, which numbered twenty-seven last year, the need of a new building in the near future is quite apparent.

Norfolk: Has a good nucleus of colored Catholics, about thirty families, in a population nearly the same as Petersburg. A church should be erected there as soon as possible.

Keswick: A small village in Albemarle county, on the line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Here a zealous colored Catholic, who is the public school teacher, has formed a catechetical class, which meets on Sundays, and is attended by young and old. Twenty of them are now preparing for reception into the Church. Keswick is visited every second month, and the public school is placed at the disposal of the priest. Later on a church will be needed here.

In general: Fredericksburg and Columbia have been visited many times. There are several cities besides, where Catholic schools will be opened if the St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union warrant it. Lynchburg, Danville, and Staunton are a few such places.

All these works and prospects depend upon the St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union. Help it on. Send for a collecting "Heart."

Reasons why St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union should be supported.

The Catholics of the United States should help it on:

1. In obedience, because, if they cannot themselves "go and teach all nations," they should send others in their places. The Colored Missions have been urged upon them in the gravest words by the II. and III. Plenary Councils of Baltimore.

2. In fear, because, "if any man shall see his brother in need and shall shut up his bowels from him, how doth the charity of God abide in him?" The colored people are in extreme spiritual need.

3. In gratitude, because, if we have freely received," we should "freely give," and we have all that is necessary to save our souls.

4. In pity, because they cry out to us, "Pass over and help us."

5. In love for the Sacred Heart, "I have come to cast fire upon earth, and what will I but that it be kindled." "Thy kingdom come," is our daily prayer; as it is also the motto of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union.

6. In zeal for the house of God. It must never be said that the Catholics of our country are less zealous for the civilization, the conversion, and the spread of the gospel among the colored race, than

their non-Catholic brethren, who make great sacrifices and contribute enormous sums of money for the propagation of what they consider to be the truth. Unless, too, these people are speedily brought under the influence of the Catholic church, they will become heathens. *It is no exaggeration to say that, to-day, not one half of the negroes of Virginia are baptized.*

7. In love for our country. As far as the law goes, the colored enjoy every privilege that the whites do. Think of the evil influence upon the morals and the prosperity of our land, if the Negro is allowed to drift into a religion, Christian indeed in name, but really for the most part, a kind of Voudooism, where so essential a Sacrament as Baptism is grossly neglected.

How to Help on the St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union.

First: By becoming Zelators or Collectors.

1. A Zelator is one who will receive and distribute among the Collectors, at least, five collecting "Hearts."

2. Besides the weekly Masses, the Zelators will also share in the Mass of Reparation, which is offered on the first Friday of every month, before the Most Blessed Sacrament exposed.

3. The Zelators will strive to get as many Collectors as possible.

4. The Collectors are all who receive and collect upon the collecting "Hearts."

5. *The Collectors are expected to take but one "Heart" yearly.*

6. Collectors will bear in mind that by filling *one "Heart" yearly*, they share in all the Masses and spiritual benefits of St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union.

7. In making their returns, Zelators and Collectors will always give the full address.

8. Always also return the collecting "Hearts" with the amounts received upon them.

Secondly: By becoming Members.

To become a member, and thus secure a share in the benefits, it is sufficient to punch at least one point in the collecting "Heart."

Benefits of Membership in St. Joseph's Colored Mission Union.

On every *Monday*, the Holy Sacrifice will be offered up for all who help.

On every *Wednesday*, for their dead friends, for whose eternal rest the help may be given.

On every *Saturday*, for the Zelators and Collectors.

Help the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph to make the Sacred Heart known; so that "The people that walk in darkness may see a great light: to them that dwell in the region of the shadow of death, light may rise."

If you wish to become a Zelator or Collector, address

Rev. John R. Slattery,
709 North First Street, Richmond, Va.

Feast of the Epiphany, 1887.

In 1829 there were only seven thousand and forty Catholics in Boston.

It seems to us that the dead McMasters has infused into the *Freeman's Journal* more life than in the flesh. We note the change with pleasure.

Rev. William H. Fitzpatrick, pastor of St. Gregory's Church, Dorchester, has purchased a site for a new church on the corner of Norfolk and Chipman Streets, and, with the consent of Archbishop Williams, proposes to build as soon as possible. The lot has a frontage of 150 feet on Norfolk Street, and 171 feet on Chipman Street. The growth of what was formerly St. Gregory's parish has been remarkable. Only a few years ago the parish comprised all of Dorchester, Milton, Hyde Park, Neponset, and North Quincy; but now, besides St. Gregory's Church, beautiful churches are situated at Meeting House Hill and Hyde Park, one in Neponset and one in North Quincy.

Notre Dame. — Its founder, one of the most noble and dignified figures of our time, is the Very Rev. Father Sorin, general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. He founded the establishment at Notre Dame, Indiana, at a time when there was a wilderness for miles around. He began by converting the Indians, who gave their rude trinkets to begin his foundation, which from its very beginning was American. Father Sorin and his staff — of which the head is the Rev. Father Walsh, one of the most cultivated and genial gentleman in America — have never lost sight of the necessity of making their system part of the life around them. Hence their success.

Orestes A. Brownson.

Address to the Catholics of America, by the Brownson Memorial Committee of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

SINCE the landing of Columbus, the Catholic, and the exploration of large tracts of country by De Soto, Cabot, Cartier, Champlain, and other hardy explorers and pioneers, up to the present time, Catholics may well feel proud of the part the church has had in the nation's progress.

Among the first to tread the recesses of our forests were the sainted and zealous missionaries, who devoted their lives to teaching the savage the religion of Christ, and in many instances hallowing by their blood the scenes of their labors. Many of the illustrious sons of our noble Republic, who have won the highest distinction as jurists, statesmen, soldiers, and authors, as well as in other vocations, have been proud to be known as members of Holy Church; prominent among these is the name of the profound scholar, publicist, and philosopher, Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D.

From the time when he became a Catholic, in 1844, to his death, he devoted his great learning and ability to the defence of the church, in explanation of her doctrines, and in refutation of modern errors, and was a most prominent figure in the Catholic and Protestant world. The value and importance of his labors cannot be too highly estimated. He stood up in defence of the church at a time when her champions were few and impotent, and when religious bigotry was at its height. His writings will live as long as truth needs to be defended, as long as there are shams to be exposed and errors to be refuted. He has been pronounced the first review writer of our country, and that he was among the first men of the age, few, we think, will venture to deny. His style, based on the best literary models, gives a charm to all he wrote, and in his masterly handling of the English language he stands unsurpassed.

He put aside the most tempting offers of public preferment and private gain for the sake of embracing the truth, and, after a life's labors in the cause of Catholicity, died poor. The memory of such a man should not be permitted to die. His great faith and unflinching courage, fervent piety and entire unselfishness, profound learning and tireless industry, go to make up one of the highest ideals of manhood for our youth to contemplate, study, and imitate.

On the death of Dr. Brownson, in 1876, it was proposed to erect a monument to his memory, and though the proposal met with general favor, nothing practical was done. Some months ago the Right Rev. R. Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland, suggested, in the columns of the *Catholic Universe*, that it was now time a suitable monument should be erected to the memory of this distinguished Catholic, and a considerable sum of money was quickly collected in Cleveland for this purpose.

At the Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held in Philadelphia, May 19th and 20th, attention was called to the proposed movement, and a committee of five was appointed to take such action in the matter as they should deem to be best. After some correspondence, the movement was unreservedly placed in their hands, and they have assumed its management.

The design of the undertaking is to erect an appropriate monument at Central Park, New York. It is to be hoped that every Catholic in the land will contribute to the fund. A general treasurer has been appointed, namely, Rev. J. H. Mitchell, St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, N. Y., to whom all contributions should be sent. These will be regularly acknowledged in the Catholic press. All moneys received will be deposited subject to the order of a Board of Episcopal Trustees, viz.:

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York.

Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston.

Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland.

Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester.

Right Rev. Monsignor Doane, of Newark.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, in accepting the chairmanship of this Board of Trustees, writes, that in honoring the memory of Dr. Brownson we honor strong faith, sincere piety, and great learning,

and hence commends very highly this laudable undertaking of the Catholic Young Men's National Union.

Archbishop Corrigan expresses his readiness to coöperate with the other members of the Board in regard to the Brownson Memorial.

Archbishop Williams, of Boston, writes that he is willing to serve in any way to honor the memory of Dr. Brownson.

Bishop Gilmour assures the committee of his hearty coöperation in their plans.

Bishop McQuaid writes that he is most willing to do honor to the memory of Dr. Brownson in any way that seems honorable to him and to us.

Monsignor Doane, first president of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, in commending the undertaking, says that there should be, by all means, a monument to perpetuate the memory of this great and good man, and to show that his valiant labors and contests for the faith in this country are not forgotten.

The success of this movement, besides giving just honor to an illustrious layman, cannot fail to exert a far-reaching influence for good on our Catholic population. It will attract attention to the writings of Dr. Brownson, and incite to a study which will result in a wider reading of Catholic literature.

There is a great future in store for the Catholic young men of America, and we believe one of the steps towards preparing them for it would be to create an active interest in the writings of this distinguished controversialist.

That many articles by him were written with this end in view is without question. In 1855 he wrote: "These Catholic young men, who now feel that they have no place and find no outlet for their activity, are the future, the men who are to take our places and carry on the work committed to us. We must inspire them with faith in the future, and encourage them to live for it. Instead of snubbing them for their inexperience, quizzing them for their zeal, dampening their hopes, pouring cold water on their enthusiasms, brushing the flower from their young hearts, or freezing up the well-springs of their life, we must renew our own life and freshness in theirs, encourage them with our confidence and sympathy, raise them up if they fall, soothe them when they fail, and cheer them on always to new and nobler efforts. . . . Bear with them, tread lightly on their involuntary errors, forgive the ebullitions of a zeal not always according to knowledge, and they will not refuse to listen to the councils of age and experience. They will take advice, and will amply repay us by making themselves felt in the country, by elevating the standard of intelligence, raising the tone of moral feeling, and directing public and private activity to just and noble ends." In his perface to the *American Republic* he says: "I wish to exert an influence on the future of my country, for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. Now, I believe that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population, especially in giving tone and direction to our Catholic youth, will exert the most influence in forming the character and shaping the future destiny of the American Republic."

While many monuments to the memory of illustrious citizens have been erected in various parts of the country, through the generous assistance of Catholics, none of these perpetuate the memory of one distinguished for sterling Catholicity, as well as other virtues deserving honor.

Dr. Brownson deserves a monument at the hands of the Catholics of America. Will you not be among the first to contribute to so laudable a cause? All contributions should be sent to the general treasurer, Rev. J. H. Mitchell, St. James' Cathedral, Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. J. HARSON, *Chairman*.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 15, 1887.

Brownson Memorial National Committee.

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THE oldest cardinal now living is Cardinal Newman, aged 85. The youngest member of the Sacred College will be (after the Consistory to be held in March) Mgr. di Rende, now Nuncio in Paris. He is in his fortieth year, and was archbishop of Benevento at the early age of 32.

THIS is a year of jubilees and centenaries with a vengeance. Everybody knows that 1887 marks the Sacerdotal Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. and the Regal Jubilee of Queen Victoria. But a foreign journalist has collected a large number of other anniversaries occurring this same year. A great part of the world of Islam will celebrate in 1887 the centenary of Sheikh Ibn Abu'l Wahab, founder of the powerful sect of the Wahabites; whilst other centenaries are those of the death of St. Alphonsus de Liguori (August 1), and the composer Lulli; and of the birth of Edmund Kean the actor, Guizot, Uhland the poet, and Cornelius, the German painter. Bi-centenaries occur during the year of Calderon, the greatest poet of Spain (May 15); Pere Rene Rapin, the illustrious Jesuit writer; and Henry More, the English philosopher. Lastly, three ter-centenaries will occur: those of the execution of Mary Queen of Scots (Feb. 8); the poisoning of Bianca Capello, Grand Duchess of Tuscany (Oct. 20); and the death of John Fox, the author of the Protestant "Book of Martyrs." The father of lies help John Fox to complete his book.

The $200,000 Damages.

A MOTION to set aside the judgment obtained for $200,000 damages granted to the Rev. Father Jean against Bishop Hennessy, of Dubuque, Iowa, by default, was sustained in the District Court. It appears an order, not recorded, had been made by Judge Hayes last term, granting the attorney for Bishop Hennessy time to plead. The case has been continued until the next term of the District Court. This trouble has been going on for fifteen or twenty years. Father Jean, while priest in charge of that parish, partly built a large stone church, but so mismanaged the parish that Bishop Hennessy was appealed to, and found it necessary, on account of the strangeness of his action, to depose him from the pastorate of his parish. He was not deemed fit to have charge of it. He then caused such annoyance that the bishop had to depose him from the priesthood, and from that time, fifteen years ago, he has been constantly suing the bishop. In every instance the case has been decided in favor of the bishop, but this time was overlooked. It went by default. The poor gentleman is demented, as will be understood by his studying law so as to conduct his own case, and he is entitled to pity and commiseration.

MR. PARNELL moves in the House of Commons "that the rules of procedure be not considered before the government discloses the nature of its legislation for Ireland," and is defeated by a vote of 242 to 107.

CANNOT SERVE TWO MASTERS.—People often wonder at the poverty of families, the heads of which are rarely out of work, and whose labor commands good wages. Such families would enjoy every necessary comfort were it not for intemperance. Bishop Ireland has well said: "A laborer earning even $2 or $3 a day cannot support his family, his church, and a saloon too."

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We recommend this book to the members of the various Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul throughout the country. From it they will imbibe the true spirit of their founder.

THE above books are for sale by T. B. Noonan & Co., as well as by the publishers.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Only Once More," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, music by Frank L. Moir. "Laddie, I Wish You Well," song, by J. W. Hinds. "I Will Be With You," by James G. Clark. "Patsey Dear," song and chorus, by Chas. H. Gabriel. "The Old Wooden Bench By The Door," by J. W. Wheeler. "Lord, Keep My Memory Green," by James G. Clark. "Papa's Song," by R. Dellinger. "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say," sacred song, by M. L. Eaton.

Instrumental: "Tobogganing," grand galop, by C. D. Blake. "Rondo Militaire," by A. M. Hughes. "Merry Time Galop," by Chas. D. Blake. "Valse Champetre," by G. Lange.

Books: "Ecole Primaire," twenty-five Elementary Studies for Pianoforte, by J. B. Duvernoy. Part I.

"Carpenter's Second Mass," for Quartette and Chorus, with Piano or Organ accompaniment, by Moses Carpenter, Organist and Director of Music at St. Mary's Church, Boston. An excellent Mass, well adapted for church choirs of moderate ability, being melodious and well written.

THE Rev. Baron de Leonhardi, recently attached to Epsom, has been appointed as Catholic chaplain on her Majesty's Indian troopship *Euphrates*, bound to Bombay. The reverend baron was formerly an officer in the Prussian army and served with distinction during the campaign in the war between France and Germany.

THE Right Rev. William Vaughan, D.D., Lord Bishop of Plymouth, attained the advanced age of seventy-three on Monday, Feb. 14, the feast of St. Valentine.

THE Belfast Corporation has awarded £5,512 as damages for injury to property during the recent riots. This is paying dear for the Orange whistle.

IT is announced that Cardinal Gibbons on his return from Rome will pay a visit to the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster. He will then travel through the north and west of England, and visit Ireland, whence he will start for Baltimore in the latter part of July.

THE Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, in his Lenten pastoral, condemns the abuse of boycotting for purposes of private malice. He counsels tenants to ask only such a reduction as they themselves would be willing to grant if they were landlords.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CARDINALS.

CARDINAL JACOBINI, the Papal Secretary of State, died at Rome, Feb. 28th. The cause of his death was gout. The Pope was with the dying man for a short time before he died.

CARDINAL CATTANI, archbishop of Ravenna, died recently.

BISHOPS.

THE death is announced of Mgr. Francesco Marinelli, O. S. A., titular Bishop of Porfirio, and Sacristan of his Holiness. The deceased prelate was for a considerable time confessor of Pius IX. The Pope, when he learned of the serious illness of Victor Emmanuel, hoped to employ the zeal and ability of Mgr. Marinelli to secure the administration of the sacraments to the dying king, but the papal messenger was refused admission into the chamber of the dying king.

BISHOP BLANCHET DEAD.— Rt. Rev. Augustine Magliore Alexander Blanchet, bishop of Nesqually, died at Vancouver, W. T., Feb. 28. The deceased was born at Saint Pierre, Riviere du Sud, in the diocese of Quebec, on the twenty-second of August, 1797. He was ordained on the third of June, 1821, and the scenes of his first mission were in the islands of La Magdelaine and Chetican. Later he was stationed at Magre, in Cape Breton, and from 1826 till 1842 he labored in the diocese of Montreal, and was subsequently appointed one of the canons of the chapter of Montreal by Bishop Bourget. On the erection of the diocese of Walla Walla in Oregon he was appointed bishop, and was consecrated in the Montreal cathedral on the 27th of September, 1846. In March of 1847 the bishop set out for Walla Walla, which place he reached, in company with four Oblate Fathers, on the fifth day of September of the same year. The Protestant missionaries were deeply incensed at the idea of a Catholic missioner entering this territory, and the invitation of Chief Tamatowe to Bishop Blanchet only added to the bitter feeling. The Catholic priests were later the means of saving these missionaries from the wrath of the Indians. Instead of showing gratitude for the act, however, the Protestants charged the priests with complicity in the affair. The charge was shown to be groundless. In June, 1848, Bishop Blanchet started to reach the Umatilla mission, but the superintendent of Indian Affairs ordered him back. The bishop retired and established the Dallas mission of St. Peter. The progress of the settlements in his new diocese was hindered by the Cayuse war. So, on the erection of the see of Nesqually on the thirty-first of May, 1850, Bishop Blanchet was named for the bishopric, and was transferred thereto in October of that year. Part of his old diocose of Walla Walla is included in Nesqually. The territory of Washington was organized in 1853, and became part of the Nesqually diocese. The arduous labors of his mission and old age began to tell on him, and in 1879 he was relieved of the burden and became titular bishop of Ibora, his successor in Nesqually being the Rt. Rev. Ægidius Junger.

RT. REV. D. ISIDORE ROBOT, Prefect Apostolic of Indian Territory, passed away recently. His remains were received at McAllister with sorrow, and were escorted by a procession of the miners to the church where the prefect apostolic's body lay in state for three days. The funeral procession to his last resting-place was composed of people of every denomination. Rt. Rev. Isidore Robot was a descendant of an old French family and was born in Burgundy, in July of 1837. He was ordained in December of 1862, and labored for the past twelve years in this territory, where his generous and kindly ways made every one his friend. He paid a short visit to Europe in the summer of 1885, and on his return in June of that year he zealously set about to build churches and schools along the line of the Missouri and Pacific.

CLERGYMEN.

REV. HUGH T. BRADY, for the past ten years pastor of St. Mary's Church,

Ansonia, Conn., died on Feb. 24th, at St. Vincent's Hospital, New York, aged 60 years. He was ordained in Chicago in 1850, and was afterward pastor of Naugatuck, Conn., and Ansonia, Conn. His remains were transferred to Ansonia, Conn.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN GRENE, S. J.—Those who had known him in their childhood at Clongowes and Tullabeg—forty, fifty, and sixty years ago—were no less amazed at his unimpaired vigor of body and mind, than at his unchanged simplicity of character and earnest faith. Time wrought no change in the tone of his thoughts or conversation. A cold, caught on Christmas morning after the celebration of three Masses, was the immediate occasion of his last illness. With his brethren near him his spirit gently passed away at mid-day, as the Angelus was ringing at Milltown Park. He was born in 1807, was educated at Stonyhurst, and entered the Society of Jesus in his nineteenth year.

SISTERS.

SISTER MARY ROSE, in the world Margaret Stevens, died at St. Patrick's Acadamy, Lowell, Mass., on February 18, after a few days' illness. She was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1836, and entered the Sisterhood of Notre Dame in Cincinnati, O., in 1855. The Rev. John C. Stevens, S. J., of St. Louis, Mo., is her brother. She had been many years connected with St. Patrick's Acadamy, Lowell.

DIED, on the 31st of December, 1886, in St. Scholastica's Convent, O. S. B., Newark, New Jersey, Sister M. Alphonsa, thirty-one years a nun of the Order of St. Benedict. Sister Alphonsa was the oldest daughter of the late Nicholas Hussey, Esq., of Sisbride, County Roscommon, Ireland, and sister of the late Dr. Jephtha T. Hussey, of Hindley, England.

SISTER HILARIUS, of the order of Sisters of Mercy, at Independence, Iowa, died recently.

SISTER MARY BONANUTINE MALONEY, aged thirty-nine years, recently died at the House of the Good Shepherd, in Baltimore. She was a native of Ireland.

DEATH OF MOTHER ANGELIA.—Mother Angelia one of the most widely known women in this country, died very suddenly on the 4th of March, at St. Mary's Academy, South Bend, Ind. She was a niece of Thomas Ewing, secretary of state under President Harrison, and a cousin of the wife of Gen. Sherman. She was also a cousin of James G. Blaine, both being born in the same house in Brownsville, Pa., and passing their earlier years together. During her Washington life, Mother Angelia, then Miss Elvia Gillespie, was a much-courted belle. When 26 years old she joined the order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. In 1870 she became mother superior of the order for the United States. During the war she devoted the most of her time to establishing hospitals.

SISTER OLYMPIA, probably one of the most widely known and generally beloved religious in the District of Columbia, died on the morning of the 22d of February, at the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, at the ripe old age of 89 years and 10 months. Her son is the Very Rev. Robert Fulton, who is now superior general of the Jesuits for the Province of Maryland and New York. After he had completed his course at college, he realized that it was his vocation to enter religious life and communicated his desire to his mother, who, in place of objecting to his determination, conceived the same good resolution, and said to her son that if he resolved to consecrate his life to the service of God in the Society of Jesus, she would enter the Order of Visitation Nuns, and accordingly, in 1843, she entered the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, and he was received into the Jesuit novitiate, at Frederick, Md.

THE Sidney *Express* of December 6th announces the death of Sister Mary Bridget Dee, of the Convent of Mercy, Monte Sant Angelo, North Shore, after an illness extending a little over twelve months. The deceased religious was a native of Tipperary, Ireland, and entered the sisterhood some thirteen years ago. She was 44 years of ago.

LAY PEOPLE.

MRS. LOUISA TREACY, wife of the late Thomas Treacy, of Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, died piously at Burlington, N. J., on January 23d. She had been in feeble health for years, and for some time past, seemed only to be waiting for the call of her Divine Master. During her whole life, Mrs. Treacy was noted for the sweetness of her disposition, and the holy calm

of her soul. These beautiful qualities were hers up to the moment she passed from this life, without a sigh, and without a struggle. She was a truly Christian, Catholic mother. In her last moments she had the consolation of being attended by her eldest son, Rev. P. A. Treacy, pastor of Burlington. Her reverend son also imparted to her a special Plenary Indulgence, granted to her by his Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. A solemn Mass of Requiem was offered up at St. Paul's Church on January 26th, for the repose of her soul. A large number of friends and sympathizers were present. Rev. P. A. Treacy was celebrant; her nephew, Rev. John P. Lonargan, of New York, was deacon; her youngest son, Rev. W. P. Treacy, pastor of Swedesboro, was subdeacon; Rev. Father Reynolds, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Mount Holly, was master of ceremonies. In the sanctuary were Rev. Patrick F. Connolly, pastor of St. Mary's, Bordentown, and Rev. Father Reardon, of the Theological Seminary, Vineland. Mr. James J. Treacy, of Philadelphia, her other only surviving son, was also present on the occasion. May her soul rest in peace!

DR. O'CONNELL, resident medical practitioner at Kilmallock, has died at an advanced age. In early life Dr. O'Connell served in the British army as a surgeon. In 1830 he joined the British Legation at Madrid. He served in several engagements in Spain, and was presented by Queen Isabella with the gold medal and clasp of the Legion of Honor, bearing the inscription, "Spain intends to show her gratitude." King Ferdinand also conferred upon him the knighthood of the Order of St. Ferdinand.

TWO VENERABLE LADIES.— Mrs. Anne O'Farrell, died on Feb. 2, at her residence, 11 Charlotte's Quay, Limerick, aged 76 years. She was mother of the Right Rev. Michael J. O'Farrell, bishop of Trenton, N. J., and of the Rev. William O'Farrell, S. J., Belvidier College, Dublin. —— Mrs. Mary Kiely, the mother of the Rev. John M. Kiely, the eloquent pastor of the Church of the Transfiguration, Brooklyn, N. Y., died on Sunday, Feb. 29th, in Dungarvan, county Waterford, Ireland, aged 66 years.

JOHN CARROLL, who was said to be within four months of 111 years of age, died in Wilmington, Del., February 13. He came to Wilmington from Ireland, in 1862.

DIED, at the residence of her aunt, at South Boston, Feb. 18, Miss Sara J. Conboye, aged twenty-four years, two months. Miss Conboye was brought up in South Boston, but for some years had resided with her sister in Brockton. Coming to Boston three weeks before her death, she was taken suddenly ill, from which illness she never recovered. The many estimable qualities of the deceased, her modesty of demeanor, high intellectual gifts, and devotional, religious feeling, endeared her to all with whom she was acquainted. Readers of *The Pilot*, and other Boston papers, were beginning to be familiar with her poems, which showed the feelings and imagination of a true poet. J. R.

TRENTON, N. J., FEB. 26, 1887.—We regret to announce the death of one of your subscribers, Miss Nellie C. Gallagher, of Trenton, N. J. This young lady, after a lingering illness of several months, which she suffered patiently and with a Christian resignation, offered her pure soul to God on Jan. 21st. Her death was a most edifying one, surrounded by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart Church which she attended, and the young ladies of the Sodalities of which she was a devout member. Her funeral took place Jan. 24th. Solemn Requiem High Mass was celebrated for the repose of her soul in the Church of the Sacred Heart; Rev. T. Hogan, the pastor, was celebrant, Rev. M. O'Reilley, of Dunellen, deacon, and Rev. Father Germain, of Chambersburg, subdeacon, and Rev. P. Egan, of Trenton, master of ceremonies. Rev. T. Hogan preached the funeral sermon. Her remains were interred in St. John's cemetery. May her soul rest in peace!

A FRIEND.

THE BAHAMA ISLANDS. — On Sunday, February 13, Archbishop Corrigan dedicated the church of St. Francis Xavier at Nassau. He also preached. In the afternoon he administered confirmation to a large number of children and adults. The archbishop was attended by his secretary, the Very Rev. Dr. McDonnell, the Rev. T. Magennis, rector of St. Thomas' Church, Jamaica Plain, Mass., and the Rev. J. A. Ryan, who has pastoral charge of the Catholics in the Bahamas.

THERE will be a large immigration from Ireland the present spring and summer.

MGR. RAMPOLLA, Papal Nuncio at Madrid, has, it is stated, been finally appointed Pontifical Secretary of State in succession to Cardinal Jacobini.

THE WORKINGBOYS' HOME CONCERT. The concert in aid of this institution, to be given in Tremont Temple on the evening of March 17, promises to be a great event. The chorus will consist of one hundred voices, and a number of soloists have also been engaged for the occasion. The sale of tickets so far has been very large.

MARCH is the month of St. Joseph, foster-father of our Saviour.

THE Sacerdotal Jubilee of the Pope will offer the occasion for a truly imposing demonstration of Christendom, and, says the *Unita Cattolica*, it will be difficult to find in history the example of so splendid and unanimous a testimony of faith and love for the Vicar of Jesus Christ. In Belgium a *Golden Book* is being prepared which will be offered to Leo XIII. This book, beautifully printed, will relate the facts relative to this great Pontiff, the defender and propagator of Catholic doctrine, the protector of philosophical studies, the statesman and sovereign, most zealous for Christian progress in every sphere of human activity, and supreme hope of the world. M. Godefroy Kurth, professor of history in the University of Liege, has been charged with summarizing, in an eloquent compendium, the history of the great Pope who governs the church. This eloquent author of the "Origins of Modern Civilization," was worthy of being selected to celebrate the glories of the reigning Pontiff. The zeal with which the Catholics of Italy are laboring to celebrate the Pontifical Jubilee, may be imagined from the fact that the competition opened for a hymn in honor of Leo XIII., by the Commission, closed in December, and although the list is not yet completely examined, 368 contributions have been received. It is believed that there will be altogether close upon a thousand competitors.

ACCORDING to the official report of the General of the Society of Jesus, lately issued, this order is now 350 years old, has furnished 240 saints, 1,500 martyrs, 13 popes, 60 cardinals, 4,000 archbishops, 6,000 authors, and now numbers 2,500 missionaries.

CARDINAL MANNING has said, "It is a bad will that does not contain the name of God or His poor." Those who contribute to our orphan asylums will be remembered when forgotten by those they leave their money to. In your will remember the orphans.

THE French representative at the Vatican has given an assurance of the immediate cessation of all religious persecution in France, and has offered the Pope, in behalf of President Grevy, a magnificent Sevres vase, and a gold pen to Mgr. Galemberti. Mgr. Moceni also received the grand cordon of the Legion d'Honneur.

A Priest Robbed.

PARTICULARS have been received of a bold robbery committed at Riverside, Iowa. Father Kemker, the newly-installed pastor of the church, who has just removed to his parish, was alone in his house. He was awakened by a noise in the building, and, getting out of bed, seized a pistol, and opened the door leading to the kitchen. It swung easily, for at the same instant two men were pushing from the other side, while a third was in the act of climbing over the transom. He pulled the trigger of his pistol, but it missed fire. Before he could recover it, his hand was struck with a club in the grasp of the fellow in the transom, and two pistols stuck under his face. He was clutched by the throat, borne down on the floor, and held by two men while the third with a big knife enforced his demand for valuables. His keys were secured, and $300 belonging to the parish taken. The robbers demanded more money and his watch. Father Kemker is an active, strong man, and struggled with great force until one of the villains struck him a heavy blow on the head, partly stunning his senses. He was then thrown on the bed and covered with a sheet, one holding him down while the other two ransacked his clothes, getting about $125 in gold and a fine gold watch and chain, his personal possessions, from his vest pockets. Having secured these they fled. The bell-rope was cut so that it took Father Kemker some time to give the alarm. The entire village was soon aroused, but the robbers had made

their escape. Father Kemker's injuries, received in the conflict, are severe but not dangerous. He had sufficiently recovered to go to Iowa City, Monday, in the hope of some clue to the men, and to receive medical treatment.

STEERAGE RATES. — The steamship companies, engaged in carrying emigrants from English ports, have agreed to advance the steerage rates from these ports from $15 to $20. This advance is made in order to meet the flow of emigration which sets in during the month of March. The cut in steerage passenger rates was begun some months ago, when each of the companies in succession reduced the rates to the very lowest figure. The war has since been continued, although it has been known for some time that all the companies were losing money. This advance has not caused much surprise, as it has been anticipated for some time.

A Double Execution.

THE woman Thomas and her husband, who burned alive their mother and mother-in-law with petroleum, to get a couple of hundred francs that the poor old soul had saved, were guillotined at Romorantin, France. They appealed for mercy; but the Minister of Justice, after hesitating a long time about sending a woman to the scaffold, decided that the horrible and unnatural character of the crime called for capital punishment. The wretched pair remained impenitent to the last. The governor of the prison went at five in the morning to announce to them that their hour had come. The man Thomas was stolidly calm, and when the governor urged him to have courage to the end, he answered, "Oui, Monsieur." He spoke of his children, and showed some feeling concerning them. There was a chaplain with him, and another with his wife; neither repented; but the woman maintained a cynical demeanor that was utterly revolting. She did not leave a message even for her children, or show the least feeling when asked if she had anything to say to them. The two were stripped and clothed in a long shirt, and then, barefooted and with black veils over their faces, as is the penalty for parricides, they were led to the Place d'Arms, where the guillotine was erected. A great crowd had assembled. The man died bravely; but the woman, at the sight of the hideous gibbet, lost all courage, and fell on her knees crying for mercy; a horrible scene ensued, the executioner's valet had to seize her and drag her to the block, or what represents it, and then the two men between them carried out the sentence of the law.

TWELVE thousand acres of coal-lands have been purchased by a Pittsburg syndicate for a quarter of a million dollars. This is the greatest coal deal ever consummated in the Monongahela Valley, and establishes a monopoly in soft coal.

FULL OF STITCHES.— A Vienna tailor wagered recently that it took more than forty thousand stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: — Body of the coat, 4,780 stitches; collar, 8,063; sewing collar on, 1,763, buttonholes, 2,520; sleeves, with lining; 980; pockets, 924; silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17,863; braided, 2,726. Total, 39,619 stitches.

FRANCE has at length conceded to the requests of the Chinese government, at the suggestion of the Holy See, to move the Catholic cathedral from the precincts of the Imperial Palace at Pekin. The Chinese government agree to pay 3,150,000 francs for the cathedral, and will preserve it intact. The cross will still continue to surmount the edifice, and the building will be enclosed within the circuit of the Imperial Palace, and consecrated to some public use. The Chinese are now happy to know that this property, which for so many years belonged to France, is their own. A new cathedral, however, will be built by the Lazarist Fathers on another site.

MGR. AZARIAN, the Armenian Patriarch of Cilicia, is, according to the *Univers*, about to arrive in Rome on a special mission from the Sultan to Leo XIII. He will, it is stated, ask the Holy See to consent to mediate in the question of Bulgaria, with the consent of the other Powers of Europe. Monsignor Azarian is the bearer of a splendid episcopal ring and other presents, with an autograph

letter from the Sultan to the Pope, congratulating his Holiness on the approaching celebration of his Sacerdotal Jubilee.

BAD FOR BELGIUM.— Indisputable statistics, says the *Liverpool Catholic Times*, declare that Belgium is the most drunken country in Europe. In less than forty years the number of public-houses increased by 142,000, so that now there is one to every forty-four of the population.

The Amendment Rejected.

MR. PARNELL'S amendment to the address in reply to the Queen's speech was rejected by a vote of 352 to 246. The large majority to the address should not be misunderstood in America. Mr. Parnell said he was certain of an overwhelming defeat, but was satisfied that the debate had accomplished all that could have been reasonably looked for under the circumstances. The address in reply to the Queen's speech was adopted in the House of Commons by a vote of 283 to 70. The large majority against the amendment was Mr. Gladstone's omission to speak in its support.

THE Anarchist is a gentleman of leisure, who encourages labor in others with the hope that when they have made their pile he can make them divide. He wants money, but he does not want to earn it.

IT is very persistently reported in the West that the diocese at St. Paul, Minn., has already been raised to metropolitan rank. While there is no reason to suppose that this will not be done within a year or two, the report is now premature. But as St. Paul is one of the great centres of the activity and best influences of American life, as well as a great Catholic capital, it is hardly to be doubted that it will be honored as other dioceses in similar circumstances.

Legal Holidays.

FEBRUARY 22, Washington's Birthday. May 30, Decoration Day. July 4, Independence Day. December 25, Christmas Day. "And any day appointed or recommended by the Governor of this State or the President of the United States as a day of fasting and prayer or thanksgiving." In case any of the holidays shall fall upon a Sunday, then the Monday following shall be considered as the said holiday.

A FRENCH doctor, being asked by a man one day to go to a distance to see his sick child, replied that it was too far to walk, and that he had no carriage. "Oh," said the man, "that doesn't matter; I am a livery-stable keeper, and will drive you." Some time afterwards the doctor's bill was asked for. It was five francs. The livery-stable keeper then presented his bill for the hire of the carriage. It was six francs.

THERE have been worse Governments in some ways in Ireland than that which at present rules at Dublin Castle. The Government of Mountjoy was a more cruel Government. The Government of Lord Castlereagh was perhaps a more corrupt Government; but no shabbier Government ever sat in the Castle of Dublin than that which now holds the reins of power, says the *Freeman's Journal*.

A SENSIBLE girl of Shelbyville, Ill., learning that two of her lovers had fought about her, promptly notified each that she had no desire to see either of them again, as men who could not control their tempers better than to fight for a woman were just the kind to fight with a woman after marriage.

BOSWELL, dining one day with Dr. Johnson, asked him if he did not think that a good cook was more essential to the community than a poet. "I don't suppose," said the doctor, "that there's a dog in the town but what thinks so."

SPEAKING of the letter of Pope Pius IX. to Jefferson Davis, the *Georgia Chronicle* truly says, that it was a plea for peace more than anything else. The same Pope sent his photograph to the Confederate President when in prison, on which was written these words — "Come unto Me all ye who are heavy laden, and I will refresh you."

THE first copy of the original edition of "The Letters of Columbus," in Latin, printed in 1493, was recently sold in

Cologne for six thousand six hundred marks (three hundred and thirty pounds), the highest price ever paid for a single book in Germany.

IT is stated by the *Court and Society Review* that, as a Jubilee offering, the Sultan will send the Pope a magnificent diamond ring. The same paper says that the Queen is having a superb edition of the Vulgate Bible bound, as a gift to the Pontiff, who in return will send the Queen a mosaic table.

A CANARD.—Papa (reading from daily paper)—"'The report that Queen Victoria sent President Cleveland a Christmas turkey proves to be a *canard*.' Now what does that mean, I would like to know?" Mamma (languidly)—"Lucy, darling, tell papa what that means." Lucy (promptly)—"Canard, papa, is a French word meaning a duck; so it simply means, you see, that the Queen sent a Christmas duck to President Cleveland, you know." Entire satisfaction of the family.

HIS Grace the Archbishop of Tuam presided at a meeting of the parish priests of the united dioceses of Galway, Kilmacduagh, and Kilfenora, held at Athenry, for the purpose of selecting a successor to the Most Rev. Dr. Carr, now archbishop of Melbourne. The choice fell by a large majority on the Most Rev. Dr. McCormack, bishop of Achonry.

MAGUIRE & SULLIVAN, MERCHANT TAILORS.—We can, from practical knowledge of the fact, commend to the patronage of our friends and the public, the manufactures of Messrs. Maguire & Sullivan, merchant tailors, at No. 243 Washington Street. For the clergy of New England, especially, their measured cassocks and garments are models of neatness and durability. They are always finely stocked with assortments of cloth in the existing different styles. The clothing they make to order is reduced to the most moderate prices to be found anywhere in this city, and their reputation for giving satisfaction is one of the excellent causes of their well-established success. Uniforms and military fittings are among the specialties in which they have received a liberal patronage, which has extended to the Military Academy of West Point.

THE REV. MOTHER EUPHEMIA, of St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg, Md., is dangerously ill. In a letter to the *Catholic Review*, Mary M. Meline says: "A sorrow is slowly approaching, as the grim Destroyer, with stealthy steps, draws nearer and nearer to the beloved Mother's couch. For some months the health of the gentle lady has been failing, and now, while her daughters are besieging heaven with prayers for her restoration to them, the verdict of human science is that it cannot be. Although not so identified with the youth of her community in the United States as Superior Louise of the Notre Dame Order, Mother Euphemia has held the reins of government for many years. Their characters were much alike, in that beneath a quiet, gentle, retiring manner there lay hid a heart tender for human suffering, warm with highest loving; a brain wise for counsel and strong for action. Each in her own peculiar way was a choice spirit,—such as is not frequently sent to this poor world of ours, but which, when here, sanctifies and uplifts the humanity of all who have the happiness of contact with it."

FOOLED.—This is the way he told it at police headquarters the other day: "Vhell, I vhas in mine place, you know, und a feller comes in und says, 'Mister Blank, I make a bet aboudt you shust now.'—'Vas dot so?'—'Yes; I make a bet dot you can write your name.'—'Of course I can write my name! Does somepody take me for a fool?'—'Vhell, you put him down on dis piece of paper und I make fife dollar.' Vhell, I write my name on his paper, und he goes off und I doan' see him any more. Yesterday I get some notice from the bank dot a note for feefty dollar vas due. I come down town und finds a note mit my name on der back. It vhas der paper on which I wrote my name."—"Well?"—"Vhell, dot vhas all, except dot I vhas a fool, und if you catch him I gif one hoonered dollar to keep my name oudt of der papers."

TWO brothers, twins, were very much alike. One was a bit of a lad, as it is said. Yet the difficulty was, which was the "character." To solve this difficulty, a gentleman, famous for his bull-making propensity, asked of one of the twins, if he were himself or his brother? The gentleman interrogated made no reply. Probably, he thought it an impertinent, as it assuredly was a difficult question.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

The Hartford Steam-boiler Inspection and Insurance Company transacted the largest amount of business in 1886 that has been done by it during any one year in its history. The premium receipts exceed those of any other year. The assets of the company are upwards of $693,000 as against $584,000 one year ago, which shows that the prospect for future business is most flattering. The company is called upon for advice in the construction of boilers and the laying out of boiler plants, including the steam-heating apparatus for several Catholic churches. More than fifty plants were laid out in 1886, and all are giving entire satisfaction. In laying out and arranging these steam-boiler plants, the company studies the economy of fuel, which is in itself of the greatest importance to manufacturers and steam users in these days of close margins. The company's northeastern department is under the able management of Mr. C. E. Roberts, 35 Pemberton Square, Boston.

The National Bank.

The statement of accounts of the National Bank, Dublin, will be satisfactory to the share-holders and the public also, who are deeply interested in the property of this great concern. The times are critical on many accounts. The political condition of the country, the agricultural and trade depression, the failure of the Munster Bank, the effects of which are still felt,—all point to a policy of caution and of strength as that of wisdom for a bank at present. The National Bank never refuses any fair banking facility to its Irish customers; but the fact that while, as the figures show, the resources and strength of the bank have increased, and the advances have increased proportionately, the "bills discounted," that unerring barometer of the general trade of the community, have gone down from £4,405,000 to £4,033,000, showing how much business has suffered from the circumstances to which we have alluded. This being so, it is remarkable to find that the resources of the bank have increased, that the profits are undiminished, and that the substantial dividend of ten per cent., free of income tax, leaves still a surplus of over £9,000. £3,000 of this are carried to rest or undivided profits, thus bringing the reserve up to, in round figures, £228,000, while the balance is carried forward. This is the bank Mr. Donahoe represents in Boston, and on which he draws his bills of exchange.

Hundredth Anniversary.—In Dublin recently the Sisters of Charity celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the remarkable woman to whom their congregation owes its origin. The interest attaching to this celebration may rightly be presumed to extend beyond the limits of the religious society in question. Mrs. Aikenhead fills a place in the recent religious history of Ireland which gives the incidents of her life something of a national importance. She succeeded, during her time, in doing a work which endures for good among the greatest institutions of beneficence Ireland can boast of. Mary Aikenhead was born in Cork, on Jan. 19, 1787. She was the daughter of a Protestant physician of that city, and was herself educated a Protestant. Her father became a Catholic on his deathbed, and she herself embraced the same faith soon after. In 1858 Mrs. Aikenhead established her last foundation, that of Benada Abbey, in the home of the Jones family, the lady member of which had joined her congregation. This was her last important work. In the July of that year she died, at the age of seventy-one.

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Which converts any liquid medicine into a vapor so very subtle and fine that it remains suspended in the air like smoke, and can be inhaled and retained within the lungs like the very air itself. Thus remedies can be applied to the whole respiratory tract most effectually and without the least pain or discomfort.

Consumption, in its early stage, or even somewhat advanced, can be cured, and in hopeless cases the suffering can be mitigated — the troublesome cough allayed — a more favorable condition of health produced, and life prolonged and made more comfortable.

Deafness, caused from affections of the middle ear, and heretofore inaccessible to medication, can now be treated with good success. Catarrh in all its stages can be completely cured; and Hoarseness, Cough, Bronchial Affections, Hay Fever, etc., yield to this new system of medication as if by magic.

In Asthma, from the very first application, suffering ceases, and natural breathing is re-established.

A single inhalation will convince the most incredulous that this new system of medication is one of the greatest advancements in modern medicine, and one of the greatest boons to suffering humanity.

Cure of Consumption and Loss of Voice.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT FROM THE SISTERS OF MERCY.

CONVENT OF THE SISTERS OF MERCY,
BROAD STREET, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

A Sister of our convent, suffering from extensive pulmonary trouble and every symptom of consumption, together with complete loss of voice for over six months, applied to Dr. Lighthill for treatment. She was immediately relieved, and under his care continued to improve until a complete cure was effected. She is now enjoying excellent health, and her voice is as good as ever. In justice to Dr. Lighthill, and for the benefit of others, this statement is gratefully made by the

SISTERS OF MERCY.

Statement of Augustus Durgin, Esq.

Attested to by

Asst. Adjt. Gen. A. C. Munroe,

Grand Army of the Republic, of the Department of Mass.

No. 65 CRESCENT AVE., CHELSEA, July 12, 1886.

To the Public: A sincere desire to benefit those suffering from catarrh and diseases of the throat and lungs impels me to publish this statement of facts concerning my own case. For several years I was a great sufferer from catarrh and a bronchial affection, so much so that life was really a burden — an almost continuous cough, sleepless nights, incessant hawking and expectoration; and the inroad the disease made upon my lungs greatly reduced me in flesh and strength. My friends thought I had the consumption, for in addition to the symptoms mentioned, I had four hemorrhages from the lungs. I employed the best physicians, and used every remedy I heard of, but without the slightest beneficial result. I had almost given up in despair, when a friend urged me to consult Dr. Lighthill of 115 Boylston Street, and I am but too happy that I followed that advice. From the very first inhalation of his wonderful vaporized remedies, which I distinctly felt penetrating into every portion of my lungs, I felt convinced that by following up such treatment I would get well; and my feelings proved correct, for my cough gradually left me, the profuse expectorations ceased, I could sleep all night, I grew stronger, gained flesh (and here I wish to state that I gained 12¼ pounds in ten days, and in twenty days 17½ pounds), and since I have ceased the treatment I have gained in strength and hold my own in weight, and now I consider myself entirely, entirely well. I earnestly advise similar sufferers to avail themselves of Dr. Lighthill's skill, experience, and his wonderful new method of treatment.

AUGUSTUS DURGIN.
Mailing Dept., Boston Post-Office.

Headquarter's Department of Massachusetts Grand Army of the Republic.

BOSTON, July 12, 1886.

I have been a member of Mr. Durgin's family the past two years, and know what a fearful condition he was in when he went to see Dr. Lighthill two months ago, and it gives me great pleasure to be able to testify to the truthfulness of the above statement by him of Dr. Lighthill's wonderful success in the treatment of his case.

Yours respectfully,
A. C. MONROE, Assistant Adjutant-General,
Department of Mass., G. A. R.

Words of Praise from the Late Right Rev. Th. F. Hendricken, Bishop of Providence.

MY DEAR DR. LIGHTHILL: —

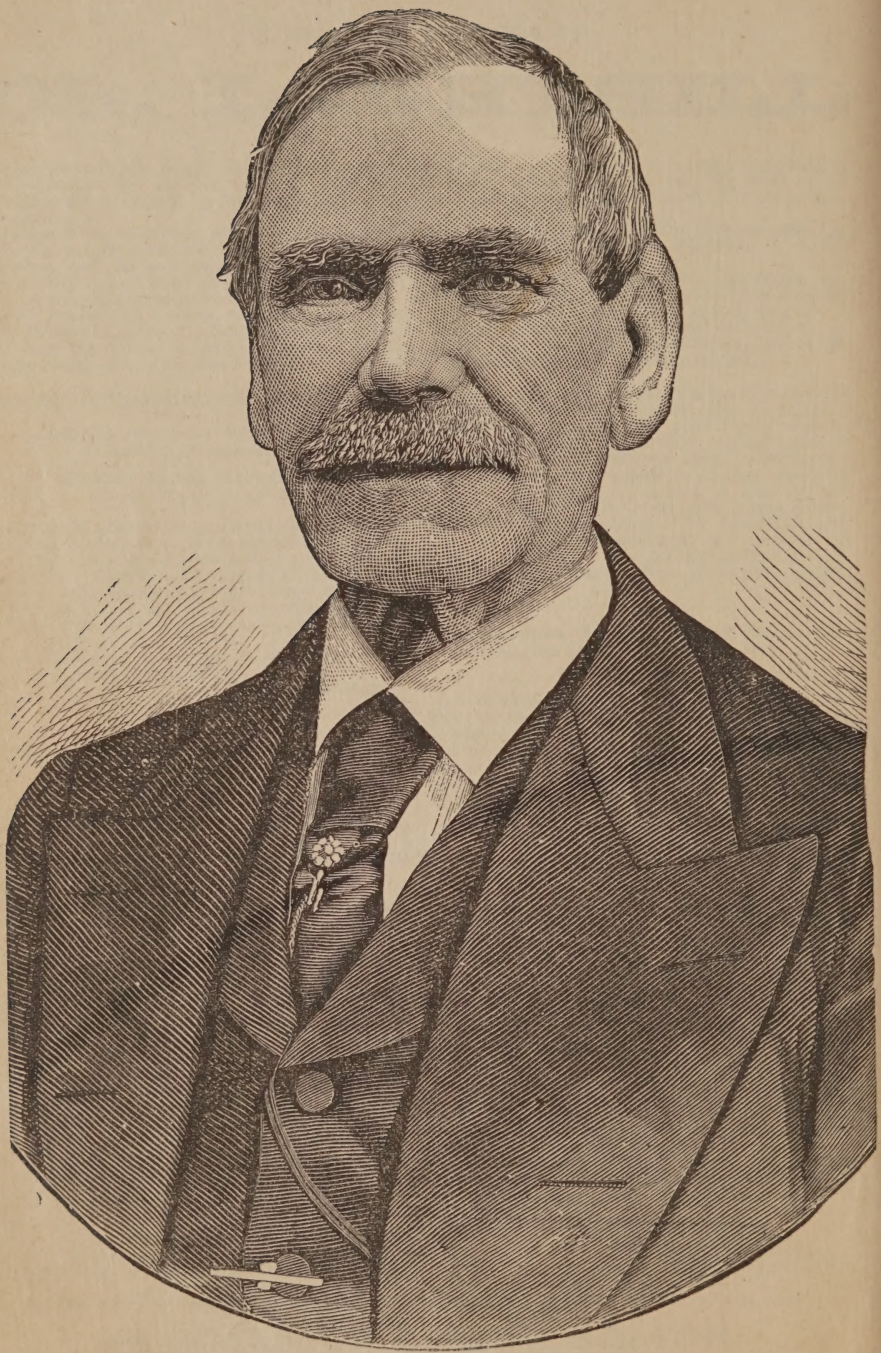
Permit me to thank you most heartily for your kindness to the Sisters of our convent. I had no expectation when I consulted you on Sister Dominica's deafness that you could so quickly restore her hearing; but she tells me that she hears now even better than ever before. For this, and for your kind and successful treatment of my own deafness, I thank you, and would be glad to have you refer your patients to me, for I can recommend you as a surgeon and physician, thoroughly accomplished in those departments of medicine in which you practice.

Very truly and very sincerely yours,

✠TH. F. HENDRICKEN,
Bishop of Providence.

DR. LIGHTHILL'S HOURS OF CONSULTATION ARE FROM 8 A.M. UNTIL 2 P.M., AT HIS OFFICE.

115 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON.



GEN. JAMES SHIELDS. (See page 442.)

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. XVII. BOSTON, MAY, 1887. No. 5.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Conscience of Catholics.

THE idea is common that Catholics have no liberty of conscience; whereas in no other Christian denomination are the rights of conscience so clearly defined and so scrupulously respected as in the Church of Rome.

What is conscience? It is the moral sense; it is the divine standard separating right from wrong; it is the voice of God in the soul of man; it is the internal witness of both the existence and the law of the Creator.

This conception of conscience justifies its possession of rights because certifying to its possession of duties. As conscience comes to men from God it must be used by them in His service; and as it designates His wishes concerning their conduct it must be obeyed by them in every case at any cost. Its essential characteristics, therefore, are an imperiousness of command and a notion of culpability in case of disobedience. As Cardinal Newman says:—

"Conscience is the aboriginal vicar of Christ, a prophet in its informations, a monarch in its peremptoriness, a priest in its blessings and anathemas; and even though the eternal priesthood throughout the Church should cease to be, in it the sacerdotal principle would remain and would have sway."

This inward monitor governs with an authority more absolute than the rule of any autocrat, for earthly potentates occasionally meet with checks, limitations, and disaster, and are troubled interiorly by the conflict of warring passions. But conscience is a sovereign as sure as death, as steady as fate, as imperturbable as the Sphinx, and its behests are universal, supreme, and without appeal.

But the throne of conscience is occasionally usurped by a fraudulent monarch, a veiled prophet of Khorassan. This bogus moral dictator is not of God, but of man. It does not proclaim the right of

authority and the duty of obedience; it does not testify of the Law-giver, expounding His enactments and threatening condign punishment for their infraction. It is not His acolyte sounding a gong to bid men genuflect before His Majesty; it does not identify its rights with His rights. On the contrary, it declares its independence of Him, His will, His law, His revelation; not only its independence of His authority, but often its hostility to His dominion. It is not the moral governor but the lord of misrule. It preaches the gospel of self-will. When it demands its "rights," it sets out to depose the Creator and exalt the creature. "When men advocate the rights of conscience," writes Cardinal Newman, "they in no sense mean the rights of the Creator, nor the duty to Him, in thought and deed, of the creature, but the right of thinking, speaking, writing, and acting, according to their judgment or humor, without any thought of God at all. They do not even pretend to go by any moral rule, but they demand what they think is an Englishman's prerogative, to be his own master in all things and to profess what he pleases, asking no one's leave, and accounting priest or preacher, speaker or writer, unutterably impertinent who dares to say a word against his going to perdition, if he like it, in his own way. Conscience has rights because it has duties; but in this age, with a large portion of the public, it is the very right and freedom of conscience to dispense with conscience, to ignore a Law-giver and Judge, to be independent of unseen obligations. It becomes a license to take up any or no religion; to take up this or that and let it go again; to go to church, to go to chapel; to boast of being above all religions and to be an impartial critic of each of them. Conscience is a stern monitor; but in this century it has been superseded by a counterfeit, which the eighteen centuries prior to it never heard of, and could not have mistaken for it if they had. It is the right of self-will."

It is this miserable spirit of darkness that the Anarchists and the Mormans, as well as the Universalists, the Unitarians, the Swedenborgians, the Agnostics, the Quakers, and less abnormal but equally positive sectaries, invoke as their guardian angel — the justification of their vagaries, and the plea not only for their toleration but also for our intellectual respect.

Having defined what conscience is by surveying the boundaries of what it is and what it is not, the ground is clear for a statement of its rights. *It has absolute authority over the actions of men.* It must be reverenced and obeyed at all hazards, always, by all men. That is the doctrine of the Catholic church.

Before quoting the opinions of some of our theologians of distinction confirmatory of this statement of Catholic teaching, let it be premised that this elementary perception of right and wrong needs training for its proper development, and the light of Revelation for its perfection; and let it be understood, also, that its field of operation lies not in judging abstract doctrines but in determining conduct — in decreeing what should be done and what should be left undone in any given case.

Catholic doctors of theology are explicit in their estimate of the sacredness of conscience.

According to Cardinal Gousset, "The divine law is the supreme rule

of actions; our thoughts, desires, words, acts, all that man is, is subject to the domain of the law of God; and this law is the rule of our conduct by means of our conscience. Hence it is never lawful to go against our conscience, as the Fourth Lateran Council says, 'He who acts against his conscience, loses his soul.'"

The Carmelites of Salamanca lay down the broad proposition that conscience is ever to be obeyed whether it is in error or not, and whether it is invincible or vincible in its error; and they call on St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, and the other scholastics as their authorities.

Antonio Corduba, the Franciscan monk, in his treatise, "De Conscientia," declares: "In no manner is it lawful to act against conscience, even though a law or a superior commands it."

Natalis Alexander, a Dominican theologian, teaches that: "If, in the judgment of conscience, though a mistaken conscience, a man is persuaded that what his superior commands is displeasing to God, he is bound not to obey."

The Jesuit Father, Busenbaum, in his "Medulla" declares that: "A heretic, as long as he judges his sect to be more or equally deserving of belief, has no obligation to believe [in the Catholic Church]." And he adds: "When men, who have been brought up in heresy, are persuaded from boyhood that we impugn and attack the word of God, that we are idolaters, pestilent deceivers, and therefore are to be shunned as pestilence, they cannot, while this persuasion lasts, with a safe conscience, hear us."

And Cardinal Jacobatius in his work on "Councils," which is included in Labbe's Collection makes a strong point: "If it were doubtful," he says, "whether a precept [of the Pope] be a sin or not, we must determine thus:— that, if he to whom the precept is addressed has a conscientious sense that it is a sin and injustice, first it is his duty to put off that sense; but if he cannot, nor conform himself to the judgment of the Pope, in that case it is his duty to follow his own private conscience and patiently to bear it, if the Pope punishes him."

Here is a pretty full exposition of the teaching of the Catholic church, from a general statement of its absolute authority to the special case of an order issued by a superior, even the Pope. From these declarations of standard Catholic theologians, the inference is direct that the conscience of Catholics is sacred. It is the court of last resort, and its verdict is final.

L. W. Reilly.

He who would lay up virtues without humility is like one who carries a precious dust in his hand exposed to the wind. The great secret of maintaining true devotion is to have great humility. Be humble and God will be with you. God is pleased to dwell in a heart deepened by humility, docile through simplicity, and great through charity. He who is truly humble desires to be humbled. Humility produces generosity. Remember, my dear daughter, that the keenest humiliations are those which are least visible.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

The Evicted Tenant's Ruined Home.

I STAND beside the black old walls
Below the foot of yon green hills;
The moonlight sadly on them falls,
And all around is calm and still;
The thatch lies rotting on the grass,
The wind moans through the open door,
The broken windows strew the pass,
And weeds grow on the earthen floor.

I stand beside the cold hearthstone,
Where once the turf-fire burned so bright;
All now looks dismal, dark, and lone,
Where spent was many a pleasant night;
How oft I heard the latchpin raised,
The kind words said, "God save all here!"
How brightly then the turf-fire blazed
When round sat friends and loved ones dear.

Beside that cold and lonely hearth
I think of all who once were there:
Once more I hear the jokes and mirth
Of those who knew not sin or care;
I hear again the rustic song,
The friendly chat and old folk-lore;
The rosary in our own old tongue
I hear the old man say once more.

I see him with his beads in hand
Sit in his quaint old arm-chair;
The little children round him stand
To hear grandfather say the prayer.

Alas! I heard his dying moans
When he was on the roadside hurled,
While the good priest in softest tones
Spoke of a bright and better world.

I see the house white as the snow,
Like when my young eyes first beheld
It on that morn, long years ago,
When Father John the Station held;
When but a child I walked the pass
That led down to that happy home,
While o'er the fields to holy Mass
I saw the friends and neighbors come.

Those peaceful days so fair and bright
Were turned, alas! to grief and pain;
No Station, Mass, or festive night
Shall ever here be seen again;
Bright childish laughter sounds no more
At Christmas time or Hallow Eve;
No neighbor now comes to that door
A hearty welcome to receive.

With aching heart I turn away,
And leave this place so cold and drear;
Yet not before I kneel and pray,
"God rest their souls, those friends so dear!"
And beg kind heaven to haste the hour
Will see the tyrants' overthrow,
When landlords shall no more have power
To lay the poor man's homestead low.

What Flowers Signify.

ALL yellow roses mean coquetry, writes an æsthetic young woman. White roses mean silence, withered white roses despair, pink roses bashfulness, and moss roses love. Stripped of its thorns a rose says, "Everything to hope," and stripped of its leaves, "Everything to fear." A single rose-leaf means "I fear to presume." The ordinary fern that florists sell means sincerity, but maiden-hair means discretion. A bouquet of white roses and maiden-hair fern would signify "Be silent and cautious." A bouquet of tulips is tantamount to a declaration of love. Narcissus means uncertainty, and a girl who wears white hyacinths declares herself frivolous. Hydrangea conveys a reproach for coldness, and ivy is a request for friendship. White lilac stands for

platonic love. Violets, of course, as everybody knows, stand for modesty, and pansies say, "Think of me." A gift of scarlet geraniums implies that you think the person to whom you present it is behaving foolishly. Silver-leaved geranium means that you "take it back," and a tuberose declares that you won't give it away. A little bit of smilax is an entreaty for confidence. Clematis is considered to convey admiration of intellect. Cedar or evergreen is emblematic of constancy, and common grass means submission.

The Pay of Law Makers.

In Belgium each member of the Chamber of Representatives receives 200 florins, or £16 15s. per month, or for the session of eight months £134.

In Denmark the members of the Landsthing and Folkething are paid the same salary, 15s. per day. The average number of working days in a session is 145; the total amount for the same is £113 15s.

In Portugal, peers and deputies receive an annual stipend of £67.

In France, senators and deputies each get 19,000 francs, or £350 a year, the colonial representatives getting, in addition, their travelling expenses.

In Sweden the members of the Diet receive 1,200 rix dollars, equal to £65 14s. for a session of four months, and their travelling expenses. Members of both chambers are fined 10 rix dollars, or 11s., a day if they do not attend.

In Switzerland, members of the National Council receive 10s. per day which is paid out of the federal treasury. Members of the State Council are paid by the cantons, and their salaries range from 6s. to 10s. per day.

In the United States, representatives and delegates each receive 5,000 dollars per year and their travelling expenses at the rate of 40 cents per mile.

In Norway the members of the Storthing receive 13s. 4d. a day while it is sitting, which is usually about twelve weeks.

In Italy, neither senators nor deputies are paid, but they get free passes over all the railways in the kingdom, and some other concessions as to taxes and patronage, a most objectionable mode of payment, and long since condemned in this and other countries where similar privileges used to be conceded to legislators.

In Spain the members are not paid.

In Greece the senators get £20 per month, and members of the Representative Chamber £10 per month.

In all the local Legislatures in Germany the members, with one or two exceptions, are paid, the salaries averaging in Prussia about 9s. per day, and in Austria 20s.

The members of Parliament of Great Britain, as is well known,

receive no pay and have no direct patronage. Were the members of the House of Lords paid at the same rate as American congressmen their salaries would amount to about £518,000, and the members of the House of Commons would absorb about £670,000.

Some Irish Authors of the Penal Days.

WHILE the words of Irish chieftains flashed in the glens of Ireland, the pens of Irish priests in the cells and halls of Europe seemed to blaze like so many torches, and throw lurid lights upon the iniquity and tyranny of England. What England always dreaded was the light. She is fond of sinning, but she wishes her crimes to be hidden under the wings of night. She is desirous of a good name, and like the Pharisee, she proclaims in the highways her deeds of mercy and charity. In secret she loves to grind and pillage and plunder. It has ever been the aim of England to misrepresent the state of Ireland, to deny the existence of suffering in that country, and to blacken and slander its inhabitants. For this reason she has always encouraged lying and ignorant writers on Irish subjects. How happy she would feel if she could only make Ireland a "howling wilderness," if she could raze its altars and desecrate its holy graves without a fear that the rest of the world would hear of her dark deeds. I am not writing in passion. I merely state what I know, from a cool and patient examination of her seven-centuried treatment of my country, to be a clear and positive fact. How she longed during the Penal times to turn the heart of Europe away from Ireland and the Irish. How she prayed — but prayer without faith and charity is of no avail — that France and Spain would not hear the sorrowful cry of their Catholic brethren, who were being slaughtered by her miscreant soldiers in the ruins of their shrines and in the caverns of their mountains. But fortunately the Irish students on the Continent had pens, and could use them as skilfully as their brothers did their swords at Beal-an-atha-Buidhe and Benburb. Scattered through all parts of Europe they were masters of every living language. One published his book at Paris, another sent forth his volume at Rome or Vienna; others wrote in Spanish or Portuguese; others, again, wrote in German or Bohemian. All Europe learned the true state of Ireland's cruel slavery and martyrdom, and looked with horror and indignation on England. The mask of hypocrisy was rudely torn from the face of the mock philanthropist, and she was exposed to the scorn and contempt of the nations. What Ireland owes to her priestly authors of Penal times cannot be over estimated.

Speaking of these writers, Thomas Darcy McGee says: — "It may not be improper to add a word or two as to the influence of their Irish works upon the European mind. It is certain that these occasioned in all the Catholic states strong anti-English sentiments. It is equally certain that they whetted the swords and fed the passion for distinction

that animated the hearts of the Irish soldiers of France and Spain and Austria. They kept alive in no slight degree the spirit that formed and sustained those noted brigades, who are visible whenever danger appears on or glory brightens the page of European history during the past two centuries. The men whom George II. had cause to curse his ministers for banishing, and for whom the Bourbons had reason to be grateful; the men who bore away tattered, but untaken, the Austrian banner from Austerlitz; the men who revolutionized South America, were in a great degree sustained in their integrity, and stimulated onward to fame, by perusing the pages of their brother exiles of the pen. And to them also is due much of that respectability which is attached, and so long has been attached, to the Irish name among the well-informed of those nations. It is the boast of many a Continental man that his father was from Ireland, and so well is this truth known that our very oppressors masquerade beneath it into favor on their travels. The bravery of our banished captains alone could not have established this *prestige* round the character of our country; but the writings of our exiled authors aiding, it was achieved."

A catalogue alone of the names of Irish authors of the Penal days would fill a large volume. Of necessity, therefore, I will be forced to confine myself to some few writers who achieved more than an ordinary amount of fame in their time. It may be said in passing, that nearly every Irish scholar of note in Penal times was more or less distinguished as a writer. It may also be added, that though many of our Irish authors wrote in the language of the country in which they resided at the time, most of them addressed the learned world at large, and therefore used the Latin language as a medium of conveying the knowledge they wished to impart.

Thomas de Leon, whose proper name was Dillon, was a brilliant Jesuit whose name was long honored in the learned halls of Spain. He taught philosophy, and was both dogmatic and moral professor for many years at Seville and Granada. He became eminent as a linguist. He received a high encomium from Athanasius Kircher for his profound knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, and the Arabic tongue. Like Lynch and other Irish students, he is placed by Nicholas Antonio among the famous Spanish writers. Peter Talbot, no mean authority, calls him "the oracle of all Spain, not only for his profoundness in divinity, but for his vast extent of knowledge in other sciences, and his great skill in the languages." He composed his works principally in Spanish.

John Lynch was a secular priest and a native of Galway. His great work is "Cambrensis Eversus," a refutation of Gerald Barry. Harris says that Lynch, "with a judicious and sharp pen, exposeth the numberless mistakes, falsehoods, and calumnies of that writer; showing, in confuting him, that he was well qualified to undertake the subject by a great compass of knowledge in the history of his country, and in other polite learning. His work is not properly a history of Ireland, yet it contains many choice collections out of Irish antiquities."

Augustin Gibbon de Burgo, D.D., an Austin hermit, was a native of Mayo, and provincial of his Order. He resided principally in the University of Erford, in Germany. He was a well-known author.

Besides several works on theology, he published a large volume of sermons.

Nicholas Comerford, of Waterford, was a famous Jesuit in his time. He wrote in English "a pithy and learned treatise, very exquisitely penned," and addressed to the inhabitants of his native city. Anthony Wood says that he "wrote and published divers other things." Constantine O'Mahony, known by the *alias* Cornelius à St. Patricio, in Portugal, was a priest burning with an ardent patriotism. He wrote a book to prove the right of Irish Catholics to the Irish nation. "The object of this book was to excite the Irish to persist in their rebellion." He proves conclusively that the kings of England never had any claim to Ireland, and that their title was mere usurpation and tyranny. He adduces a Bull of Pope Gregory XIII, granted to Owen Roe O'Neill in 1642, in which the chiefs and soldiers of the preceding year are blessed, and a Plenary Indulgence granted to all in the future who will assist in freeing the Irish Catholics from the tyranny of England. He boldly asserts the right of Irishmen to crown a king of Irish blood; nay, he even binds them in conscience to do so, and tells them openly that they must cast off the hated yoke of heretics and foreigners. It is said that the Nuncio favored this advanced doctrine.

Paul Sherlock, as a youth of great promise, entered the Jesuit novitiate in Spain. "He passed through his course of philosophy and divinity with great reputation, became a very learned man, and was raised to the government of the Irish seminaries of Compostella and Salamanca." In this last-named college he taught dogmatic theology. He lived altogether in Spain, and Nicholas Antonio ranks him among the writers of that country. He published three volumes on the Canticles. He also wrote some works on difficult theological subjects, in which he showed his deep and varied knowledge and his linguistic skill.

Anthony Bruodine was a recollect from Clare, and Jubilate lecturer of divinity in the Irish convent of the Holy Conception of the Blessed Virgin, at Prague, in Bohemia. He wrote much on theological subjects, yet did not forget to devote some of his time to illustrating the history of Ireland. Anthony Gearnon, of St. Anthony's Convent, Louvain, wrote an Irish ascetic book which bore the title of the "Paradise of the Soul." Father Martin Green, a distinguished Jesuit, was the author of "The Life and Doctrines of the Society of Jesus against the Calumnies of the Evil-Minded." He had also commenced a "History of the Church of England," but death came before he could proceed far in this undertaking.

Father William Bath, a learned Jesuit, wrote at the age of twenty-five many articles of deep and lasting interest to the members of his Order. He is said to have been very fond of music. While still a young student at Oxford he wrote "An Introduction to the Art of Musick, wherein are set down exact and easy Rules with Arguments and their Solutions, for such as seek to know the Reason of the Truth." In 1611 he published at Salamanca his "Gate of Tongues," by which he opened to students an easy entrance to all languages. This work was published by the Jesuits of Salamanca, and was highly prized as a class-book throughout all Spain. He also published the "Methodical Insti-

tution of the Principal Mysteries of the Christian Faith," with a method annexed for the exercise of general confession. This work was set forth to the world of literature in English and Latin. The author also, under the assumed name of Peter Manriques, translated it into Spanish.

James Piers, D.D., was royal Professor of Philosophy in the Aquitanic College. He was a pious and learned man and wrote an ascetic work, "To the Greater Glory of God, and the Blessed Virgin Mary." Peter White, of Waterford — commonly called the *lucky schoolmaster*, as he had for students Richard Stanihurst, Peter Lombard, and other great literary lights — was the author of several prose works. He was also a poet of some repute.

John Dowdall, an Austin hermit, who was appointed one of the preachers to King James II., was an author. He wrote "The Infallibility of the Catholic Church" and the "Life of St. Augustine." Richard Lynch, a native of Galway, taught philosophy, explained the Holy Writings, and lectured on dogmatic subjects, both at Valladolid and Salamanca. He died in 1676, being at the time rector of the college of Salamanca. He published a volume of sermons in Spanish, and had his works on philosophy and theology printed at Lyons and Salamanca. Father John Travers, D. D., published a book in "Defence of the Pope's Supremacy." For this work he had his hands cut off. He was afterwards executed at Tyburn for what the English tyrants were pleased to call high treason. Cornelius Dovan, who was also executed for high treason, was the author of a book which was fitly written by him on the Irish Martyrs. Father Jerome Malone, a friar of St. Jerome, wrote several ascetic works, the principal of which were on the sufferings of our Blessed Saviour.

Sebastian Shortal, a native of Kilkenny, became a Cistercian in "the monastery of Nucale, in Gallicia, Spain, where he was held in great reputation." A distinguished Cistercian writer assures us that he was "a man of sharp wit, a good disputant, and one of the best poets their society ever had; and that his writings had obtained a high character." Shortal was the author of some prose works. Father John Clare, a Jesuit, was highly esteemed by his superiors. He was the author of "The Converted Jew," which he dedicated to the two universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Father Purcell wrote "The Right Way to God." Florence Grey published an Irish grammar at Louvain. Richard Rochford, a native of Leinster, and a Franciscan at Louvain, published in English "The Life of the Glorious Bishop, St. Patrick, Apostle and Primate of Ireland." He also wrote the Lives of the Holy Virgin, St. Bridget, and St. Columb, patrons of Ireland. His works were sent from the press at St. Omer's.

Thadeus Dowling was a great canonist. He gave much of his time to the study of his native land. Besides the "Annals of Ireland," he also had printed an Irish grammar. Richard Creagh, bishop of Limerick, wrote several able works. He was the author of an "Ecclesiastical History," wrote a controversial work, and published the Lives of the Irish Saints and also an Irish catechism. John O'Farrell, a native of Munster, and a Franciscan in the Irish college of Louvain, was a great preacher, and acquired a reputation as a poet. He composed some

elegant elegiac verses on the glories of the Geraldines. He also wrote some good verses on the Stymas of St. Francis of Assisium. James Shiel, a Franciscan also, and a native of Down, and titular bishop of Down and Connor, wrote an answer to Dr. Jennings' "Challenge." Shiel's work was a great success, and went through several editions even in London. Barnaby Kearney, a Jesuit priest of Douay and Antwerp, was esteemed as a powerful preacher. He published some volumes of his sermons at Paris, Lyons, and Rome. Edmund Dwyer, titular bishop of Limerick, wrote some poetry. One of his poems had for subject the "Fire of Kildare's holy fane." Father Henry Ryan, a Dominican, who lived at Rome during the pontificate of Pope Urban VIII., wrote some creditable poetry. "One of his poems," says an old author, "is reckoned a very elegant piece." Robert Chamberlain, a native of Ulster, a "secular doctor of divinity at Salamanca," was an able theologian. He composed some excellent tracts on his favorite study.

Francis Matthews, a Franciscan from Cork, who held responsible offices in his Order, is praised by Luke Wadding for his abilities in divinity and canon law. He was the author of several theological works. He was a very zealous man, and was put to death in his native city. The Jesuit, Peter Wadding, was a versatile writer. He defended his Order with great success against the malicious attacks of its enemies. He composed some volumes of moral and dogmatic theology, and also published several poems. Francis O'Mellaghlin, of Athlone, so famous in Irish story, was a Franciscan, and jubilate lecturer of divinity in the Irish college of Prague, and afterwards public professor of that faculty in the cathedral seminary at Imola, in the Roman states. So highly was he esteemed for his learning that he was ordered by the archbishop of Imola to write a work on philosophy. This he did in an able manner. Dr. Timothy O'Brien, of the county Cork, wrote some controversial works. He ably answered the vile attacks of Rowland Davis, dean of Cork. One of his books was styled "Goliath Beheaded with his Own Sword." O'Brien also published some sermons. Richard Archdekin, of Kilkenny, was a distinguished member of the Jesuit Order. He professed divinity and philosophy at Louvain and Antwerp. He soon acquired a great reputation as a theologian. Besides other works, he wrote "Theologia Tripartita Universa." This work was favorably known in all parts of Europe. As early as 1700 the eleventh edition of it was published at Venice.

John Harting, of Waterford, a member of the Cistercian Order in Spain, wrote much and well about the distinguished men who had adorned his society. Father William Malone, a Jesuit, "was esteemed a dangerous person," and so was arrested and cast into prison. But having made his escape, he fled to Spain and became rector of the Irish college of Seville. He wrote a masterly controversial work, called the "Jesuits' Challenge." This book was deemed worthy of answers from several learned Protestants, among whom were Usher, "the great pillar of the established church" as Dr. Johnson calls him, Dr. Joshua Hoyle, Divinity Professor in Trinity College, Dublin, Roger Tuttock, an English Protestant minister, and Dr. Synge. Peter Redan, also a learned Jesuit,

and a native of Meath, was educated at Salamanca, where he became famous for his erudition. He was considered a profound Greek and Hebrew scholar. He died at the age of forty-four. He was the author of an able work against the Manicheans.

David Rothe, D. D., of the University of Douay, bishop of Ossory, and vice primate of Ireland, was a most patriotic prelate, "a man of great natural parts, and very well accomplished in learning." Usher speaks of him highly as a scholar, and calls him a "curious inquirer into the antiquities of his country." The great Protestant archbishop also confesses that he owes much to Rothe in matters of learning and information. Messingham says, "that he was well versed in all sorts of learning, was an elegant orator, a subtile philosopher, a profound divine, an eminent historian, and a sharp reprover of vice." Bishop Rothe was certainly an able and voluminous writer. His "Hibernia Resurgens" was directed against Dempster, the ambitious Scotchman, who made claim to the saints of Erin as natives of his own country. The vigor of his pen and his Irish hagiological knowledge are clearly shown in this little work. "David Rothe," says Father Meehan, "whose works were destined to elevate and perpetuate the name of his progenitors and kindred, and whose chequered life — extending over so considerable a portion of the first half of the seventeenth century —would be sufficient to interest us without his celebrity as a writer." McGee says of this prelate: "Among the churchmen of the age who gave themselves up to research and authorship, scarcely any, if we except Nicholas French, has a clearer claim to remembrance. His book, more than any other, prepared the minds of Ireland for the confederacy, and the Irish abroad for co-operation in its projects."

REV. WILLIAM P. TREACY.

Queer Taxes.

MANY strange methods of taxation have been adopted in this country. A review of some of these is interesting. The first tax ever imposed was the one levied by Julius Cæsar, who ordered the chiefs of the various clans to send annually to Rome a given number of men and wild animals — the former, he said, would be retained as hostages, and the latter would be used for the great fights in the colosseum. But very often the men and the wild animals were put on an equal footing, and forced to fight with each other in sight of the bloodthirsty and applauding Romans. But of all the taxes ever imposed on a people the "birth tax" was the most odious. It lasted thirteen years, dating from 1695. Every person not in receipt of alms was required to pay two shillings for every "little stranger" that came into existence. The tax was a great burden to the lower orders; but the nobility and gentry were subjected to still heavier payments than their poorer neighbors. Thirty pounds had to be paid on the birth of the child of a duke. This sum gradually diminished according to a certain fixed scale, until it reached ten shill-

ings, the amount levied on real estate of fifty pounds, or personal estate of six hundred pounds and upwards. Reasonable excuse can be given in most cases why it is that certain things are taxed; but where the imposers of the "birth-tax" can find an excuse seems to our modern minds impossible. Contemporaneously with this "birth-tax" there existed another, called "the bachelor's tax." It was not a very heavy imposition, and was probably intended to be as much a reminder of their duty as a means of "raising the wind," which William III. so often stood in need of. As soon as a man reached the age of twenty-five he was liable to the tax, which was one shilling yearly till he took to himself a spouse. But it did not stop at bachelors; and here we think it was unjust, for it taxed widowers without children. Besides the shilling every person had to pay an amount according to his rank for the luxury (or otherwise) of single blessedness; thus a duke or an archbishop was amerced in the yearly sum of twelve pounds ten shillings; an esquire, two pounds five shillings; a gentleman, five shillings. Social distinctions were nicely drawn then.

Chamber's Journal.

England Impaled by One of Her Own.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE IN IRELAND? MAKE HER A CROWN COLONY? AN ENGLISHMAN'S VIEW.

THE re-establishment of the old system in Ireland being impossible, on what principle is the new system to be constructed by which the Queen's Government is to be carried on? There are those who advocate the government of Ireland as a crown colony. We govern India on an autocratic system, why not Ireland?

For Many Reasons,

the chief of which is that Ireland is not India. The Irish wear white skins, profess the Christian faith, and have been accustomed all their lifetime to be within the pale of parliamentary government. To keep a nation unenfranchised is a very much easier thing than to disfranchise a nation accustomed to representation. Ireland lies close to our shores. India is far away. The Irish have a colony in almost every British constituency; the Indians have hardly a solitary voter. The Irish write and speak English: they are the most vocal of races; the natives of India are as unintelligible to us as we are to them. Over and above all India is self-contained. There is no larger India beyond her confines more Indian than the Indians, free from our control, permeating with their ideas, their agents, and their money every corner of our dominions. The crown colony men are of the same stock as those who are continually declaring that we cannot hold India if Russia were to take Herat; and the presence of a dozen Russian intriguers in Hindostan would, in their opinion, imperil our Empire. But Herat is far more distant from

India than Liverpool is from Ireland, and who could prevent the American-Irish from intriguing in every country, from having their emissaries in every hamlet, and from preparing for rebellion a people deprived of representation?

In India High-handed Things are Done

which could not even be attempted if the victims had the sounding-board of a press to echo all their complaints, and the government of India is already rendered increasingly difficult by the mere fact that the natives are learning how to make their complaints audible and intelligible. If parliament were to be as much interested in India as it will always be in Ireland — if only because the Irish vote in England is worth winning — the present system would break down. No autocrat can do his work in a glass hive with a million-eyed democracy watching his every movement. The principles are antagonistic, and no government ever governs strongly against the principles of its being. Even in India our democracy is sometimes haunted by uneasy questionings whether it has a mandate from on high to govern the myriads by a foreign sword-imposed apparatus of viceroys, lieutenant-governors, and commissioners; and those doubts would paralyze our executive if at every turn in the road our Democrats were to be confronted by Hindoo electors pertinaciously insisting for the production of our mandate or the destruction of our system. Even if in a fit of passion our democracy were to reduce Ireland to the level of a crown colony, a sneaking conviction that we had done wrong, which would deepen into remorse with every fresh disaster — and they certainly would not be lacking, — could not be got rid of.

Despotic Government is Alien

to every article of the Democratic creed. All the truisms on which the English system is built up would condemn the new scheme. And although an Englishman will do wrong and think little of it if all goes well, the first reverse alarms him, and a repetition of reverses appears to him as proof that the curse of Heaven rests upon the evildoer. Conscience doth make cowards of us all; and no man is more conscience-cowardly than the Democrat, who, thinking to take a short cut out of his difficulties by the road of the arbitrary, finds himself confronted by difficulties he never foresaw.

The path before us would be difficult indeed. To begin with we should have to count upon the consequences of constituting the first exception to the universal rule in the West. No nations, European or American, excepting those under the empire of the Czar or the Sultan, are at this moment taxed without having representatives in the taxing house. Ireland would be the one solitary exception to the universal rule. Even Bismarck, who is not much of a Democrat, does not disfranchise Poland because the Poles are refractory, and the deputies of Alsace-Lorraine have their appointed seats in every Reichstag. It is the fundamental canon of every modern State. Taxation without representation is tyranny, and tyranny on the part of the governor justifies rebellion on the part of the governed. The grievance of the Irish would

be so palpable, so comprehensible, and their position would so outrage the fundamental conception of the rights of subjects, even in high-handed monarchies, that the whole current of outside sentiment would be turned strongly against us. In America there is nothing that the Irish could do which would not be regarded as legitimate if we attempted to subject their country to the treatment of Jamaican blacks. We should supply a grievance known and read of all men; and the worst of it is that the universal censure of the whole civilized world would awaken a responsive echo in our own breast. All the world would say that we were wrong, and our own conscience would whisper that all the world would be right.

Let no one Imagine

that this would be the only obstacle. The chief difficulty would always be within. Despotism at Dublin Castle involves of necessity reliance upon local despots all over the country. These men, whether landlords or bureaucrats, would, of necessity, from time to time, be guilty of some injustice or stupidity. Whatever it was it would be magnified a hundred-fold, and the most vigorous coercionists would be the first to wince and insist that the despots' claws must be clipped. Witness, for example, the *Standard*, which shudders at Glenbeigh, and declares that the government cannot even be allowed a Conspiracy Bill, unless it is also armed with a dispensing power to guard against the abuse of its authority. Now, if revolutions cannot be made with rosewater, neither can a nation be thrust back under a despotic system with kid gloves.

To Govern Ireland as a Crown Colony

means to govern Ireland with an iron hand. We should not intend it at first, but we should be driven step by step, as by an inexorable destiny, to a system the corner-stone of which would be the formula that there shall no longer exist in Ireland any law save the will of the viceroy for the time being, and such agents as he shall appoint. Government as a crown colony would soon come to mean government by terror. Terrorism has been tried very often in Ireland under far more favorable circumstances than it is possible to try to-day, and the result has not been particularly satisfactory.

But why should a crown colony government be a government of terror? It is not so in Jamaica, and the genial Irishman who governs the millions of India is not a terrorist. But the condition of consent, or at least of acquiescence in a non-representative government, which exists in Jamaica and in India, does not exist in Ireland. We should have to face the fact that two-thirds of the nation would do everything lawful and unlawful that mortal men could do to make our experiment a failure. It is the fashion to say that Irishmen are easily cowed, that they only need to be firmly handled, and that one or two examples would be all that is needed to bring them

Like Whipped Spaniels Whimpering to the Heel.

Mr. Forster tried it, and did not exactly find the result justified his expectations. Lord Spencer was no weakling, but the Irish spirit was

not broken by his sway. Even the most inveterate optimist of the high-flyers will now admit that the rascals have got so much accustomed to have things their own way, it will be no easy matter to rein them in. No easy matter indeed. Public meetings would have to be suppressed, all political or social associations put down, the gag would be reimposed on the press, and then? Then protests, instead of being made from the platform, would be made from behind the hedge. Bullets would replace speeches, and the secret machinery of assassination would be substituted for the open organization of agitation. To that the Government would reply by the well-worn apparatus of repression, and in time a sufficient number of Irishmen would be maddened enough to decide that it is better to die as dynamitards than to live as slaves. The advent of dynamite would herald and justify in the eyes of the Government the resort to terrorism pure and simple, which is the last term in the ratio of progression. Our people might stand dynamite. What they could not stand for any length or time would be anti-dynamite. The crown colony advocates forget that they are

Proposing to Treat as Negroes

a race quicker-witted than their own, ingenious, resourceful, and politically gifted beyond most. The Irish went to America forty years ago as pariahs. To-day they govern the cities, to-morrow they will control the government of the country. *We have trodden on them because they despaired of God and had no trust in each other.* To-day they have seen a Star of Hope arising in the West, and they have learned the secret of mutual trust and of associated discipline. It will take a great deal of gaol and gallows to beat the heart out of these men — more, very much more, than we shall ever have the heart to employ. Their courage is fed from over sea. There is no artifice, no ruse, no ingenious engine of warfare — legal, political, or social — which they will not employ. They will strike against rent, they will strike against county cess. They will make every board of guardians a seat of conspiracy against the Government, and every town council a nest of traitors. Every relic of power that is left in their hands they will misuse and abuse in order to embarrass and weaken their tyrant. The "loyal" North will have little relish for reduction to the pariah level, and every successive stage in the process of disfranchisement will be contested step by step not merely in Ireland but in every English constituency where the Irish are numerous. And while organizing the policy of passive resistence they will none the less prepare for the opportunity of war. At the moment of our supreme need we shall have to choose between disaster — it may be catastrophe — or the surrender of the crown colony experiment.

It is, therefore, Manifestly Absurd

to seek to settle the Irish question by an experiment that would immediately multiply our difficulties and concentrate the hopes of the Irish nation upon the coming of the time when, England being in extremities, Ireland will be able to extort from her weakness that concession which, if made betimes, would enormously increase the imperial strength by liberating the forces now necessary to hold Ireland in subjection.

Pall Mall Gazette Commissioner.

The Flags of Nations.

In China, the earliest standard of which we have any record represents a warrior slaying a hideous-looking dragon with a spear, just as St. George and the dragon are represented in more modern times. The Chinese description of this reptile is that it has the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, eyes of a rabbit, ears of a cow, neck of a snake, stomach of a frog, scales of a carp, claws of a hawk, and the palms of a tiger. On each side of the mouth are whiskers, and its head contains a bright pearl. Its breath is sometimes changed into water and sometimes into fire, and its voice is like the jingling of copper pans. This beautiful reptile existed when John Chinaman was first created out of yellow clay. There is comfort in the thought that it became extinct over ten thousand years ago. In our time and generation a sudden meeting of such a reptile would not be calculated to inspire in us sentiments of either confidence, love, cheerfulness, or patriotism. The present national flag of China is triangular in shape, composed of deep yellow bunting, and upon it is a blue dragon, with a green head, snapping at a red pearl or ball.

The old Imperial standard of Japan, in the opinion of its people, was something sacred and sublime. Its three-fold device symbolized several things, combining the sacred, astronomical, social and convivial sentiment. The triple lobes represent Sintoism, the religion of the Kamis, Buddhism, and Confucianism. They also symbolized the three annual and the three monthly festivals. First, the great new year, which lasts a month ; second, the feast of Spring, on the third day of the third month (or that of the flowers and young maidens), and third and last, the feast of neighbors in the "won't-come-till morning" style.

Great Britain, or England, has more banners or standards than any other kingdom or republic. The first in the list is what is called the Royal standard, or square flag, blazoned with the arms of the United K ngdom. The second is the flag of the Lord High Admiral, a crimson banner with an anchor agent, gorged in the arm with a coronet, and a cable through the ring, fretted in a true lovers' knot, with ends pendant. Third, the flag of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a Union Jack, having in the centre of the crosses a blue shield, emblazoned with a golden harp. Fourth, the Union, or Union Jack, in which are blended the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, emblematic of the united kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Fifth and last, is the flag of the cross of St. George, white, with a red cross, the sign of the old Crusaders. Each one of these flags represent not only the different British possessions and various branches of the government, but also the chivalrous, religious, and patriotic sentiments.

The French flag is, comparatively, a modern idea. Under the feudal system every lord had his own coat of arms or standard. In the year 1794 the present standard was adopted. It is composed of three equal bands placed vertically, the hoist (or the part nearest the staff) being blue,

the centre white, and the fly (or the end) red. This tricolor is supposed to be a union of the blue banner of St. Martin, the red banner of St. Denis, and the "cornette blanche;" there being evidence that these colors have been regarded as the national emblem for centuries.

The flag most recently added to the family of European nations is the black, red, and gold banner of the North German Empire. When Emperor Barbarossa was crowned, in the year 1152, the road to the palace was covered with carpet, into which were woven the colors black, red, and gold. After the coronation the carpet was given to the people and cut into strips, which were carried by them about the city as flags. During the heated discussion in the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848, as to which combination of colors should have precedence, Freilgrath said —"Powder is black, blood is red, and golden flickers the flame, and that is the old imperial standard." I like the motto of Frederic Wilhelm — "From night — through blood — to light."

Worms at Work to Humble Human Pride.

In a pastoral letter addressed by the bishop of Natchitoches, La., to his people at the beginning of Lent, he described a visit he made to the Pope, in which he called the attention of the Holy Father to the actual poverty of Upper Louisiana, once a country of untold wealth and plenty. He spoke of the wretched condition of so many highbred families formerly rolling in luxury, and when he pointed out as a prominent cause of their distress the frequent destruction of boasted King Cotton by swarms of worms, the man of God said: "In our age men are exceedingly proud of their material progress and strength. God, to humble their pride, sets up against them the weakest and meanest being, the crawling worm. In Italy, since many years, a worm destroys olives, the wealth of Italy; in France a worm destroys the vine, the wealth of France; in Upper Louisiana, you say, a worm destroys cotton, the wealth of Upper Louisiana. Tell my people of Upper Louisiana to humble themselves before God, and God will not have in His justice to humble them by setting up a worm against them." Dearly beloved friends, God, in His divine providence, not only rules the nations but He also governs the laws of nature. Without His bidding not a hair falls from a man's head, says Scripture, not a leaf shakes on or drops from a tree, not a bird falls dead to the ground, not an insect is born or dies. Worms destroying our cotton are truly a plague sent by Almighty God. Men do not want to call it a plague of God's justice; they are too proud to admit that God humbles them in that manner; they consider the destroying insect as a simple product of the laws of nature, and they ignore the Lord of nature who directs nature's laws in the production of insects humbling their pride and sweeping away their bold hope of a godless prosperity. Let us listen to the voice of the Holy Father calling upon us to humble ourselves that God may not

have to humble us in His justice. Let us humble ourselves by coming back to our Christian duties that we have left aside through human respect. We make a special appeal to the faithful of our diocese who last year neglected their Easter duties. This year let them not fail to kneel down before the seat of mercy, confess their sins with true repentance, so as to be admitted to their Easter Communion at the family table once more as God's children.

Floating Gardens and Fields.

Amongst the most remarkable illustrations of human energy, industry, and ingenuity, are the floating fields and gardens which exist in the valley of Kashmir, in Eastern Asia, and on Lake Tezcuco, in the valley of Mexico, America. In the country separating India and China there is much that moves the traveller's wonder, but nothing, perhaps, more interesting than the floating gardens on the lake, or Dol, by the little old city so famous for its shawls, called of old Srinagar, and now known as Kashmir. . . . In the formation of these floating gardens of Kashmir their owners avail themselves of the thick growth of grasses and aquatic plants which spring up from the bottom of the lakes, as water-lilies, confervæ, sedges, reeds, etc., all intertwined and entangled one with another. Avenues are cut among these by the boats, separating them into angular sections of varying lengths and breadths. The plants and grasses are then cut away from their roots at a depth of two feet under the water. When so detached they retain their solidity and are pressed somewhat more closely together. Sedges, twigs, reeds, and roots are next placed over the patch lengthways, and over these mud is spread, fished up from the bottom of the river. This gradually permeates and binds together the matted mass of twigs, reeds, and rushes, and when the surface is thus made, willow stakes are driven through it and down into the bed of the lake, so that the floating garden will rise or fall with the rising or sinking water, but will not escape from its place. By means of a long pole thrust among the weeds at the bottom of the Dol and twisted round several times in one direction, a quantity of plants are brought up and carried in boats to the prepared platform or raft, where they are twisted into conical hillocks about two feet in circumference at the base and the same high. A hollow place is made on the top of each, and this is filled with the soft river mud, to which is sometimes, but not often, added wood ashes. These are for the reception of melon and cucumber plants. . . . Floating gardens and fields, called Chinampas, also exist in Mexico, where they were originally constructed to afford the inhabitants protection against invaders. They are raised with reeds, bushes, turf, and mud, and were sometimes big and strong enough to support a small dwelling-house. These floating garden-beds are still to be found anchored upon the waters of the Chalco Canal.

All things find rest upon their journey's end. — *Michaelangelo.*

The National Music of Ireland.

"But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not even in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains,
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

Irish Melodies.

One nation alone on the face of the globe has as the emblem of its nationality a musical instrument — only one country is peculiarly and appropriately known as the "land of song," and that is the fair land of Erin. "When other nations," said the Irish Lacordaire, Father Burke, "stand in the battle-field in the hour of national effort and national triumph — when other nations celebrate their victories — when they unfold the national banner, we behold there the lion, or some emblem of power; the cross, or some emblem of faith; the stars,— as in the 'star-spangled banner' of America,— an emblem of rising hope; but it was only in the by-gone days, when Ireland had a national standard, and upheld it gloriously on the battle-field — it was only then that Ireland unfolded that national standard, which, floating out upon the breezes of heaven, displayed, embodied in that field of green, the golden harp of Erin." *

Music is inherent in the nature of man. No tribe or people, no matter in what state of barbarity they may exist, no matter in what zone — tropical or frigid — their lot may be cast, ever lived whose minds and souls were not susceptible of that sweet emotion produced by the melody of harmonic rhythm. Every one is acquainted with that memorable incident in the history of the Jesuit missions in Paraguay. The self-sacrificing sons of Saint Ignatius were carrying the cross into the very heart of the savage regions of South America. They were unable to effect a landing — but least of all were they able to conciliate the savage sons of the prairie. The pious Fathers manned a canoe, and as the setting sun gilded the green foliage of the trees of that tropic land, slowly pulled down the limpid waters of one of its broad rivers. The Indians lined the banks in an instant, and with their hideous grimaces and wonted hostile threatenings, gave sufficient indications that an immediate death was in store for the white men. A happy thought struck one of the Jesuits. He picked up from the bottom of the canoe an old guitar, or some such musical instrument, and tipped some pleasing melody on its strings. In an instant the savages laid down their arms, rushed weaponless down to the water's edge, and received the missionaries into their arms. Such a potent sway has music over the soul of man.

* "Lectures on Faith and Fatherland." By Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P.

"Music! — Oh! how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?"

So natural is music to man. Nature has thus constituted him; but most of all music is natural to the Celtic character. Hence it is that music was especially cultivated and cherished by the Irish people from the very cradle-hood of their race. When the torch of piety and learning burned brightly in the monastic institutions of Ireland, in the fifth and sixth and seventh centuries, it would seem as if the liberal arts had fled from the groves of Academus to the halls of Hibernia. One of these arts was music, and the success that crowned its cultivation is attested in the history of the succeeding ages.

The history of Irish music could be traced back to the times when wanderers from Oriental climes landed on Irish soil. But without going back through such a long and dark roll of centuries, a noteworthy fact, clearly authenticated in the more modern annals of Ireland, shows in what high esteem music was held by our forefathers. When the representatives of the five constituent orders of the kingdom met at their *feis*, or great national assemblies, at Tara, the representatives of music and song had precedence of all others except royalty itself. The bards, who were divided into three classes, the Filea, Seanachie, and the Brehon, were, as their names imply, the historians, antiquarians, and legislators of the country. And like the Arabians of old, the Irish kings and chieftains kept in their train a numerous band of musicians, the fame of one of them, the celebrated Dubhthach, chief bard of Leogaire, being transmitted down to our own times. "Thus," writes Father Buckley, "from the earliest dawn of Irish history the bardic body were a national institution; they charmed the ears of their princes and people; they enriched the literature of their native land; and, doubtless, had Ireland been able to preserve her nationality, her language and literature, like other nations of Europe, these great and gifted men of old, who, even to us, their fellow-countrymen are either unknown or unregarded, would rank with the proudest sons of song whose names illuminate the historical pages of more fortunate nations." *

Some writers go back to the time of the Milesian invaders in tracing the history of Irish music, and attribute the authorship of many a wandering distich to these ancient children of song. "The *disjecta membra* of Amergin, the son of Milesius," again writes the graceful biographer of Father Arthur O'Leary, "are as well authenticated to-day as the melodies of Moore, and of the two are certainly more Irish."

But distinguished as the bardic genius of Erin was in the days when Druidic priests performed their mystic rites, that genius expanded under the ennobling halo of the light of the Gospel. Saint Patrick set foot on Irish soil in the year 432, and forthwith the rites of Bel gave place to the worship of the Lamb of God. The eloquence of Patrick captivated the heart of the nation; for in truth it was the eloquence of heaven. Leogaire fell captive to its sway, and amongst the first of the

* "The National Music of Ireland," a lecture delivered by Father Buckley in Cork, in the December of the year 1868.

Christian proselytes were the bards. Then they lent the genius of their souls to proclaim the praises of the one true God. Sacred chant swelled in tone to the clear blue vault of heaven from the hundred choirs of the island. Then was music, sacred and profane, cultivated in peace in our happy land. Then did the stranger from many a foreign shore raise his sail, and steer his bark to the fountain of knowledge in the "Insula Sanctorum" of the Western ocean. It is said that the foreigner could not travel far through any part of the country without meeting the old harper on his way. The chieftain never laid a banquet for his clansmen at which the halls did not resound to the music of the lyre. Well did the poet write: —

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Oh! take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door
Where weary travellers love to call:
Then, if some bard who roams forsaken
Revives its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master awaken
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

At the time of the English invasion, at the close of the twelfth century, the Irish bards and harpers had attained an extraordinary success in their art. Witness to this is borne by men whose prejudices against Ireland were notorious. Preëminent amongst such witnesses is Giraldus Cambrensis. He certainly was not remarkable for his leanings towards Ireland. Doubtless, though, he was a man of cultured mind and of vast knowledge. He must have been a musician himself, or at least, he had acquired very great familiarity with the language of the musical writers of his time, as is evident from the well-known passage relating to the Irish bards in the "Topographia Hiberniæ." Having travelled throughout almost every European country, and fixed his residence for some years in Paris and Rome, he must have been a competent judge of music, and, under the circumstances, a reliable witness. Yet this is the way this almost habitual reviler of the Irish speaks of their proficiency in music: —

"This people, however, deserve to be praised for their successful cultivation of instrumental music, in which their skill is, beyond comparison, superior to that of any other nation we have seen. For their modulation is not drawling nor morose, like our instrumental music in Britain; but the strains, while they are lively and rapid, are also sweet and delightful. It is astonishing how the proportionate time of the music is preserved, notwithstanding such impetuous rapidity of the fingers, and how, without violating a single rule of art, in running through shakes and slurs and variously intertwined organizing or counterpoint, with so sweet a rapidity, so unequal an equality of time, so apparently discordant concord of sounds, the melody is harmonized and rendered perfect."

But a dark cloud was soon to pass through the Irish sky. The bardic profession was soon to be persecuted with a vengeance. The Irish music was captivating the iron hearts of the English adventurers. "To the praise of victors and vanquished," writes Father Buckley, "be

it stated, that such was the music of the Celt and such the appreciation of the Saxon, that an Irish minstrel became an indispensable appendage of baronial magnificence; while every wandering child of song found a cordial welcome in the English camp, and a *cead mille failthe* in every Anglo-Irish castle." But it little suited the interest of the English sovereign to allow the bewitching harper, blending the music of his lyre to the soul-stirring songs of his native land, in presence of the royal servants. There was a danger which only proved too true that they would become "*ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniores*"—more Irish than the Irish themselves. Proclamation followed proclamation to prevent the English of the Pale from enjoying the luxury of the sweet music of Ireland. But the charm of the Irish music was too swaying, and it required the statute of Kilkenny, of 1367, to prevent the dangerous intercourse. English vengeance against the harpers culminated in the person of Queen Elizabeth, who gave a commission to Lord Barrymore to hang the minstrels of the harp. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were ennobled with the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the Penal Laws have been in keeping them Catholics."

But, if possible, a still fiercer storm was to blow over the Irish children of song. The day came when Cromwell desecrated Erin's verdant shores. The Irish aristocracy, the patrons of the bards, were decimated; with them the minstrels passed away, and at the death of O'Carolan, in 1738, died the last of the Irish bards.

"The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime;
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp that kings had loved to hear."

The national music of Ireland lay scattered about the country; a great deal of it, no doubt, preserved in the minds of the people, but nevertheless quickly fading away. But the "star of Ireland's song"—Thomas Moore—was presently to arise and render an undying service to his country,—he was to preserve, yea, immortalize the music of his native land. He took those old airs that were scattered about the country: some of them dating back to pagan times, some of them to the thirteenth century, as, for example, Eileen Aroon, the composition of the minstrel O'Daly, and some of them having their origin in times nearer his own. To these old airs Thomas Moore wedded words of his own, and the result was the immortal Irish Melodies. "He restored forever," writes Father Buckley, "to the memories of mankind, the joyous and the melancholy music of Erin's song, long past; the hymns of peace, the marches of war, the pæans of triumph in which our ancestors celebrated the varying fortunes of their times; he wed immortal words to immortal music; he has photographed to posterity the smiles and tears that blend like the rainbow in the eyes of Erin."

LADY'S BRIDGE, CASTLEMARTYR, CO. CORK. "VIATOR."

Notes on Foreign Travel.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

"ROME," says Goethe, "is like the ocean, the farther you enter into it, the deeper it becomes." Let us wander awhile by the shores of that great ocean, picking up a few stray shells which may give forth some far-off murmur of the mighty waves of human existence which have broken with a noise that filled the world on the Seven Hills, and have ebbed away forever into the fathomless depths of mystery whence they arose.

Everything about Rome is so intensely interesting, that even the story which geology has to tell of the physical formation of the soil on which the city stands, possesses a peculiar charm and attraction of its own. A feeling akin to awe arises in the mind at the thought that, unnumbered ages before the dawn of history, the waters of the sea covered the plain which is now strewn with the wrecks of centuries of time. These at least are majestic reminders of a greatness that once had been; but the sole memorials which the sea has left of its presence are the yellow sands and hard limestone rock of the Vatican and Aventine Hills.

After the waters had receded, volcanic forces came into play, and the hills arose from which the Roman eagles were one day to wing their flight to the uttermost limits of the known world. That these volcanoes were in active operation at no distant day is proven from the fact that traces of human life have been discovered under the flood of lava which swept down from the Alban Hills, and stopped short only three miles from Rome by the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way. The showers of red-hot sand and ashes converted the forests which then grew on the Palatine Hill into masses of charcoal, which may still be seen embedded in the rocks above which now stand the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars.

Before the dawn of the historic period the surrounding hills were both more numerous and more abrupt than at the present day. On their summits lived tribes hostile to each other, entrenched behind earthen ramparts and wooden palisades, out of reach both of human foes and of the malaria exhaling from the low, swampy grounds. Under such conditions the great aim of the inhabitants was to increase the steepness of these cliffs, and render access as difficult as possible. But at a later time, when a fusion took place between these warring tribes, and a single united government held sway, these same physical peculiarities had become sources of grave inconvenience to a people who wished to build a city with some regard to beauty and symmetry. Engineering skill was accordingly called into requisition, the tops of hills were levelled, ridges cut away, and gentle slopes formed in the place of abrupt cliffs.

Under the present surface of the soil four cities may be said to lie buried — the regal and early republican city, the later republican, the imperial, and the mediæval. The history of these several periods is written

in ruins, every stone of which is mossed with some old tradition or illumined by the splendor of some great event. From the baths of Diocletian to the Forum the walls and columns which rise above the surface tell of the existence of other buildings lying still deeper under heaps of dust and rubbish. The northern portion of the city, which in ancient times comprised two-thirds of its area, is now almost a desert. On the Palatine, Celian, and Aventine Hills, crowned in the days of Rome's imperial greatness with superb monuments and buildings, a few scattered dwellings can alone be seen surrounded by the ruins of temples and palaces.

The traveller in Rome, who takes his stand on Mount Palatine, looks down on what is perhaps the most impressive scene in all the world. On one side the arches of triumph and the frowning mass of the Colosseum ; on the other, the Capitoline Hill and the ruins of the Roman Forum. A vast museum of ruins, forming a strange contrast with the scene which the poet Claudian beheld from the same spot nearly eighteen centuries ago. "The palace of the Cæsars," he writes, "lifting its proud head above the Forum, sees at its feet the giant form of the Tarpeian Rock, and the temples of the gods ranged in a circle, like so many advanced guards. Sublime spectacle! Above the altars of the Thundering Jove it beholds the golden portals of the Capitol, and on the roofs of the temples which tower aloft, those statues which seem to hover among the clouds. Further on it sees the rostral columns, covered with their brazen prows, and those structures erected on the summit of lofty hills — works of man which rival by the greatness of their audacity the works of nature itself; and lastly, those numberless arches of triumph, laden with the spoils of all nations. Everywhere the glitter of gold dazzles the eye, till the trembling lids sink and close, wearied by the splendor."

Making all due allowance for the exaggerations of poetic license, this description, howsoever rhapsodical, must have had a basis in fact. The very ruins themselves, in their stately grandeur, testify to the existence of a city as populous as London is now, and of a civilization, if not more advanced, certainly more luxurious and depraved than that of the present day. We know from the works of the ancient writers that the whole area of the city, enclosed by the Aurelian wall, was covered with houses, villas, baths, palaces, and temples. Its public buildings and monuments were sumptuously decorated with statues, paintings, mosaics, and lined with rare and precious marbles, brought from the distant quarries of the East. The columns and wall-facings of marble to which the chapels of the Borghese and Corsini families owe their splendor, were taken from the ruins of ancient Roman buildings. The magnificent bronze doors, now at the end of the nave of the Lateran Basilica, belonged originally to the Senate House which Diocletian built in the Forum ; and the baldachin, which now stands over the main altar of St. Peter's, was formed of the gilt bronze which once lined the interior of the Pantheon.

Art had likewise lent its aid to the decoration of Rome's architectural greatness. To the victors belong the spoils was a principle on which Roman conquerors never failed to act. As Napoleon plundered

the museums of Italy and enriched the galleries of France with priceless treasures of art, so, too, when the Roman legions overran Greece, countless statues and pictures were stolen from the principal cities, and carried to Rome. The sole traces which now remain of the original sculptures are the vacant pedestals graven with such famous names as Timarchus, Polycletus, and Praxiteles. Greek artists likewise flocked into Rome, and filled the city with copies of the earlier masterpieces of Grecian sculpture. To this class belong the finest statues now preserved in the Vatican and other Italian galleries. The choicest masterpieces of Greek painting by Zeuxis, Apelles, Timanthes, were carried off. Pliny tells us that in some instances the frescos were cut away from the walls and brought to the city secured in wooden frames

Among the most ancient of the ruins of Rome, and the most venerable for their historical associations, are those of the Roman Forum. By a singular destiny, that portion of the city on which the Forum once stood has remained, through all succeeding changes and revolutions, the heart and centre of Rome. In modern capitals the centres of political and industrial life often change from place to place with the course of commerce and the advancing tides of population. Rome, however, has remained faithful to her old traditions, from the day when Romulus on Mount Palatine, and the Sabine Tatius on the Capitoline Hill, descended into the marshy plain between, and entered into a treaty of peace.

From the earliest ages the Roman Forum was used for a great variety of purposes. It was a place of public resort; a place for holding political meetings, for administering justice, for transacting commercial business, for scenic displays and gladiatorial games. Even in the days of imperial Rome, when the simple wooden structures of the early republic had disappeared, and sumptuous palaces and basilicas and temples were built around it, the place did not lose its distinctive character, nor cease to be known by the proud name of the Forum Romanum. It survived the successive captures of the city by the Huns, the Visigoths, and the Vandals. The very barbarians would seem to have respected it; in some instances rebuilding the ruins themselves had made. It was already existing with all its buildings and monuments in the seventh century B. C., when a servile and debased senate erected within it, in honor of the tyrant Phocas, the marble Corinthian column, which may still be seen standing, and which, to use the fine expression of one of the Byzantine historians, "the Nemesis of history has preserved as a lasting monument of Roman degradation."

From that time each succeeding age left its mark of defacement on the buildings of the Roman Forum. The Romans themselves accomplished what the barbarians shrank from doing. The city had become a scene of intestine strife. The temples and triumphal arches were seized on by one or another of the warring factions, crowned by towers and battlements, and employed as fortresses. Several times beseiged and captured by assault, they were finally levelled with the ground. During the residence of the Popes in Avignon, the Rome of the Middle Ages sank into such a state of utter decay that herds of

cattle grazed on the grass which grew in its streets. The memories of antiquity vanished; the very names of its old historic ruins were forgotten; the Capitol was called Goat Mountain; the Forum was known as the Cowpit! To realize the appearance which the Roman Forum presented at that time, and for many subsequent years, covered as it was with the accumulated dust and rubbish of ages, with here and there a broken column protruding from the ground, one must study it on the canvas of Poussin and Claude Lorraine.

In recent times a large portion of the Roman Forum has been disinterred. A regular system of excavation has laid bare the stones once trodden by the feet of men famous in the annals of consular and imperial Rome. We are enabled accordingly to form some idea of what the Forum was when Cicero thundered against Cataline, and the mad Caligula was wont to cross it on the bridge which spanned its entire length, to enter into secret consultation with his brother deity, the Capitoline Jove. It is essential, however, to bear in mind that the ruins we at present behold are, for the most part, those of imperial and not of republican Rome. Nearly all of the monuments which stood within the Forum, at the period of the early kings and of the republic, are now no more. So frequently were they altered or enlarged, according to the taste and the exigencies of each particular age, that almost every trace of their existence has vanished. References and allusions to them are scattered up and down the works of ancient writers, obscure and rare enough in themselves, but which the critical sagacity of the learned has made the most of, enabling us in imagination to rebuild those monuments of an early time on the soil they once occupied, but which is now encumbered with the ruined edifices of another age.

The tourist who at the present day looks down on the site of the Roman Forum beholds a wide pit, excavated to the depth of some twenty feet, and paved with slabs of travertine, with numerous clamp-holes over the pavement, where statues and other ornaments once stood. Within its somewhat limited area lie scattered the remains of temples, basilicas, and triumphal arches, the latter alone in a fair state of preservation. Fragments of marble are strewn around, carved with reliefs of animals, decked out with sacrificial wreaths. Pedestals of columns and broken shafts lie there, tarnished with the dust, and dinted by the shocks and bruises of centuries of time. A few tall and stately pillars, bearing their entablatures, still stand erect, looking sadly down on the field of ruin. Let us then "go down" into the Forum, and with the aid of the archæologist try to rebuild those ruined temples, lift up those fallen columns, replace the statues on their vacant pedestals; and with the aid of the historian recall some of its inspiring recollections, and people it with some of the great men who lived and moved and had their being within its precincts.

As stated above, the site of the Roman Forum was the valley which lay between the foot of the Capitoline Hill and the northeastern part of the Palatine. It was originally a marsh (Ovid, *Fast.*, vi., 401: *Hoc, ubi nunc fora sunt, udæ tenuere paludes*). Tarquin was the first to build a number of drains on a large scale for the purpose of carrying off the stagnant waters into the Tiber. According to the ancient writers, the

spot on which Romulus and Tatius met for their conference in this marshy valley was ever after used by the citizens as a place for holding political meetings, and was called the "Comitium." Its position has been determined at the northeast part of the Forum, near where the Arch of Severus now stands. It was of oblong form, approached by a tier of steps, surrounded by a balustrade, and large enough for the representatives of the people to hold their meetings in. On still higher ground was the "Curia," or Senate House, from which a flight of steps led down to the Comitium.

Let the reader, then, conceive at the foot of the Capitol a series of terraces rising one above the other. At the bottom a sort of marshy plain, the Forum proper, in which the common people met; above this the Comitium, a rectangular space, or esplanade, in which the citizen rulers of Rome assembled; higher still the Curia in which the Senate held its sittings, and of which the Comitium served as the vestibule. (Livy, xlv., 24: *comitium vestibulum curia.*)

In its formation the place was an exact image of the constitution of the country; the various stages representing the different orders of the government, the popular magistrates, or tribunes, above the people, and the senate above both. Though the citizens were thus divided into subordinate classes, the government was far from being despotic. The patrician members of the senate bore no resemblance to the aristocracy of Venice in modern times, which held its deliberations in secret and under an oath of silence. Grave public questions were discussed openly in the Comitium, in the sight and in the hearing of all.

On that elevated space in which the political meetings were held stood the ancient rostrum, from which the orators addressed the assembled multitude. It was also called a "Templum," because the structure was consecrated by the augurs. It was a small platform or terrace, without enclosure of any kind, on which the figure of the speaker was so fully revealed that his every attitude and gesture could be noted and criticised. To the front of the rostrum were affixed certain peculiar ornaments from which it derived its name — the prows (rostra) of the ships, captured in the port of Antium, after the defeat of the Latin fleet by the Romans, 338 B. C. Having burned the vessels, the conquerors carried away the prows as trophies, with which to decorate the existing platform on the Comitium for orators. From this elevated platform the orator could make himself heard by all, his voice reaching over the heads of the people who stood in the plain below. It was on this tribunal that the Gracchi stood when they arraigned before the people the aristocratic land — monopolists of that time. Here is an extract from one of the speeches, as we find it in the pages of Plutarch: —

"The wild beasts of Italy have their caves to retire to, but the brave men who spill their blood in her cause have nothing left but air and light. Without houses, without any settled habitations, they wander from place to place with their wives and children; and their generals do but mock them, when, at the head of their armies, they exhort their men to fight for their sepulchres and domestic gods, for, among such numbers, perhaps there is not a Roman who has an altar that belonged to his ancestors, or a sepulchre in which their ashes rest. The private soldiers fight and die to advance the wealth and luxury of

the great; and they are called masters of the world while they have not a foot of ground in their possession." At an earlier period it was the custom for the orator to face the Comitium, and address those assembled there as the real rulers of the country. The Gracchi were the first to depart from this ancient custom, and directly address the common people as the rightful depositaries of the governing power.

From this same rostrum, likewise, it was that Cicero launched the thunderbolts of his eloquence against the arch-conspirator, Catiline. It is interesting to summon up the scene: Cicero, in the presence of Catiline himself and in the sight and hearing of all the people, stepping down to the tribunal and breaking forth at once into the abrupt and passionate exordium: "*Quosque tandem Catalina abutere patientia nostra?*"—"How long, O Catiline, shalt thou abuse our patience?"—with Catiline, pale with rage, flying from the Forum, pursued by the maledictions of the senators and the people. Only a score of years from that day and ghastlier ornaments than the prows of Latin ships were affixed to that historic rostrum—the head and mangled limbs of the great orator himself, who had, in the mean while, been stricken down and foully murdered by the hired assassins of Marc Antony.

Immediately behind the rostrum, on the side towards the Capitol, was a curved, marble-faced platform, called the "Græcostasis," on which the foreign embassadors stood to hear the speeches, and receive communications from the Senate. It was an oblong structure, about seventy-eight feet long and eleven feet high, on an exact level with the rostrum, so that the whole formed one continuous, marble-paved platform. It was decorated with reliefs in gilt bronze, and with honorary statues of Roman ambassadors who had been killed while on foreign service.

On both sides of the Forum proper were two rows of warehouses: one row (*tabernæ veteres*), the old shops, dating from the time of the first Tarquin; the other, the new shops (*tabernæ novæ*), built at a later period. These buildings would appear to have been used for a great variety of purposes. The school which Virginia attended when seized by the clients of the Triumvir Appius was situated in their vicinity. When her father was forced to slay her, in order to save her from a worse fate than death, we read that he snatched up a knife which lay on a butcher's block adjoining the new shops:—

"Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
To where the reeking shambles stood, piled up with horn and hide,
Close to yon low, dark archway, where, in a crimson flood
Leaps down to the great sewer the gurgling stream of blood.
Hard by, a flesher on a block had laid his whittle down:
Virginius caught the whittle up, and hid it in his gown.
And then his eyes grew very dim, and his throat began to swell,
And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, 'Farewell, sweet child! farewell.'

* * * * * * * *

"'Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss,
And now mine own, dear little girl, there is no way but this.'
With that he lifted h'gh the steel, and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died."

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

The architectural form of the Forum Romanum was of slow growth. As time progressed, and the vacant space around the Forum was en-

croached on by larger and more stately buildings, the merchants had to betake themselves to other quarters of the city, and the humble shops occupied by the venders of fruit and other eatables gave way to more elegant booths, glittering with the wares of perfumers, goldsmiths, and jewellers.

In the year 183 B. C. a new style of building appeared in the Forum, which was destined to be succeeded by many others of a similar kind on a larger and more splendid scale. The building in question was a basilica, erected by M. Porcius Cato the Censor. We have the express testimony of Livy, that before the time of Cato there were no basilicas in Rome ("*Neque enim tum basilicæ erant*," Liv. 29, 44). As the name indicates (Βασιλικη, a "royal hall"), the building was of Greek origin. In plan the basilica was commonly a large rectangular hall, open at the sides, surrounded by covered porticos, with one or two rows of columns running along its entire length.

Cato was a professed contemner of Grecian art and culture, a constant declaimer against the luxury and corruption of his time, as contrasted with the severe simplicity of the ancient republic. One of his sayings was, "that when the Romans came to imbibe the Grecian literature they would lose the empire of the world." But he was powerless to stem the advancing tide of Hellenism. The time, too, was fast approaching when the Romans would be content to forego their political aspirations for a liberal supply of "bread and circus games" (*Panem et Circenses*). Besides, Cato was a politician, a favorite candidate of the people for public office. As such he must find favor in their eyes. Though a great stickler for ancient usages, he did not hesitate at times to play the part of a revolutionist by the introductions of new customs. An enemy of the Greeks, he did not scruple to imitate them when it served his purpose. The Forum, as we have said, was the favorite resort of the people. But it was scarcely an agreeable place of meeting. It afforded no protection against rain or against the rays of the sun. To furnish such accommodation Cato built his basilica. Within its walls justice was administered; and in inclement weather the people sought its shelter for amusement, conversation, and social intercourse. No wonder they held in high veneration during his life the name of one who thus ministered to their ease and enjoyment, and inscribed on his statue after death the words: "In honor of Cato the Censor, who, when the Roman Commonwealth was degenerating into licentiousness, by good discipline and wise institutions restored it."

All the buildings we have thus far described as belonging to the Forum during the regal and early republican times have disappeared and left no visible traces behind. Their sites lie buried under the line of modern houses on the northeast of the Forum, the only part which has not yet been excavated. Many of the monuments and works of art which belonged to these ancient buildings were regarded with reverence for their archaic character, religiously preserved and handed down to later generations. But these, too, have perished, though the Romans, who, at least, had nothing of the upstart in their nature, clung even in the days of their greatest glory, with a proud humility to everything that reminded them of their lowly origin.

J. C.

Germany and the Holy See.

THE European mail now gives us the means of understanding and appreciating what imperfect cable reports had conveyed to us concerning the recent action of the Holy See in the matter of the Septennate bill in the German Reichstag. There were two distinct "notes" sent from Rome. One was little more than an extended eulogy of the Centre party, a eulogy without stint and without reproof. The other note made known to the Catholic leaders the prospect of soon terminating happily negotiations with the Imperial Government as to the position of the Church in Germany, and conveyed to the Centre party the sentiment of the Holy See that this happy consummation would be rendered more assured by an acceptance of the Septennate bill on the part of the Catholic leaders; that, in fact, the Imperial Government sought as a compensation for its concessions the favorable action of the Centre on this military bill. The Holy See suggested the advisability, under the circumstances, of ceasing opposition to the Government measure, in view of the exceeding importance of the advantages to religion that were to follow.

Mr. Windthorst, the leader of the Centre party, declared in an address the utmost respect for the advice of the Holy Father, but, at the same time, declared that he deemed it best to pursue a course different from that suggested. There was not the least denial of the propriety of giving advice on the matter, there was no declaration that the advice was an impertinent intrusion in the internal political affairs of the country. No dissent from advice could possibly be more respectful than that of the leader of the Centre.

So much for the effect in Germany.

Some have thought that France must have looked with aversion on the Holy See for favoring even indirectly Bismarck's announcements. As a matter of fact the French papers have absolutely expressed approval of the "notes," and have not alluded to them in the least as showing enmity to France. In fact the French press has called attention, with commendation, to those remarks of the Holy See which attribute to the Septennate bill a peaceful character, and characterized them as favorable to France.

In fact the only European press that has bitterly assailed the "notes" is the anti-Catholic press of Italy. It can be thus understood that the general impression in Europe as to the action of the Holy See in this matter has been favorable, and that the only virulent opposition has come from the irreconcilable revolution established in "United Italy." The hasty and hot-headed radicals over here, who have cried out, "intrusion in German politics," are in fit company.

T. F. MAHAR, D. D.

The *Catholic Universe*, from which we copy the above article, remarks: "At the formal opening of the German Reichstag, the Emperor's address made prominent reference to the Holy Father's 'attitude

toward the government during the elections, and expressed gratitude for the benevolent disposition of his Holiness.' When we remember that Germany is admittedly the leading military Protestant power, it must be conceded that the moral still moves the material world, and that the Papacy is the one religious factor recognized in the policies of Europe."

Henry Ward Beecher Dead.

PROBABLY no American was better known throughout the length and breadth of his own land, and beyond it, than the very remarkable man whose long and varied career was painlessly closed by death Tuesday morning, March 8, in his Brooklyn home.

Who has not heard of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher — of the sunniness of his nature, the versatility of his genius, the courage of his convictions, and the large sympathy of his intensely human heart? Frolicsome and wayward as a boy, he was light-hearted and often inconsistent as a man. But the same joyance of spirit and love of Nature that caused him in young years to leap like the bounding roe over New-England mountains, and gaze upon the blue of the sky through the bursting buds of woodland trees were his through the course of many busy years, even to the last.

The child of an intensely anti-Catholic father, whose incendiary utterances largely led to the burning of the Charlestown convent, Henry Ward Beecher was no bigot. His heart was too large and free for that. Some of his most valued friends were Catholics; and we believe that his American spirit of universal tolerance would resent any unjust encroachments upon their religious and citizen rights as quickly as if attempted against the people of his own Plymouth church.

During the anti-slavery agitation and the subsequent terrible civil war, Mr. Beecher was a matchless power in the land. His voice rang out in clarion tones in behalf of the chained and shackled slave. Yet when all the fierce battles were fought and won and the black millions were freed, there was no merciless revenge in the Plymouth pastor's heart; rather his was the hand to offer oil and wine to the stricken South.

With a mind intensely active and versatile rather than deeply learned or profound, Mr. Beecher had a marvellous personality and power of speech that made him a god with the magnetized crowd.

Of magnificent physique and commanding presence, there was a spell in the music of his voice and resistless force in the vigor of his thought. Then he possessed in wondrous degree the *copia verborum*, which according to Quintilian is a *sine qua non* of the orator. But Mr. Beecher's vocabulary, while ready and copious, was withal critically chosen, capable of expressing with precision the most delicate shade of meaning. With such manifold and varied gifts, crowned especially with the rarest jewel in the orator's coronet,— the art of "putting

things," — it is no marvel that Mr. Beecher so swayed the masses in the days of his might in an age and country like ours.

And yet the dead preacher leaves no enduring work behind as a monument of his powers. His mental complexion made him a speaker rather than a writer, and the orator's words are scattered and lost like the sibyl's leaves.

As to Mr. Beecher's religious belief, it was veering and changeful as the clouds of which St. James speaks. Born and bred among the shifting sands of Protestantism, his active mind worked out the fundamental principle of Protestantism to its legitimate, logical conclusion— believe and reject what you please. It is therefore a difficult thing to point out what Mr. Beecher precisely held as of faith, because we honestly believe he hardly knew himself.

And thus this singularly gifted man, for upwards of forty years, appeared like a wandering star in the Protestant theological heavens; preaching, as the mood was upon him, the gospel according to Beecher — whatever that may chance to be.

REV. FR. CRONAN in *Buffalo Catholic Union and Times*.

The Science of Nazography.

La Science en Famille says that a new journal is soon to appear as the organ of the science of "nazography."

Nazography, says the author of the system, permits of divining the character, habits, and inclination of people by a simple inspection of their noses.

According to this system the nose should be as long as possible, as this is a sign of merit, power, and genius. Example: Napoleon and Cæsar, both of whom had large noses.

A straight nose denotes a just, serious, fine, judicious, and energetic mind; the Roman nose, a propensity for adventure; and a wide nose with open nostrils is a mark of great sensuality. A cleft nose shows benevolence; it was the nose of St. Vincent de Paul.

The curved, fleshy nose is a mark of domination and cruelty. Catherine de Medici and Elizabeth of England had noses of this kind. The curved, thin nose, on the contrary, is a mark of a brilliant mind, but vain and disposed to be ironical. It is the nose of a dreamer, a poet, or a critic. If the line of the nose is re-entrant, that is, if the nose is turned up, it denotes that its owner has a weak mind, sometimes coarse, and generally playful, pleasant, or frolicsome.

A pale nose, denotes egotism, envy, heartlessness. The quick, passionate, sanguine man has a strongly-colored nose of a uniform shade. With the drinker the shade becomes more pronounced toward the tip.

HE who lives but for God frequently thinks of Him during all the occupations of life.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

O Mary, Queen of Mercy.

THERE lived a knight, long years ago,
Proud, carnal, vain, devotionless;
Of God above, or hell below,
He took no thought, but, undismay'd,
Pursued his course of wickedness.
His heart was rock; he never pray'd
To be forgiven for all his treasons;
He only said, at certain seasons,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Years roll'd, and found him still the same,
Still draining Pleasure's poison-bowl;
Yet felt he now and then some shame;
The torment of the Undying Worm
At whiles woke in his trembling soul;
And then, though powerless to reform,
Would he, in hope to appease that sternest
Avenger, cry, and more in earnest,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

At last Youth's riotous time was gone,
And Loathing now came after Sin.
With locks yet brown he felt as one
Grown gray at heart, and oft, with tears,
He tried, but all in vain, to win
From the dark desert of his years
One flower of hope; yet, morn and evening,
He still cried, but with deeper meaning,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

A happier mind, a holier mood,
A purer spirit ruled him now:
No more in thrall to flesh and blood,
He took a pilgrim-staff in hand,
And, under a religious vow,
Travail'd his way to Pommerland;
There enter'd he an humble cloister,
Exclaiming, while his eyes grew moister,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

Here, shorn and cowl'd, he laid his cares
Aside, and wrought for God alone.
Albeit he sang no choral prayers,
Nor matin hymn nor laud could learn,
He mortified his flesh to stone;
For him no penance was too stern
And often pray'd he on his lonely
Cell-couch at night, but still said only,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

They buried him with mass and song
Aneath a little knoll so green;
But, lo! a wonder-sight!—Ere long
Rose, blooming, from that verdant mound,
The fairest lily ever seen;
And, on its petal-edges round,
Relieving their translucent whiteness,
Did shine these words, in gold-hued brightness,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

And, would God's angels give thee power,
Thou, dearest reader, mightst behold
The fibres of this holy flower
Upspringing from the dead man's heart,
In tremulous threads of light and gold;
Then wouldst thou choose the better part,
And thenceforth flee Sin's foul suggestions;
Thy sole response to mocking questions,
"O Mary, Queen of Mercy!"

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

DEAL GENTLY.— Consideration for the feelings of others should be carried into every department of life. Errors and oversights ought never to be dealt with severely unless they become habitual. We are all liable to make them, and, when we do, wish to be treated leniently. There is a story of a bank president who threatened to discharge a clerk if he did not find a missing paper. The clerk was in despair. He hunted everywhere without success. At last, seeing the president's overcoat hanging where he could examine it without detection, he explored the pockets and found the paper.

Gen. James Shields.

"THE HERO OF TWO WARS AND SENATOR FROM THREE STATES."

FEW public men in the United States had a more eventful career than Gen. James Shields, and Illinois especially has reason to honor his memory and to hold in grateful remembrance his faithful and distinguished services. Member of the Legislature, auditor of State, judge of the Supreme Court, he had, by force of character and native ability, attained these different positions of trust and honor in Illinois; and when war with Mexico was declared he was holding the position of commissioner of the General Land Office. The congressional delegation from Illinois, headed by John Wentworth, called on President Polk and urged the appointment of Shields to a military position and rank comporting with his ability and the high offices he had filled. The request was granted on the spot, and Shields was commissioned brigadier-general July 1, 1846. He led the Illinois troops in the march to the city of Mexico, and fought with signal gallantry throughout the war, being severely wounded at Cerro Gordo and Chapultepec — indeed, in the first accounts of the former battle he was reported killed. His capacity, bravery, and soldierly skill won universal recognition in the army and were declared in the general orders issued by Gen. Scott, commander-in-chief. At the battle of Cherubusco, Gen. Shields led the attack on the Mexican reserve under Santa Anna, his command embracing the Illinois and New England brigades and the celebrated "Palmetto" regiment from South Carolina. With these troops Shields completely routed the Mexican forces, and Santa Anna himself had a narrow escape from capture. In compliment to his conspicuous success and gallantry, Gen. Shields was designated to head the conquering forces entering the city of Mexico. Many romantic incidents and episodes are related of the General's experiences during the war, each of them serving more strikingly to illustrate his chivalric character and sturdy bravery in action, his consideration for his men, and his magnanimity to the wounded enemy and to the prisoners in his hands.

At the close of the war he was breveted major-general and was mustered out of service July 20, 1848. In the same year he was nominated governor of Oregon Territory, but he declined the appointment. He was then appointed United States senator by the Legislature of Illinois and served the full term, December 3, 1849, to March 3, 1855. Defeated for re-election, in consequence of the feuds and divisions in his own party, Lyman Trumbull being chosen to succeed him, General Shields moved to Minnesota and there established a colony of Irish settlers in and around Faribault. The result of this effort is best and most strikingly shown in the fact that the settlement thus formed is now one of the most prosperous farming communities in the State of Minnesota.

Gen. Shields was elected to the United States Senate from Minnesota, which he represented from May 13, 1858, to March 3, 1859.

He subsequently moved to California, and, not improbably, would have been called to represent that State also in the United States Senate, but as soon as hostilities broke out between the North and South he offered his services to President Lincoln, and was commissioned brigadier-general August 19, 1861. The general desire of the Irish-American soldiers in the army — a desire that was warmly seconded and voiced by Gen. Meagher, Col. Mulligan and other Irish-American officers — was that Shields should be placed in command of an "Irish Division," which could easily have been formed; but the War Department received the suggestion coldly, and nothing was done to carry it into effect. Gen. Shields was given a division in Gen. Banks' army in the Shenandoah Valley early in 1862, and commanded at the battles of Port Republic and Winchester. In the latter he inflicted a severe repulse on Stonewall Jackson, after having been himself severely wounded in a skirmish on the previous day.

It is now well known and acknowledged that, as in the instance of other distinguished officers, the political principles held by Gen. Shields, and his firm adherence to the Democratic party, formed a barrier to his advancement, and even to according him fair recognition for services rendered.

Following the memorable campaign against Gen. Stonewall Jackson, Gen. Shields resigned his commission in the army and retired to a farm, which he had acquired in Carroll County, Missouri, where he lived a quiet and retired life till 1877, when he was elected a member of the General Assembly of Missouri. In the same year he was appointed adjutant-general of the State, and afterward was elected United States senator to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Bogy. Thus Gen. Shields had the remarkable distinction, unique in the history of the Senate, of having represented three States of the Union in the highest council of the nation. He did not long survive the close of his term of service. He died suddenly in Ottumwa, Iowa, following a lecture which he was called there to deliver.

Gen. Shields was born in the town of Dungannon, county Tyrone, Ireland, in 1810, and in 1826 emigrated to the United States. He made his way to Illinois, settling in Kaskaskia (then the capital), where he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1832. During his term of service as member of the legislature (1836–7) Shields was intrusted by a committee of Chicago citizens, led by John Wentworth, with the bill for the act of incorporation and the first charter of the city of Chicago. Largely through his active and zealous championship the measure was pushed through both houses of the legislature, so that Gen. Shields may be said to have obtained the first charter for the city of Chicago.

While in the Senate from this State the bill donating a magnificent grant of land in aid of the projected Illinois Central Railroad was introduced and finally passed. The vast importance of this measure to the development and prosperity of Illinois was scarcely then adequately estimated; but subsequent results and existing conditions amply vindicated the policy and statesmanship of this great and splendid gift. Senator Douglas received at this time almost exclusive credit for this

measure; but no small share was, in fact, justly due to Gen. Shields, who successfully undertook to widen and enlarge the scope of the original grant, and also effected an important change and extension in the proposed line of road by which it was made to bisect the State from one end to the other, from Galena to Cairo.

It is a curious and interesting fact that Gen. Shields was offered the command of the Pontifical army at a time, during the reign of the late Pope Pius IX., when the security of the states of the Church, the temporal possession of the Holy See, was menaced. After deliberate consideration the tender was declined. This statement came from Gen. Shields himself.

The career, character, and qualities of Gen. Shields may well serve as a model and study for the public men of our time. Rising by regular gradation in public life from the position of a member of the Illinois legislature in 1836–7 to the responsible post of Auditor of State, then Judge of the Supreme Court, afterward Commissioner of the General Land Office, which he resigned to take a general's rank and position in the army, and finally returning with honorable wounds and a glorious record from Mexico, a grateful State elected him to represent it in the United States Senate, the associate and compeer of Judge Douglas. These successive honors were not attained by mere accident, as sometimes happens in political life; neither were they won by influence nor the favors of personal friends. Gen. Shields worked his way upward unaided. He possessed ability, grit, and sterling honesty. These were the qualities which won. In whatever position Gen. Shields was placed he made a record for himself as a faithful public servant, and he came out of every public office held by him, from first to last, with untarnished honors. Temptation could not move, bribery and corruption dare not approach. Great trusts and immense responsibilities were often in his hands; he was faithful under every condition. Through his long and checkered career he probably never possessed $5,000 at any one time. He had modest tastes and simple habits. All that he possessed when he died was a small farm and the jewelled swords presented to him, one by the State of South Carolina after the Mexican War, the other by the city of New York. These are heirlooms for his children; but a more glorious heritage than all is the splendid record of his honorable career, his faithful services and stainless character as a public officer; his bravery and capacity in the field; his wisdom and energy in council; his fidelity to duty on all occasions and in every circumstance.

Nor did Gen. Shields forget his native land On every fitting opportunity he was heard pleading her cause and championing her right to self-government. Had the occasion presented itself when his sword would have availed in her service, joyously would he have drawn it against his country's hereditary foe. Once, indeed, at the close of the war, the leaders of the Fenian organization made overtures to him to take command of a force designed to operate against Canada; but Gen. Shields was too experienced a soldier not to see the folly of such a suicidal raid without adequate arms or commissariat, to say naught of the criminality of an unjustifiable invasion. Of course he promptly

declined the offer; but, as he himself publicly declared, given the indispensable conditions in Ireland to justify a revolutionary movement, he would not hesitate to lead an armed force to join in the struggle for Ireland's freedom. It is known that, in advance of the organization of the Land League, Gen. Shields had elaborated a plan to unite in a solid organization the American-Irish, so as to aid in any home movement that might be set on foot for national enfranchisement or local self-government.

General Shields was a devoted Catholic and, in his later years, devoutly attended to the religious duties of his faith. When suddenly stricken down in a convent in Ottumwa, where he was visiting his niece, to whom he was devotedly attached, he had still the opportunity in his last hours to receive the rites of his Church. His remains are interred at Carrollton, the home of his sorrowing widow and family.

No monument yet marks the spot, but a movement is likely to be soon set on foot to erect a suitable shaft over the grave of as pure a man and as brave a soldier as America has known. On that monument may be fittingly inscribed the legend: —

"*Semper et ubique fidelis.*"

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

NOTE.—In our next issue we will publish Mr. Onahan's letter to the *Century* in reply to an attack made upon the General by that magazine.

Two Gladiators—Capital and Labor.

IN a recent address in Philadelphia Most Rev. Archbishop P. J. Ryan said: —

"And as in this land, when the Spaniards would oppress the natives, — fearless ecclesiastics stood between the Spaniards and the natives and protected them; so in every land — in England, when the Normans would oppress the Saxons, the Norman Bishop protected the Saxons against their own country. So shall it be now, when the great conflict seems to come between capital and labor. Now she will be found true to her mission. She speaks to both. Her founder saw at his feet the kings of the East, Joseph the carpenter, and the Shepherds of Judea. He gives us the embodiment of faith. He was the King of kings, Lord of lords. He was the being to whom the earth was given as his inheritance, and he was the carpenter's Son, and he worked at the carpenter's bench. He was capital and labor united in his sacred self. She continues the mission which is to teach both the Eastern kings and the shepherds of Judea, both the poor and the rich; her mission is to teach both and bring them nearer to each other, and make them understand one another in that Incarnate Deity, that sweet Lord, the God of the poor; and as they approach Him and as they learn His genius, which is his spirit communicated, they will learn not to be in antagonism but to love one another. Our mission I can

better describe by an illustration which occurred to me. You know that in the Roman amphitheatres brother had to fight with brother, and butcher each other to make a Roman holiday. For some time this continued, and on one occasion when two gladiators met and fought in mortal combat; when the amphitheatre, was crowded from the lowest to the highest tier; when the people looked with savage joy upon the bloody combat below, a monk, a Catholic monk, bounded from the audience into the midst of the arena, stood between the combatants, and said: "In the name of the God of Peace I command you to desist!" The gladiators, as if paralyzed, looked at the monk; the whole amphitheatre was filled with cries of indignation, calling for the death of the monk, as he spoke. They rushed upon him, they tore him to pieces and drank in the blood of another Christian martyr, but the gladiatorial contest ended. The act went to the hearts of the people, and by his death he achieved the fulfilment of his command, that in the name of the God of Peace they should desist. Now the amphitheatre of the world is crowded from the lowest to the highest tier. Men are assembled and they look at

Two Gladiators—Capital and Labor.

They have met in the arena of the world; and the ecclesiastic, the monk, comes in again and says to them: "You are brothers in God; you are creatures of the same country; you are children of the same Father; in the name of the God of Peace, I command you to desist." Labor might say the foxes had their covers, and the birds of the air their nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head. Remember Him who said: "Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Improve your condition, but by no dishonest means, by no fierce means. Remember that there is a Trinity in which you may be rewarded and imitate the carpenter's Son. Capital, oh, Capital, remember your responsibility, and remember that from those to whom He has given much, much will be required; that the laborer is your brother; that the laborer one day, if he be faithful, shall look down from the bosom of his God on you who by chance were given plenty. Remember that there is a Master above you to whom you are accountable; remember that the days of your pilgrimage will soon be over. Oh, he is your brother; an accident has given you more money. You are here upon this earth but for a short pilgrimage. Embrace your brother who labors, and then the benediction will be given to both.

It seems strange to many ears, when they are awakened in the "wee sma' hours," long before daylight, by the hurried pattering footfalls of numerous pedestrians. Some sleepers grunt at the disturbance, others regret that they are too late to join the throng. All know that it is only some simple-minded Catholics going before the altar to beg God's blessing on the coming day.

Advantages of the Month of Mary.

THE Church, ever attentive to procuring glory for Mary, has multiplied devotions and feasts in her honor. She invites her children to honor her three times a day by the recitation of the Angelus, she consecrates the Saturday of each week to her, and celebrates one of her festivals almost every month. But this was not enough for the piety of her children. All hearts filled with the love of Mary wished to pay her their homage in a way more notable still. A holy priest filled the void which all acknowledged, by making them consecrate a month in the year to celebrating the greatness and studying the virtues of the august Virgin. "Now," well says Father Lalomia, "when one makes an offering, he should choose what is best and most pleased: this is why the most beautiful month of the year has been selected, which by the renovation of nature and the agreeable variety of flowers wherewith the earth is covered, seems to invite the soul to recognize grace, to clothe itself with most beautiful acts of virtue, to make of them as it were a crown for the Queen of the universe." The author of so holy a practice remains unknown; all researches can lead only to uncertainty. God, doubtless, wished to preserve the humility of His servant from the praises of men, reserving an infinitely more precious reward for him in heaven; but He has blessed His work. Its development and spread strike the most prejudiced minds with astonishment, and compel them to recognize the finger of God therein. A holy priest whose name is so well known and so justly revered by all children of Mary, thus explains this wonder to us: "Remember that touching story of the prophet Elias, who after three mortal years of drought, retires on the summit of Carmel and implores God to remember His mercies of old. Six times in succession he sends his servant to look towards the sea, and he anxiously asks him if he does not behold any favorable sign. Only on the seventh time does the young man tell him of a little cloud the size of a man's foot." Truly it is very little: it is enough to make the Prophet hope that his prayers will be heard. A moment more and the heavens grow dark, the clouds pile up, the winds are unloosed, and the rain falls in torrents. That little cloud was the size of a man's boot. The origin of the month of Mary displayed still less, only a child's foot. It was in Rome, towards the end of the last century, on a beautiful evening in the month of May, a child of the people assembled his companions around him before a statue of Mary, where, according to the custom of the holy city, a lamp was kept burning. And there those pure and innocent voices sang the litanies of the Virgin. Next day this lovable little band returned to the feet of the Madonna, followed by other children. The mothers came of themselves to join this meeting; then other groups were formed and soon became popular. The month of Mary was founded.

Soon the little stream became a great river which brought fertility and abundance to the whole earth. The mustard seed has produced a

great tree whose branches offer a sure refuge for birds of the air; that is, devotion to the month of May, so weak and limited in its origin, immediately developed most marvellously. The humble country sanctuary and the proudest basilicas resound with hymns in honor of Mary, and there at the foot of her revered statue, the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, blend in one and the same love. They have all but one heart and one voice to love and praise Mary. On leaving the sacred temple, they again assembled around her picture, the ornament and treasure of their dwelling, and with the flowers which surround it, they offer her their heart and implore her protection and love. Hence the devotion of the month of Mary has merited most abundant benedictions for the faithful. The power of the Immaculate Virgin, responding to the homage of her children, has been manifested by the greatest prodigies, and has made them love a practice which she rewards by the most glorious advantages.

"I am," the Most Blessed Virgin tells us, "the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge, and of holy hope. In me is all hope of life and virtue." These words are a source of consolation for the just, of strength for those who are wavering, and of light for the sinner. Pharao had put all his confidence in the virtuous Joseph, and made him the depositary of his treasures and his power, so he sent to his faithful minister all his subjects who came to ask him for bread to maintain their life and commanded them to do whatever he wished. God, far better than this, has put His power and His treasure in the hands of Mary; hence no grace flows and descends from the throne of God unless it has passed through the hands of Mary. "O Mary," cries out a holy bishop, "thy greatness is infinite, thy protection is mighty, O Mary! Thy benefits are many, they are numberless, for no one, O Most Holy Virgin, is saved unless through thee, no one is delivered from the evils of this life unless by thee, O most pure Virgin! No one, O most chaste Virgin, receives grace unless through thee, and grace is merciful to none unless through thee, O Virgin deserving of all honor." Let the just then gladly enter upon the holy exercises of the month of May; the moment has come for him to increase his merits, and to attain a higher degree of perfection. He is already dear to the heart of Mary; his virtues which recall those of the august Mother give him most precious rights to her maternal affection. Let him pray to Mary, and he will obtain for himself the abundance of divine treasures; Mary will grant him to push out his branches, and his branches will be of honor and glory; she will make him send forth flowers of pleasing odor, and his flowers will be fruits of abundance and glory. Let him pray to Mary, and his prayers will obtain the perseverance for the just, strength for the weak, and the grace of conversion for sinners.

If you are among those whose heart is divided between God and man, those who fear, on the one hand, to enter the ways of virtue whose charms captivate their heart, but whose difficulties affright their weakness, and, on the other hand, fear to follow the vagaries of the world, because they understand all its dangers, and are not ignorant of the fact that the broad road on which it keeps its victims leads to death if, I say, you are of these, come to Mary; she assures you that "he who

hearkens to her will not be confounded and that they who act by her shall not sin." For you is she the mother of fears, of knowledge, and of hope. She will give you that salutary fear of vice which, at the moment of the Incarnation, made her dread, for her virtue, the presence even of an angel. She will enlighten your mind with that divine knowledge which, unveiling to you all the worth and joy of virtue, will make you love and practise it. She will put in your heart that lively hope which overturns all obstacles, and keeps one firm and unshaken in the path of virtue. She herself will be your strength, and the demon has no power over those whom she protects.

Oh! if you are sinners, let your hearts have hope. Draw near in all confidence to the throne of graces; for you especially was Mary placed thereon; she is queen and sovereign, but above all she is Mother of mercy. "And," says St. Bernard, "as the sun rises indifferently on the wicked, Mary despises no one. The greatest sinners, provided they be sincerely touched, always find her disposed to listen to their prayers, to give them proofs of her clemency, and to solace with pitying charity their griefs and miseries." These then are days of grace and salvation for you; be the first to draw nigh Mary, for you are the first whom she seeks and calls.

To all then does Mary offer, during this month, treasures of grace and mercy; let us then understand our dearest interests, and follow this touching invitation of St. Bernard: "Let us all gladly fly beneath the standards of Mary; let us all fall prostrate at her feet; let us all implore that heart inflamed with divine charity to be moved by our miseries; let us perseveringly implore her aid; and let us not cease groaning and praying until she has granted us her protection, and adopted us as her children."

Pneumonia.

THIS disease has been very prevalent the past winter. The chilly winds of March have not been the means of lessening the fatality of the disease, and persons in middle life, as well as old people, are stricken down, and die within a few days after their attack. B. V. French tells in the *Boston Journal* what pneumonia is, and what to do in the first stages of the disease. His mode of treatment seems rational; certainly it is simple enough, and most of the remedies can be found in out-of-the-way places, away from physicians. Pneumonia, says the writer, is inflammation of the lungs. When the inflammation is on the lining of the chest it is pleurisy. The two may be combined. Pneumonia is a dangerous disease and requires prompt action. It is preceded by a chill, from which it sometimes is difficult to restore the natural heat. This chill is followed by a high fever, in which the heart beats rapidly. Chills may come from other causes than pneumonia, but unless sure of the cause and sure that it is not dangerous it is safe to suspect a com-

ing pneumonia, and to send at once for a physician. On no account attempt to manage the case without one. The disease is too serious to warrant such an attempt. Until he arrives do what you can to equalize the circulation and temperature. Keep in bed between woollen blankets, or sheets, increase the temperature of the room, apply to the affected parts old soft cotton (not linen) cloths wet in hot water, in which has been mixed one-half of a teaspoonful of mustard to a quart of water, and to this apply heat from tins or bottles of hot water or hot bricks. Rubber water bags are best; apply heat in the same way to the feet. Do not increase the quantity of mustard. The object is to excite action in the skin, but to avoid an irritation that would hinder or destroy action. As these cool, replace them at once with others, not allowing the temperature to reduce at all. On no account must the patient get out of bed. For medicine give aconite, four globules, every half hour; this is homœopathic. When the perspiration returns and the patient can sleep, let him sleep; continue the heat for a time, and when it is reduced let it be done with great care. If the patient needs food, let it be of a plain, simple kind. Avoid cold drinks until the natural condition of the skin is restored.

A Night in an Orange Lodge.

[DR. MURRAY, the author and subject of the following sketch, was, perhaps, the most distinguished Irish theologian of the present century. He was born at Clones, county Monaghan, on the 18th of November, 1811, and received both his English and classical education in the neighborhood of his native town. From his earliest years he showed a decided preference for the ecclesiastical state, and, with a view to prepare himself for the sacred dignity of the priesthood, entered the rhetoric class in Maynooth College on the 25th of August, 1829. He passed through the different classes in the college with great distinction, and was, in June, 1835, appointed a scholar of the Dunboyne Establishment, the prefect of which was then Dr. McNally, who afterwards became bishop of Clogher. Towards the end of his Dunboyne course he was, with the permission of his diocesan, the bishop of Clogher, appointed to a curacy in Francis Street chapel, in the city of Dublin. In September, 1838, he obtained the chair of belles lettres in Maynooth College after a public *concursus*. He continued in this chair for three years, when, after another *concursus*, he was appointed professor of theology. On the re-establishment of the Dunboyne class in 1879 he became its prefect, in which office he continued until his death in November, 1882. Dr. Murray wrote a large number of tracts, both on moral and dogmatic theology, his great work being his "Tractatus De Ecclesia," which earned for him a world-wide reputation, and made him a standard authority in that department of ecclesiastical science. At another time, perhaps, we may have more to say of Dr. Murray in the pages of the MAGAZINE.—OLLAVE FOLA.]

Late in the summer of 1835 I was travelling on horseback to ——. I had set out late or loitered on my way, for when I got as far as the town of M—— the shades of evening were beginning to fall. On reaching the village of G——, about three miles further on, I determined to remain there for the night, for it was market or fair day, the way was through a Protestant country, I was clerically dressed, and being rather in a hurry to come to my journey's end, I did not choose to run the risk of such delay as the random shot of an Orange gun or a stroke of an Orange bludgeon might cause. So, having inquired from the decentest-looking person I saw on the already thinned street for the hotel of the town, I was directed to a comfortable-looking house over the way. I bent my course to it, lit at the door, had my horse put up, walked in, and asked if this were the hotel of G—— (for it did not look like one), was answered in the affirmative, shown upstairs into a very good sitting-room, had lights put before me, and requested the brother-in-law of the house — who was bustling in a good-natured way about me — to leave me alone for some time. I soon perceived that my hotel was of the species of *deversoria*, known in that quarter under the name of "Carmen's stages," a better sort of public houses provided with beds for travellers. The place was good enough for me, and I was quite comfortable and satisfied, or rather would have been but for the uproarious noise of market-day revellers proceeding from one or two rooms contiguous to the one in which I sat. I suppose there was only a lath and plaster wall between us for I heard the voices very distinctly.

"I say, Wilson is true purple and blue; he's not afraid of the papishes; he's the boy can lick them."

"H—ll saize the dhrap of Orange blood in his veins."

"Don't say that; don't you mind the Clownish fights? he was the man that showed off in them."

"Come, Thompson, let us have no more of that, we're all for the right cause; down with the papishes and to hell with the Pope."

And so went on, for a quarter of an hour or better, the symphony of words, phrases, toasts, and sentiments long familiar to my ears. Suddenly the door of my room was thrown open, and a tall, red-haired, very Protestant-looking fellow standing on the threshold looked at me sternly for some seconds, and then turned on his heel, banging the door after him with a crash. Very soon a crowd of persons walked into the room and commenced quietly to sit down at the table. I took up my candlestick and walked as quietly into the adjoining closet, where I was to sleep. "Drink" was of course called for and came, and with it went round the usual clatter and din it produces in such circles at such an hour. By and bye a song was called for and sung, and then, at short intervals, one or two more. They were all in the same strain; loud panegyrics of Orange prowess and victories, mingled with constant repetitions about loyalty and wading in Popish blood,— two ideas, by the way, at the time closely united in the minds of both parties in those quarters. In the mean time brother-in-law gently lifted the latch, and stealing in, sat down beside me and commenced a familiar chat,— evidently with a view of drawing away my attention from the proceedings in the next room, and quieting any alarms I might feel. He told me

that he was the brother-in-law, and, by repeating this from time to time, seemed anxious that I should have a distinct impression thereof. He informed me, moreover, that he had a great deal to do with the management of the "consarn," meaning the house and appurtenances. In fact he was a kind of headpiece there, and at last,—for his communicativeness increased as he perceived that my face and manner exhibited no sign whatever of incredulity,—he was, in reality, the master, but people generally were not aware of this. He had very much the appearance of what in his neighborhood would be called an "old cock," but he was a good-humored, good-natured soul, who came to do me a service, and I would have sooner bit off my tongue than, by a rude smile or word, have disturbed the intense gratification which he manifestly derived from the persuasion he fancied himself producing on my mind of his own importance.

"Do you know priest Murphy*?"

"I do."

"A nice wee man he is, and a nice wee woman his mother is, Biddy Murphy of ——. I know them both: she's one of the laughiest wee sowls uver ye seen: I knowed the priest since he was jist that hight" —putting his hand horizontally within about six inches of the floor. "Och, man, but he's mortial like his mother: I'm towl he has a great deal of her ways. We lived beside each other at that time, and throgs I'd sarve a dog belongin' to her, and I'm sure she'd a' done the same with me."

"You must be pretty well advanced in years, though you don't look old. Father Murphy is a priest for many years."

"That's a long time ago, but I mind it rightly — stay to we see. I'm sure its beyant thirty year. Your from —, sir?"

"No, I'm from C—."

"Then you know Billy McGriskin. He's a friend [relative] of ours. He's married to a Roman, Jinny Mucaree, an' sorra dacenter woman from this to where she lives. She's a distant relation of priest Murphy."

He wanted to show me that he was no priest-hater, that he was what in higher circles would be called a liberal-minded man, and his kind object plainly was to put me at ease in his company, which he would have succeeded in but for the growing clamor and ferocity outside.

> "Och, it's us that bate the papists at the Clownish fighting fair,
> For the boys of Lisbellaw had a noble body there.
> We chased them through the Diamond and down Fermanagh Street,
> Till not a Popish face in the town you could meet.
> And the loyal Clownish yeoman did join us in the fun,
> Till like water in the gullions the rebel blood did run."

"Come, boys, I'll give you a toast — here's to the tree that's watered with Popish blood and never fades."

"Here, boys, I'll give another — here's to the little house in the bog that's built with the bones of papishes and thatched with the skins of priests, with O'Connell's head for a chimley.†"

* This name is fictitious. † Word for word as I heard it given.

The uproar waxed greater and greater. By and bye brother-in-law, who had sat for some minutes silent and anxious looking, slipped out softly and stood with his back to the door.

"I say, boys, you don't know what you're about. There's a Popish friar in the next room; I seen him."

This, no doubt, was from the red-haired man. There was an immediate rising and rush to the door. "Drag him out — let us have him — d — n the Popish priest; we'll give it to him — to hell with the priests — we'll tear him to pieces, etc., etc.," with frightful imprecations and blasphemies. Brother-in-law and another man — whose name I afterwards learned to be (if I remember rightly) Williamson — stood manfully opposite the door, parleyed, pushed, cried "shame," and held their ground. The room was small, the party large, some of them perhaps intoxicated, all of them excited with the liquor. I became, I need not say, seriously alarmed for my life. I extinguished the candle and tried to drag over the bed against the door: it was what is called a *press bed*, "a bed by night, a chest of drawers by day," heavy and unwieldy. Failing in my efforts, I barricaded the door with the table and whatever other loose furniture lay about in the room. I then retired behind the bed, and knelt down to make the essential acts preparatory to death. I might have acted more heroically, but this was what I did. It was, perhaps, very unromantic: but I was just after finishing my course in Maynooth, and I had a great fear of eternity in my soul. The landlady came up, like a courageous woman, to remonstrate. One of the ruffians flung a large jug at her head; it missed her, however, and was smashed in pieces against the wall. Luckily it had been market day, and a large contingent of police were patrolling the streets. They were sent for and appeared after considerable delay, and after the door of my room had been two or three times forced half open. The crowd was with some trouble dispersed, and I was emancipated from my hiding-place and my fears.

Nothing could exceed the fervor of brother-in-law's congratulations on my escape, and of his regret that I had been subjected to such peril and annoyance. I have not since visited, and it is not likely I shall ever again visit, that locality. I suppose he has gone to the land where the battle of the Boyne is no more "fought o'er again." But if he still lives, the best wish I have for him is that Jinny McAree may bring him over to have "wee priest Murphy" attending him on his death-bed.

"IRELAND," said Cardinal Manning in a recent sermon, "in all its poverty, in all its suffering, in all its penal laws, now happily gone forever, has again covered the face of the land with cathedrals, churches, convents, seminaries and colleges. And it is not only in Ireland, but throughout the world — in Northern America, in Australia, throughout the British Empire — the Irish faith and the Irish blood are spreading, scattering broadcast the seed of eternal hope, which, taking root, springs thirty-fold, sixty-fold, one hundred-fold."

The Emmets in France.

A VISIT TO THE EXILED PATRIOTS' LAST RESIDENCE.

I HAVE made it my duty for the past fifteen years to pay a visit from time to time to the last residence of the Emmet family in France. A few days ago I spent a part of the day at Cormeil, near Argenteul, where Thomas Addis Emmet and his family resided in 1803 and 1804, and where they learned of the sad and cruel death of the noble patriot, Robert Emmet. Cormeil is a pretty little town of about eighteen hundred inhabitants. It is built on a hill, and commands a view of the forest of St. Germain and of Paris, and is surrounded on every side with vineyards, where the gay vintagers were gathering in the purple grapes that this year promise a good wine. The fine house, or rather chateau, where the noble exiles resided, is close to the old church, which, except for the front, dates from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Beside it is the tomb and statue of the celebrated Daguerre, who was thirteen or fourteen years old when the Emmets were his neighbors. The inventor of the daguerrotype, I may add, was born at Cormeil in 1787. The mansion is large and comfortable, and the grounds and gardens contain woods and conservatories, all restored after the destruction by the Prussian soldiers, who took away the silver plate and everything of value that could be removed. The owner of the house and grounds is the Marquise de Castelane, once one of the highest stars of the Italian opera, and a most amiable and enlightened lady. She kindly took me through the rooms, where the exiles lived for a couple of years, at my last visit.

The first time I went to Cormeil I was accompanied by a good Irishman, Mr. Edward Byrne, relative of the author of the "History of the United Irishmen," who, after retiring from business, took a small house in the town. We found some old people who remembered well Monsieur Emmet, and described him going every morning with his sons to bathe in the Seine, and never failing to visit the curate of a little village near the river side. This *bon curé* was Father Gannon, who had been with General Hombert in the ill-fated but heroic expedition to Ireland, and who died, long years after, military almoner at Lille. Previous to the great revolution there was a convent on the site of the present fine house, and in the wood behind it there still remain the ruins of a *portiere* belonging to the old religious establishment. Close to the house are some fine old trees, two of which were already veterans when Robert Emmet sat under their shade, meditating on his last efforts for the independence of his country, and they must have been planted during the reign of Louis XIV. How the sad news of Robert Emmet's death reached the family I have not been able to ascertain, but it was probably through the patriot, John Sweeny, who, though proscribed, went boldly back to Ireland to join Robert Emmet, and who, like Colonel Byrne, had to fly from the country he loved, when all hope was over. I had the honor

of meeting lately Gen. Sweeny, one of the bravest soldiers in the French army. He remembers his grandfather, who died in 1844, and describes him as a man of great *caractère* and intellect.

Who were the *grands gens* described by the old people as visitors at the chateau? There were many, for Thomas Addis Emmet was chosen by his countrymen in France to represent their cause to the French Government, and as such he had many distinguished acquaintances. Before they left in March to form the Legion in 1801, there were some of the exiles who rose later to high position in the army — Lawless (general later), Dr. McNevin, Markey (colonel), Myles Byrne, Col. John Sweeny, Ware (colonel), Hoynes (colonel), O'Reilly (colonel), Allen (colonel), Leuren, Dr. McMahon, Abbey Kearney, Gen. Dalton, and others. I wish I could add Gen. Arthur O'Connor, but unfortunately for the cause they both had at heart, there had been a falling out between them on non-political grounds, and all their friends and Gen. Augereau in vain endeavored to bring about a reconciliation. They must have regretted it bitterly themselves if it injured the country they loved and suffered for so long. As some of my countrymen may feel the same respectful interest as I have in visiting the last home in France of the noble patriots, I give the itinerary — viz., from Paris to Argenteul by train in an hour, and from Argenteul to Cormeil in three-quarters of an hour.

J. P. LEONARD, in *Dublin Nation.*

A Warning to the Rich.

THE cardinal-archbishop of Westminster, the bishop of Salford, and the bishop of Nottingham, in pastoral letters, grapple with one of the most pressing questions of the day,— the relationship between the rich and the poor. These distinguished prelates, judging by the signs of the times, perceive that dangers arising from divisions between class and class are looming in the future, and that the only hope of averting them lies in the full application of Christian principles. A more cordial co-operation between the various grades of society is necessary, and if the wealthy are heedful of their own welfare they must not stand aloof in haughty exclusiveness from the poor. The outspoken declarations which find expression in the pastorals prove that the Catholic Church, so far from shirking grave social and political problems, places them in their proper light before her children, and points out the only efficacious solution. We (Liverpool *Catholic Times*) trust that Catholics will not be unmindful of the lessons conveyed in these pastoral addresses. We have ourselves more than once sought to arouse our well-to-do co-religionists to the peril of allowing a gulf to divide them from their humbler brethren. They will, we feel sure, carefully digest the advice and warning now given by the heads of the Church in this country. The pastorals supply ground for hope of a brighter future for the Catholic poor and a better day for the interests of the Church.

Spain Honors a Distinguished Irish Priest.

In Spain Ireland has ever found a true friend and faithful ally in her national exigencies,—a home for her exiled scholars and a fair field for Celtic genius. Through every phase of their history, their struggles, and their sufferings she has ever sympathized with them, rejoicing in their hours of prosperity and hope, and sorrowing in the day of their persecution and disappointment, as if their interests were also hers and fate had left but one heart between them. It may not be wonderful, therefore, to find that Irishmen are far from being treated there as foreigners. Now, even as in the past, Spanish hands are ever willing to bestow the highest honors on the sons of St. Patrick who make the "land of the olive and the vine" the country of their adoption, as will appear from the following: Many of your readers will be delighted to know that a signal tribute has been recently paid to a worthy priest and Irishman. The Rev. P. M'Evoy, vice-rector of the "Colegio de Nobles Irelandeses," Salamanca, has just been promoted to a chair in the time-honored university of that city, and will in a few days formally take his seat there as professor of English. No doubt the reverend gentleman's admitted superiority as an English scholar and perfect mastery of the language of Cervantes eminently qualify him for such an exalted position. I have, consequently, little to fear but he will occupy the "catedra" with dignity, to the satisfaction of his alumni, the credit of his native land, and without in any way detracting from the ancient glory of that illustrious institution.

The Physiology of Digestion.

The physiology of digestion has been so thoroughly investigated of late years that it would seem there could be very little opportunity for difference of opinion on most of its leading principles, and yet we find that authorities are on some points very much at variance. We are told that nothing can be more prejudicial than the habit of chewing gum, supposed to be so common among school children. The salivary glands are unnaturally excited, and pour forth so much saliva in the act, that when food is masticated they are not able to respond as fully as is necessary for the proper insalivation of the food. We are also informed that food should not be eaten just before retiring; that thoroughly refreshing sleep requires perfect repose of all the organs; and that, if we go to sleep with a more or less full stomach, sleep will be disturbed and unsatisfactory. The authorities of Amherst College evidently do not agree with these views. In the instructions which they give to their students to guide them in their gymnastic exercises, after specifying the kind and amount of physical exercise, they recommend sleeping for

half an hour after dinner and supper if possible, and if sleepless at night from brain-work, to eat a few graham crackers before retiring, to draw the excess of blood to the stomach. In reference to the practice of chewing gum, this statement is made: chewing gum daily before eating and between meals increases the flow of saliva, and so aids the digestion of fat-making foods. It also indirectly stimulates the secretion of the digestive juices of the stomach. We have no means of knowing, but we presume that Professor Hitchcock of Amherst, who is himself a physician, is largely responsible for this advice, and have no doubt that he has given it after mature consideration. We fully agree with what is said in the instructions about the usefulness of food in cases of sleeplessness, and believe that many a person has been kept awake at night from a mistaken idea of the necessity of abstemiousness before retiring. This, of course, does not mean that late suppers are under all circumstances to be recommended; but a few graham crackers can never do any harm, and will often do good. In regard to the chewing-gum, we do not feel so sure. Besides being a practice which is from an æsthetic point of view not to be encouraged, it is doubtful whether, under the most favorable circumstances, it is really a benefit to digestion; and until there is some guaranty as to the composition of what is called chewing-gum, we should hesitate before recommending it in such unqualified terms.

The Instalment Plan.

THE evils, attending the nefarious "Easy Instalment Plan" to the purchasers by that method, have never been and never can be fully represented. Those who have suffered from it cannot, unless in exceptional instances, overcome the very natural diffidence and temerity which prevents them from giving their experience of the system to the general public. No one, as a rule, cares to state that through lack of abundant funds to purchase at once the articles of luxury or necessity, utility or ornament they desire, that they are compelled or persuaded to procure them by this less independent method. Hence it is very rare to hear any one making complaint against the men who gain ill-gotten wealth by this most iniquitous system. They prefer to suffer the loss of the goods and the money they had paid on them up to the time of their inability to meet an instalment rather than that condition should be made known to those from whom they would hide it. Others, believing that the ironclad agreement to which they give consent and attach their signatures at the time of purchase precludes them from receiving any redress, look upon the misfortune as one that must be borne and therefore no complaint is made by them.

Undoubtedly there are some cases in which the instalment plan has proved beneficial to the party buying, but they are so rare as to merely prove the truth of the old adage, that to every rule there is an exception. The overwhelming evidence of its iniquity lies in the proof of the

thousands to whom it has been a curse instead of an accommodation. To many a once happy family it has been the sole cause of the ruin and degradation which finally befell them.

A well-to-do mechanic told the following story a few days ago to a reporter of the New York *Tablet:* "Do you see that miserable-looking man coming out of that liquor store across the way?" said he. "He hangs around there from the moment it opens to the time it closes, doing odd jobs, such as sweeping the place and running errands for the bartender. All he gets in return is a drink of whiskey and an occasional dime. Where he sleeps or what food he lives on no one seems to know. But only a few years ago I knew him as a most temperate and industrious man. He steadily and successfully followed the trade of carpenter for the two years after he arrived in this country, and along with liberally helping his poor mother and father in the old country, managed to save something like $250. Out of this sum he paid the passage of his sweetheart here and when she arrived he dressed her up nicely and married her. After the wedding was over and they were located in a pair of poorly furnished rooms he had still $60 or $80 left. But he was earning decent wages, and he wanted his own and his wife's friends to see her more comfortably settled. He was bound to do it in the best and most independent way, by first earning the money for the purpose, when in an unfortunate hour he was induced by an acquaintance to do it on the instalment plan. So he moved into more suitable rooms which were then furnished by that method. He went to work regularly and soon had the principal portion of the debt paid when he met with a serious accident. A chisel slipped off a small ladder and striking him on the wrist, cut some of the veins and sinews completely and laid him up in the hospital for a month. Out of the little hoard they had, the weekly instalment as well as the hospital bill had to be paid, so that by the time he had nearly recovered it was completely run out. There was then owing $15 on the furniture. He was allowed a week's grace on account of his prompt payments and the week following he expected to get work. It was a few days later, however before the job was ready. He had been three days at it, when coming to his dinner one day, he found his wife expostulating with a man who was loading his wagon with furniture that he recognized as his. Not even an hour would be granted to him to seek and borrow the money, so his appeals were all in vain. The agreement was broken and the furniture was just as good as new to the heartless merchant who could, by selling it over again, realize its full worth along with the first profit. It took him a long time to get his little apartment in order again, but it lost the original attraction and the bar-room eventually gained him. It is hardly necessary to tell you what became of the wife. She struggled hard to keep him all right, but finally she became as bad as himself in the love of liquor. I don't know where she is now, but there he is, and no one could induce him to change his life now."

Every firm engaged in the business professes to do so with an honorable intention of accommodating the party making the purchase, and at the same time reap profit to themselves, and it is a fact that some of them honestly endeavor to do so. But though they may be lenient

to the customer in his or her failure to meet the weekly or monthly payment as may have been arranged, still if that inability is of any duration, they inevitably resort to the course pursued by the more heartless ones. But the misfortune is just as hard to the persons who lose both money and goods. "I went into, as I thought, a store which sells furniture on weekly payments and which bears the name of being easy to buyers," said a most industrious woman, the wife of a hard-working man and mother of a large family, to the reporter. "After a little while I began to doubt whether or not I got into the right place. But all my doubts were set at rest by seeing on the counter bills bearing the name of the firm with which I wished to deal. So I purchased what I wanted and came home. The payments were regularly called for, but one day, when the amount, which was not very large, was all but paid, the usual sum was called for, and I was not able to meet it. You may fancy my surprise when two days after I came home from visiting a friend and was told by the children that Mr.—'s man took away the things. I went at once and got the money requisite to clear the debt, and a friend accompanied me to the place. There we found that it was not at all the house it pretended to be. I did not want to get published in the papers, so after I threatened to tell the firm whose name they sold under, when they offered to send back the things without delay, and make a nice reduction for moving them, I did not take any further steps in the matter."

The Cardinal's Titles.

THE *Pastoral Blatt*, a monthly, reads a lesson to Catholics and others concerning "The American Cardinal and the Church of the United States." It says that some of the things appearing about him were probably meant and written in *bona fide*, but not with *perfecta scientia*. Thus, in an English-printed paper it is said: "He has been made a cousin of the kings." That is not so. The Cardinals hold so high a place that in Catholic countries they rank after princes of the blood, and before all other princes and lords, but they are not cousins of the kings." Then it was said that he had become a "successor of the apostles." That was incorrect. As bishop he was "successor of the apostles," but so far from being raised to apostolic dignity by the cardinalate, while Archbishop he was called *Venerabilis frater* by the Pope (brother in the episcopate), as cardinal-priest he is called *filius* by the pontiff. Others have spoken of him as "a vicegerent of the Vicar of Christ." This was only true when he exercised the office of ablegate, direct representative of the majesty of Rome.

Again, the title which has been given him by others, "The Prince of the Church of the United States," is incorrect. As Archbishop of Baltimore he is "a prince of the Church," prince of his Church of Baltimore, and as Archbishop a prince, an Archbishop and the Archbishop of Baltimore.

Rome has given the See of Baltimore the honor of a quasi-primatial See, but the metropolitan of Baltimore is not a real primate. When he had jurisdiction over the other prelates, as at the national council last fall, it was by specially delegated powers, and then he was "apostolic delegate." His elevation to the Cardinalate gave him no new jurisdiction, but powers in another sphere, so while he is "a prince of the church" as bishop, an "eminent prince of the universal church" as Cardinal, he does not outrank other metropolitans as "the prince."

As for Mgr. Straniero, his mission was to bring the beretta. He was not an ablegate in the strict sense of the word, and in his trip through America he was simply a Roman monseigneur.

Extraordinary Apparition of a Priest.

It was at the dinner table of one of the highest dignitaries of the Church — a man whose name, were I at liberty to mention it, would command recognition and respect wherever the English language is spoken — that I heard the stories which I am about to relate. I am aware that to give the name of the narrator would add greatly to the value of the account with many minds, and indeed I have no reason to suppose that there would be any objection to my mentioning it; but I did not ask permission to do so (having, at the time, not the slightest idea of ever publishing the tales), and therefore I refrain. . . .

The second story which the bishop related to us was of a different character, and its events took place at a much later period of his life. It appears that on the day in question he had accepted an invitation to dinner at a certain house in one of the midland counties. Happening to arrive somewhat earlier than usual, he found, on being shown into the drawing-room, that the hostess was not yet down, the only occupant of the room being a Roman Catholic priest,— a complete stranger to him,— who was seated upon a sofa intently reading a large book. As the bishop entered the priest raised his eyes, made him a courteous but silent bow, and again resumed his reading. He was a strongly built, active-looking man, apparently rather a muscular Christian; but there was in his face an expression of weariness and anxiety that attracted the bishop's attention, and he wondered within himself who he could be and how he came to be invited to that house. Soon other guests appeared, and the hostess came down so full of apologies for not being in readiness to receive her guest on his arrival, that the questions he had intended to ask about the stranger priest were forgotten for the time. When seated next to his hostess at the dinner table, however, they recurred to his memory, and, turning to her, he remarked:

"By the way, you did not introduce me to that interesting-looking priest whom I found in the drawing-room. Who is he?"

Then, looking along the table, he continued, with some surprise: "He does not seem to have come in to dinner."

A very strange look passed over the hostess' face as she said hurriedly, almost in a whisper, "What, did you actually see him, then?"

"Certainly I did," replied the bishop; "but I beg your pardon. I fear I have unintentionally mentioned a subject which is unpleasant to you,—perhaps intruded upon some family secret. I had no idea but that the priest was a simple guest, like myself, and his appearance interested me so much that I wished to ask for an introduction; but if you are anxious, for some reason, that his presence here should be concealed, I need hardly assure you that you may depend upon my silence."

"No, no, my lord," answered the hostess, still in a low tone; "you misunderstand me entirely; there is nothing that I wish to conceal, though this is a subject which my husband does not like to have mentioned. I was surprised to hear that the priest had shown himself to you, because until now this has never happened except to a member of our own family. What you saw was no visitor but an apparition."

"An apparition?" ejaculated the bishop.

"Yes," continued the hostess; "and one whose supernatural character it is impossible to doubt, for during the two years we have lived in this house it has shown itself perhaps a dozen times to my husband and myself, under circumstances in which either self-deception or imposition were quite out of the question. Since we cannot explain it, and are well assured that it is due to no natural causes, we have decided not to speak of it to any one. But since you have seen it, my lord, will you do me a favor?"

"Most certainly, if it be within my power," replied he.

"I have often thought," she resumed, "that if any one could be found who had the courage to address it, we might, perhaps, be relieved from its presence. Can you — will you — make some trivial excuse for going back to the drawing-room for a few minutes, see if the priest be still there, and, if he be, speak to him — adjure him to depart from this house — exorcise him in fact?"

After some hesitation, the bishop agreed to make the proposed experiment. His whispered conversation with the hostess having been apparently unobserved, he excused himself to her in a louder tone for a few moments' absence, and left the room, waving back the servant who would have attended him. It was with a strange thrill of awe that, on entering the drawing-room, he perceived the figure of the priest still seated in the same spot — still diligently perusing his great breviary, if such it was; but with unshaken resolution, he walked slowly forward and stood directly in front of the apparition. As before, the priest greeted him with a courteous inclination of the head, but this time, instead of immediately returning to the book, his eyes rested, with a look of infinite weariness, and yet with a kind of suppressed eagerness, also, upon the bishop's face. After a moment's pause, the bishop said, slowly and solemnly: "In the name of God, who are you and what do you want?"

The apparition closed its book, rose from its seat, stood confronting the bishop, and, after a slight hesitation, spoke in a low but measured voice:

"I have never been so adjured before; I will tell you who I am

and what I want. . . . As you see I am a priest of the Catholic church; and, 80 years ago, this house in which we now stand was mine. I was a good rider, and was extremely fond of hunting when opportunity offered, and one day I was just about to start for the neighboring meet, when a young lady of very high family called upon me for the purpose of making a confession. What she said, of course, I may not repeat; but it affected very closely the honor of one of the noblest houses of England, and it appeared to me of such supreme importance that (there being certain complications in the case) I committed the grave indiscretion — the sin even, for it is strictly forbidden by our church — of making notes of the confession as I heard it. When I had absolved and dismissed her I found that it was only barely possible for me to reach the rendezvous in time, but even in my haste I did not forget the supreme importance of guarding carefully my notes of the terrible secret just committed to me. For purposes which I need not now detail, I had had a few bricks loosened in the wall of one of the tower passages of this house and a small recess made — just the place, I thought, in which my notes would be perfectly safe from any conceivable accident until my return, when I intended to master the intricacies of the case at my leisure, and then at once destroy the dangerous paper. Meantime, I hurriedly shut it between the leaves of the book I had held in my hand, ran down stairs, thrust the book into the recess, replaced the bricks, sprang upon my horse, and rode off at full speed. . . . That day, in the hunting field, I was thrown from my horse and killed on the spot; and ever since it has been my dreary fate to haunt this earthly home of mine and try to avert the consequences of my sin — try to guard from any possibility of discovery the fatal notes which I so rashly and wrongly made. Never until now has any human being dared to speak to me boldly as you have done; never until now has there seemed aught of help for me or hope of deliverance from this weary task; but now — will you save me? If I show you where my book is hidden, will you swear by all that you hold most sacred to destroy the paper that it contains without reading it — without letting any human eye see even one word of its contents? Will you pledge your word to do this?"

"I pledge my word to obey your wish to the letter," said the bishop with solemnity.

The gaze of the priest's eyes was so intense that they seemed to pierce his very soul, but apparently the result of the scrutiny was satisfactory, for the phantom turned away with a deep sigh of relief, saying: "Then follow me."

With a strange sense of unreality the bishop found himself following the apparition down the broad staircase to the ground floor, and then down a narrower one of stone that seemed to lead down to some cellars or vaults. Suddenly the priest stopped and turned toward him.

"This is the place," he said, placing his hand on the wall; "remove this plaster, loosen the bricks, and you will find behind them the recess of which I spoke. Mark the spot well and — remember your promise."

Following the pointing hand and apparent wish of the spectre, the bishop closely examined the wall at the spot indicated, and then turned to the priest to ask another question; but to his intense astonishment

there was no one there — he was absolutely alone in the dimly-lighted passage! Perhaps he ought to have been prepared for this sudden disappearance, but it startled him more than he cared to admit, even to himself. He hurried up the stairs, and presented himself, still breathless with surprise, in the dining-room.

His prolonged absence had caused some comment, and now his agitated appearance excited general attention. Unable for the moment to speak coherently, his only answer to the earnest questions of his host was a sign which referred him to the hostess for explanation. With some hesitation she confessed the errand upon which her request had dispatched the bishop, and, as may easily be imagined, the intensest interest and excitement were at once created. As soon as the bishop had recovered his voice, he found himself compelled to relate the story before the entire party, concealment being now out of the question. Celebrated as was his eloquence, it is probable that no speech he ever made was followed with closer attention than this; and at its conclusion there was no voice to oppose the demand that a mason be at once sent for to break down the wall and search for confirmation of this weird yet dramatically circumstantial tale. After a very short delay the man arrived, and the whole company trooped eagerly down stairs, under the bishop's guidance, to watch the result of his labors. The bishop could hardly repress a shudder as he found himself once more in the passage where his ghostly companion had vanished so unceremoniously, but he indicated the exact spot which had been pointed out to him, and the mason began to work upon it forthwith.

"The plaster seems very hard and firm," remarked some one.

"Yes," replied the host, "it is of excellent quality and comparatively new; these vaults had long been disused, I am told, until my predecessor had the old brickwork repaired and plastered over only a few years ago."

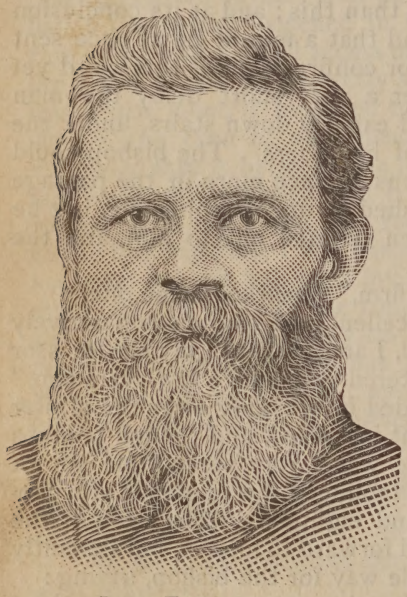
By this time the mason had succeeded in breaking away the plaster and loosening a brick or two at the point indicated, and though perhaps no one was actually surprised, yet there was a very perceptible stir of excitement among the guests when he announced the existence of a cupboard or cavity about two feet square and eighteen inches deep in the thickness of the wall. The host pressed forward to look in, but instantly recollecting himself, drew back and made way for the bishop, saying:

"I was forgetting your promise for the moment; to you alone belongs the right of the first investigation here."

Pale, but collected, the bishop stepped up to the cavity, and after one glance put in his hand and drew forth a heavily bound, old-fashioned book, thickly covered with dust or mould. A thrill ran through the assembled guests at the sight, but no words broke the silence of awe-stricken expectation, while he reverently opened the volume, and, after turning over a few leaves, drew from between the pages a piece of writing paper, yellow with age, on which were some irregular, hastily written lines. As soon as the bishop was certain that he had found what he sought, he averted his eyes from it, and the others falling back to make way for him, bore it carefully up the stairs and into the nearest room, and cast it reverently into the fire burning on the hearth, almost as though he were placing a sacred offering upon some Gowastrian altar.

Until the last scrap of the mysteriously found document was reduced to tinder, no one spoke; and even then, though a few disjointed exclamations as "Marvellous! wonderful, indeed! who could have believed it!" broke forth, the majority were far too deeply impressed for words. The bishop felt that none who were present on that occasion could ever forget its lessons — he himself least of all, and, indeed, he could never tell the story, even after years had passed, without the profoundest emotion. The figure of the priest, he added, was never seen again in the house where he had so long guarded his guilty secret.

Land League President, John Fitzgerald.



JOHN FITZGERALD.

JOHN FITZGERALD, the newly elected president of the National Irish Land League, was born in Ireland in 1831, thus making him fifty-five years old. He is a small thick-set man, full of determination and energy. He will make a creditable representative of Irish affairs and interests, being fully aware that the work to be done is not of mean or ordinary pretensions. Mr. Fitzgerald came to the United States when very young, not having fully completed his eighteenth year; he found employment on a farm, not only sustaining himself, but supporting an aged father. He is one of the prominent Irish-Americans who seem to be born to be leaders. Competence and wealth have showered their favors on him, and he holds positions of trust as president of three national banks, located in Lincoln, Plattsmouth and Greenwood, all in the State of Nebraska. He also counts among the largest railroad contractors in the West, being engaged at the present time in building a thousand miles of road for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Road. He was elected to the Presidency of the National Land League on the 19th day of August, 1886. Mr. Fitzgerald succeeds Mr. Patrick Egan as president of the league, and should he make himself as popular as his predecessor, he will be doing well indeed. John F. Finerty was looked upon as Mr. Egan's successor, and probably would have been elected had he not opposed the policy of Mr. Michael Davitt, in the convention. Although the course which Mr. Finerty pursued was received with approbation by many of the delegates, it was seen that to follow him meant the formation of factions, and to avoid this the election of John Fitzgerald was agreed upon.

The "Crisis."

Oh, bad luck to Coercion,
And every new version
Of old Acts of Parliament written in French!
Sure, if Edward the Third
Could rise up, — on my word,
He'd laugh in his sleeve at those apes on the Bench.
For it isn't the thief
That will now come to grief,
Nor the "Captain" that meets you "by moonlight alone,"
But the decentest men
That e'er lifted a pen
To explain to the world that our own is our own.

Did you hear of the way
They got on in Loughrea,
When, without any warrant, they pounced on the pelf: —
When each "limb of the law"
Put his "orderly" paw
On the money that didn't belong to himself?
Sure it isn't Repealers
That's pickers and stealers: —
'Tis *Peelers* that's teaching us how to be rogues.
But if I was John Dillon
I'd collar each villain,
And plant him in gaol, or I'd eat my old brogues.

Oh, we read of the sly ways,
On highways and byways,
That men like Dick Turpin could plunder and rob;
But for impident blusther
A paid "filibusther"
Beats Richard all hollow at doing the job.
Now to wind up my tale
(Ere I'm hauled off to gaol,
To be hanged, dhrawn, and quartered for speaking so plain), —
May we never say "Stop,"
But we'll make them all hop
For the blunder they made in *their* "Plan of Campaign."

Pall Mall Gazette.

A big gopher snake was killed recently at Dayton, Fla., in whose stomach was found a three-foot rattlesnake, still alive. The gopher was over six feet in length.

The Dominion Elections.

In a previous number of Donahoe's Magazine, February, 1887, the prediction was hazarded that the statutory general election of 1887 would result in the extinction of the Tory government, who have too long cursed the administration of this country. This prediction, like many other political forecasts, has not been verified in its entirety. Yet an impartial consideration of the question in its various aspects will, I think, establish the fact that the power of the Tory party is effectually destroyed, and its total demolition is but a question of sooner or later.

All things work well for the best. Well will it be for the cause of free government and popular liberty when Sir John MacDonald has been finally displaced from the commanding position which he has so long occupied to our national detriment. And to do this nothing short of a revolution in Quebec was required. And to fan this revolution, what such a healthy pabulum — which would foster the indignation whereto it ministered — as the execution of the hapless champion of the ill-used *Metis?*

Sir John MacDonald, with his usual disregard of honorable warfare, has of late been strongly anti-Catholic, in the useless endeavor to prop up his failing fortunes; but it is well known that he would have spared the unfortunate Riel, were it possible to assuage the *Orangistes*, who — like slave-owners' bloodhounds — were howling for the blood of this opponent of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

His final surrender to the bloodhounds did not enhance his already nebulous reputation with thoughtful people, who will long shudder at the remembrance of how Riel was reprieved, and reprieved yet again, whilst the wily premier took counsel with himself in some such sense as the following: "Whether is it safest for me to spare Riel, and so enrage my bloodhounds, or doing him to death, risk the turning of the patient worm in Quebec?" Contempt, begotten of submission, turned the scale and his doom was sealed. Fiery Frenchmen in Montreal might hold indignation meetings and vent anathemas upon the head of the vacillating premier; but it mattered not. They, whose forefathers had assisted the Jesuit martyrs and their saintly female associates to bring civilization into Canadian wilds, when the Anglo-Saxon was stirring up with brandy and scalping knives the ever-wakeful demon in the heart of the redskin — they were to be trampled upon at the behest of the fanatical *Orangiste.*

And, greatest outrage of all, there were the French Cabinet ministers, Caron and Langevin, too fond of the sweets of office to throw their seals in the face of the hangman premier, and take their stand with their people. And thus it came to pass that the life of Riel — horrible to relate — was gambled with solely as a make-weight to maintain the balance of power for the Tory party.

Looking back now upon the events of the past two years, we may

well say: "Would it not be curious if a judicious clemency to a political convict had been the means of deferring the just punishment due to him whose whole career has shown him to be a lifelong enemy of popular institutions? But an inscrutable Providence willed it otherwise. Hence his judicial murder of the convict — in whose prison cell the premier should justly have stood — recoiled with damaging effect upon his own head. The astute premier, with his accustomed shrewdness (self-esteemed), appointed the Catholic Mr. Thompson, as Minister of Justice, at an opportune moment to share in the odium henceforward to attach to the party of the rope.

Fancy the remorseless premier chuckling over his cunningly devised hanging-made-easy. Unreasonable people might hint at prejudice if the execution was ordered by a Protestant official; but how nicely such murmurs will be allayed by using a Catholic cat's-paw to hang his co-religionist! And why not give the bloodhounds this further gratification?

In connection with Mr. Thompson's majority of forty-three in the great Catholic county of Antigonish, N. S. (with its large Scotch population interspersed with French and Irish), it is sad to discover by analysis of the polls that his largest proportional vote was recorded in the districts where the French and Irish electors had the greatest relative strength. They, of all others, should have been prompt to resent the unholy truckling to the *Orangistes*.

With all the corrupt influences at the control of the government party,—and they were exercised to an extent indescribable and appalling, —their ante-election majority has been reduced to twenty or twenty-five. It is true that they claim a majority of forty-seven, but this is only by the most unblushing audacity in counting as ministerialists men who, with a general leaning to conservatism, are anxiously awaiting the opportunity to hurl Sir John A. MacDonald from power. God speed the day!

Another favorite Tory tactic is, wherever the Liberal candidate — representing honesty and clean government —was returned by a majority, decisive though small, partisan returning officers, appointed, doubtless, with this ulterior object in view, are able to juggle with the ballots and declare the Tory elected; or when, as in Queen's County, N. B., the election has gone against the Tory, the returning officer has shamelessly declared the Liberal candidate disqualified to contest the election, on technical grounds, which, if valid in equity, should have been proclaimed at the time of nominations.

Most of the large manufacturers support Tory rule because it benefits them at the expense of the country, and were not slow to show their preference by a very ill-concealed coercion of their employés.

Taking into consideration all these adverse influences against the honest convictions of a large number of electors, it is not too much to say that little short of a miracle was required to extinguish the Tory power at this election; and if the truth must be admitted, the people who condoned the Pacific scandal of 1873, and reinstated its authors in 1878, have not merited a miraculous interposition in their behalf,— desirable as such interposition daily becomes by reason of their almost intolerable fiscal burdens.

The demoralization which accrues to the Catholics, whose political proclivities affiliate them to the Tory party, is well exemplified in Quebec City, where some professing Catholics, not contented with their own degradation, as traffickers in their franchises, were not ashamed to make the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Patrick's parish the unwitting accomplices of their infamy, by inducing them, on false pretences, to take into safe keeping a large sum of money appertaining to their bribery fund.

Sir John A. MacDonald, in opposing Mr. Blake's Home Rule resolution, was then, at least, consistent. All his career exhibits him in the light of an enemy to Canadian provincial autonomy. Prior to confederation he strongly advocated a scheme of legislative union with but one parliament — that of Ottawa. Since the accomplishment of confederation he has attempted time and again to override the Constitution by meddling with business properly devolving upon the provincial legislatures. His efforts were not always successful; and always failed when directed against Ontario, so ably championed by its redoubtable premier, sturdy Oliver Mowat.

Reference has lately been made by Catholic Tories, desirous of justifying their support of the no-Popery party, to the liberality displayed by Sir John A. MacDonald in appointing to office some of his Catholic camp-followers; and especial stress is laid on the fact of his private secretary being a Catholic! Why not? Who so abject as a slavish Catholic?

Since the opening of Gladstone's Home Rule era, frequent reference has been made to Canada and Ireland in the political order. Let us see if we can trace any analogy in the order of officeholders. Are the Catholics of Ireland benefited or honored, when a few of their number find favor at the Castle? And the unhappy recipients of such favor — are they benefited in present character, or future reputation? Men like Judge Palles, who considers a bad law as binding as a just one; who says in effect that were the penal laws re-enacted to-morrow, that he would sentence a priest to death, for the illegal celebration of the Holy Mysteries.

I am far from saying that our Canadian Government Catholics have fallen to such a depth of abasement; but what profits it to us to have Mr. Costigan in the cabinet if he is to be an obedient servant to an Orange Caucus? No one doubts that Mr. Costigan in opposition, or in private life, is a sincere Home Ruler; but the ministerial stipend of $6,000 per annum seems to make him look at Home Rule through an Orange magnifying-glass, and, like a lackey, submit to the Canadian Commons a resolution which in many words said —— nothing; thus obtaining the dubious commendation of the Orange members as being *harmless* from their point of view.

Finally, it is pleasant to believe, as we of the opposition believe — not without good grounds therefor — that Sir John A. MacDonald's nominal majority is too unstable to carry him through the coming session, and that a vote of censure on his mal-administration of the North-West will remove him from office, and rid the country of the brood of vampires who have well nigh sucked from it the lifeblood of honesty and prosperity.

J. W. O'R.

"God Save You!"

MORE friendly than the gracious bow
Of fashion's haughty form,
Or kindly than the hand-shake now
In vogue, but lacking charm,
Is that simple phrase extended
To Christian, Turk, or Jew,
Where love and wit are blended
On Irish soil, "God save you"

It may lack the grace and motion
Of the cultured and the proud,
To meet the commendation
Of the apish, ethic crowd;
But those words bear honest candor,
Though simple, old and few,
Which steal in generous ardor
From the Irish heart — "God save you!"

I've heard them in the early morn,
When lark poured forth his praise,
And sunlight brushed the yellow corn,
And made it golden blaze;
I've heard them in the eventide
When finches westward flew,
In reverential breath applied
By fervent lips — "God save you!"

Then give me back my natal ways,
Unvarnished, pure and simple;
The friends and sports of early days,
Where olden streamlets crimple;
Where honest thought your arts and rules
And silly airs eschew,
And gallant hearts in nature's schools
Were taught to lisp, "God save you!"

EDWARD O'DONNELL.

"THE great trouble with you, John, is," said a lady to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before, "you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' John, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?"—"No," said John, with apparent ease.

Emigration Statistics.

THE annual Emigration Statistics are never cheerful reading for those who hold that Ireland is the proper place for Irishmen, and the returns for last year, which have just been published, are no exception to the rule. Although the number of emigrants shows no perceptible increase as compared with 1885, it is still terribly large. During the twelve months 63,416 persons, of whom nearly half were females, quitted the land of their birth to settle in other countries. Most of them were in the prime of life, the very heart-blood of the country. The number between the ages of 15 and 25 was 36,682, and 12,871 were between 25 and 35. Again, the working classes, the creators of wealth, contributed the great majority of the refugees. Of the 32,141 males who went abroad, 24,561 were returned as "laborers;" and there were besides 2,302 skilled artisans. How much better could the idlers of society be spared! Of the 31,275 females, 22,073 were entered as servants, and 2,851 as housekeepers. The balance is chiefly made up of the wives and children of male emigrants. Regarding their destination, the United States absorbed 80.4 per cent of the whole, as against an average of 75.1 in the four preceding years. New Zealand steadily loses in popularity as a new home, whilst Canada and Australia vary but a trifling extent in the number of their Irish immigrants. In all, 50,723 natives of Ireland chose the United States as their future country — Munster contributing 15,663; Ulster, 15,282; Connaught, 11,143, and Leinster, 8,645. Ulster furnished the largest contingent to Canada — 1,715 out of a total 2,588. On the other hand, 2,899 out of the 5,318 who left the country with the intention of settling permanently in Great Britain, or more than half, were Munster people. As might be expected, the majority of those who went to Scotland — 1,046 out of 1,245 — were from Ulster, 381 of these being natives of county Antrim.

To emigration in itself, in so far as it might be necessary for the country and advantageous to the emigrants, there can be no objection. But this exodus is not necessary by any law of nature or any principle of population. It is the result directly of the fatal system of misgovernment that has made Ireland a place of desolation from which men flee as from an accursed spot. Prosperity is impossible so long as it continues; its effects are now what they were thirty years ago; the blight of alien rule is in the land, and it withers to decay whatever it touches. Since May, 1851, when the counting of the "Irish enemy" who fled the country commenced, 3,114,496 natives of Ireland have "gone with a vengeance." What became of them? An Irish-American priest whose duties bring him into close relations with his fellow-exiles has asserted that at least ten per cent go to the bad and sink into degradation and crime. We fear that the calculation is only too favorable. Yet, looking at that one fact straight, and realizing what it means — this ruin of soul and body of 164,970 Irishmen and of 146,479 Irishwomen — who can wonder if our people at home and abroad are filled with a

holy rage against the system which has wrought such havoc? Put the hunger-huts, and the fever-pits, and the coffin ships of '47 out of the reckoning — they can never be put from the mind — and there remains, as these figures show, a sum total of evil deeds for which the history of no other race can find a parallel. In little more than a generation the province of Munster has lost more than seventy per cent of its population. Mountjoy and Carewe, when they wasted the South with fire and sword, were not so destructive. Historians tell with horror of the storming and massacre of Magdeburg. But these were deeds wrought in the hot fury of conquest and in a half savage age, not the work of philanthropic and ameliorative statesmanship in the nineteenth century. And that work still continues. Ireland is being "bled white" like veal, to borrow the grim simile of Prince Bismarck. The exultant shout of the *Times* over the disappearance of the Celt is heard no longer, for the world has, indeed, grown squeamish in these latter days, and joy from such causes must be expressed in a discreet chuckle at loudest. But our people are still going "with a vengeance."

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Snakes Cannot Live in Ireland.

Two correspondents recently addressing an Irish journal in reply to the question "Can snakes live in Ireland?" wrote two interesting letters:

One says that a Mr. Osborn, a gentleman of high respectability, who resides on Whitehall Road, Albany, N. Y., is authority. Mr. Osborn recites, that "Three or four friends of mine went on a pleasure trip to Ireland, carrying some snakes, to see if they would live on Irish soil. The snakes did very well for about eight days, but when within about twenty-four hours' sail of the Irish coast, they seemed to get drowsy and heavy and continued so until the harbor was reached, when they were found to be dead."

The other correspondent relates how about thirty years ago a company started for Ireland with a menagerie containing two boa-constrictors. Though they were told the reptiles would not live in Ireland, they laughed at the idea and said they would risk it; but when they got into the Irish channel St. Patrick turned the laugh on them — the reptiles all died. Again, about twenty-five years ago, an Australian Irishman was very much troubled with snakes on his premises and he arranged with a sea captain to bring him some Irish earth as ballast. When finally the captain arrived with the long-looked for earth, the man dug a trench around his place and filled it with this earth and to his great joy it had the desired effect. Thenceforth the snakes, instead of sometimes making headquarters in his bedroom, stopped at the trench — they never got any farther.

The Grand Old Man.

MR. GLADSTONE delivered a speech at a dinner on the night of the 17th of March, given by Yorkshire members of the House of Commons. He began by stating his belief that there was a growing opinion in favor of Home Rule even among its former opponents. He counselled Lord Salisbury to waken from his sleep if he wished to banish his nightmare. The premier, however, said Mr. Gladstone, appeared determined to remain asleep. Mr. Gladstone maintained that it was impossible to deal with other questions until the Irish question had been cleared out of the way. He said: "I wish to say a word regarding what I conceive to be my obligations toward the different parties and sections we have to deal with. In starting, we are agreed that Ireland asks effective self-government in affairs properly and exclusively Irish, subject to the unquestionable supremacy of the imperial Parliament. Should she extend her demand beyond this limit, I frankly tell you I could no longer promote her cause; but so long as the demands she utters are just and within the bounds of moderation, I will stand fast to her cause during what remains to me of political life. [Cheers.] It is our duty to acknowledge whatever approaches the Conservatives make toward a recognition of the real state of affairs and of the prospects before us. Maj. Sanderson recently said that a settlement of the Irish question must emanate from the Irish people. That statement is eminently satisfactory. It proves that, even in the minds of extreme men, there is a movement in the right direction. We should leave open a way for the Conservatives to pursue the right policy in this matter. I had hoped they would deal liberally with Ireland, but they missed a chance when they had it. I know that they receive our suggestions of assistance as insults, but the lessons of all great reforms teach them that they ought to receive our well-meant offers to assist them against the refractory members of their party with patience and tolerance. Turning to the Unionists, I accept Sir George Trevelyan's desire for reform for re-union as proof of the loyalty of his heart toward us, but I so far differ with him that if the Tories are able to settle the question satisfactorily, I wish them, with all my heart, to do so. The present schism of our party is useful, showing that we, as a political body, are placing national and material questions above party considerations. While there is so much talk about offers and proposals of conference, let us not conceal from ourselves the fact that this is strictly

Not a Question of Individuals,

but one of nations, and when nations collide individuals are liable to be uncomfortably squeezed. [Laughter.] I rejoice to read what has been done and said in the spirit of approximation. It is first a duty to do and say nothing that might wound or embarrass the dissidents. I rejoice in the evidences of approximation among the Liberal masses, and I would wish it were the same with the Liberal party. We should,

however, guard against the acceptance of formula, which, though appearing to make an agreement, prove upon examination to be valueless. It is our great duty — and I refer especially to myself — never to forget the importance of discovering if we can make changes which will be in the nature of improvements in the proposals we have made. I may say my mind has been upon the subject every day since last session.

"As regards the main proposals we had in view it is futile to talk of receding; but in regard to those improvements it will be a pleasurable duty to seek them. I cherish the hope that there is a variety of points on which an improvement might be made on the proposals we submitted to Parliament, and that these points will multiply as we draw nearer the time, which is probably still distant, when we can be in a condition to give any practical effect to our political views. One point which helped our defeat, and specially caused difficulty among our best friends, was the proposal to use imperial credit to buy out the Irish landlords. Well, let me say this — I have the firmest conviction that we never proposed to risk a sixpence. But that does not decide the case. My duty is to consider whether the proposal is essential to any sound plan of policy for Ireland. I at once tell you this and make the confession that, in our proposal in behalf of the Irish landlords, we went to the furthest point in their behalf, and upon two grounds — partly because we knew that they had been

Petted Children of England,

who now as it were is turning upon them in some degree, and partly because we wished to give our opponents every inducement for great and speedy settlement of the question. I cherish the hope that it will be perfectly possible to devise a plan for the safe purchase of estates in Ireland, whereby the landlord will receive perfect security with respect to the price of his property, without trenching on the imperial credit; but any such plan known to me required as a vital condition the institution of a real Irish government, able to speak and act for Ireland, without which I fail to see how to stir a step toward the adoption of such a plan. [Cheers.] Finally, while continually considering how to improve on our plans, let us, above all things, be careful on no account to depart under attraction, seduction, or any phase whatever, from the substance and reality of those plans. What I now look to is the teaching of experience and events, and I would beware of too rapid progress. What I earnestly desire is a gradual approximation of not only the Liberal ranks, but of the nation at large. We want a good stock of patience, composure, and good humor, reflecting the solidity of the ground beneath us, from which we cannot be shaken."

Mr. Gladstone resumed his seat amid loud applause.

Mr. Gladstone's speech, of which the above is but a bare synopsis, gives immense satisfaction, and enormously strengthens confidence in the ultimate solution of the Irish question on the principles laid down in his Irish government bill. He expresses himself to his personal friends as growing more convinced, as the struggle develops, that the principles he has laid down for the solution of the problem will prevail. His health has been vastly improved by his quiet seclusion in the

country. His cheeks are bronzed, eyes bright, and step elastic. He feels that the nation is being drawn to him as the central magnet in the political system, just as it was in other historical fights. He is resolved not to budge an inch, but remain exactly where he stands, leaving others to approach him.

Gladstone Again Speaks.

LONDON, March 24.—In the House of Commons this evening the debate on the motion for urgency for the coercion bill was resumed by Mr. Gladstone. He referred to the "unprecedented" position of the House, which had already set two months, during which he said its independent initiative had been suppressed. Even now the Conservatives exulted over the prospect of passing a motion forcing the House to an absolute surrender of its whole time, until a bill of an extremely severe character had been carried.

The House was threatened with a frequent application of closure if debates were protracted. No greater calamity could befall the House than this sort of pressure. It would sap the authority of the chair and bring the procedure rules into disrepute. He had seen more parliamentary life than any other man in the House, but he never knew of so grave a state of affairs.

It was due to an extreme abuse of power by the majority, which if persisted in would leave behind a sense of intolerable wrong. The yoke thus put on the neck of the House would not be borne patiently. The position of affairs now was very different from that when the coercion bill of 1881 was passed. There were no papers before the House now, nor was there any intimation of the nature of the proposed government measure.

Heretofore, in asking special legislation for treating with crime in Ireland, ministers had tried to show that the terrible prevalence of crime threatened social order. Was that the case now? No. The House had been told that the number of agrarian offences prior to the passage of Mr. Forster's coercion act exceeded the highest number since. Crime then, however, was of a different character from that which the government now sought to check. The present crime consisted in combining to obtain a reduction of rent. Even the evidence which the government put before the House showed that the crime was restricted to demands for just abatements of rent.

Never had any former coercion act been resisted by a majority of members from Ireland. Now there was a protest against coercion from an overwhelming majority of the Irish members. Had the government any just claim for demanding coercion or urgency for a new repressive measure? After appointing a commission to examine on the spot the rent question, and the evils arising from the land laws, the government now put aside the recommendations of the commission and asked Parliament for increased power to make the laws still more offensive to the general sense of the people.

General Buller's evidence proved that the tenants not paying rent were anxious to pay; that there was no general movement against the

paying of rent, but only a combination to obtain fair rents. The Irish people were apt to follow the example constantly set by others and see what they could make out of exclusive dealing. The government said that contracts should not be broken, yet Mr. Balfour, while preaching the doctrine of the sanctity of contracts, was going to introduce a bill breaking leasehold contracts adjusted under the land act of 1881, just as the judicial rents were.

It was not to vindicate the sanctity of contracts nor to repress a wide-spread outbreak of crime that the government now demanded coercion for Ireland. Of whatever nature the government measure should turn out to be, it was the duty of the Liberals now, whether in minority or in majority, to refuse urgency. He trusted that the people of England would see the Liberals united in opposing this ill-omened measure to the last stage, and that the Liberal members would ring out the voices of justice and reason against a government which, after eighty-six years of experience, were preparing under the name of a statute of Parliament to strike a fresh blow at the life and happiness of Ireland, and at the prosperity, contentment, and unity of the empire.

Mr. Gladstone's denunciation of the use of cloture to curtail the debates on the urgency motion and coercion bill forced the government to reconsider the subject. The ministry decided to permit a prolongation of the discussion, but will insist that the House forego its Easter vacation unless the coercion bill be passed before the holidays.

England Refuses but France Assents.

THE Gate City Guards of Atlanta, Ga., some time ago asked permission to visit England in a body. Permission was refused. The reason given was that the designs of any body of armed invaders were not above suspicion who would consent to marshal under a man with such a name as Burke. John Bull thought the Gate City Guards were a band of Fenians. The following letter is interesting in this connection:—

REPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE, OFFICE OF MINISTER OF WAR,
PARIS, Feb. 6, 1887.

Dear Captain: I have received the letter informing me of your intention to visit France with forty members of the company—the Gate City Guards. I am pleased to say that I had already been informed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs of your contemplated visit before receiving your welcome letter, and had already replied that there was no obstacle to the realization of your wishes. You may consider your request as having been received and warmly acceded to, and I will be proud to be among the first to welcome you. My visit to the United States is a deep and grateful remembrance, and I will take occasion to speak to you of it. It will afford me the greatest pleasure to see you in France with the Gate City Guard, coming, as you do, to give testimony of the patriotic friendship that exists between the United States and my own beloved country. Please accept, my dear captain, the assurances of my warmest sentiments of regard. GEN. BOULANGER.

This letter was accompanied by another from Gen. Pellessier, giving the guard official permission to visit France in uniform and with arms.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE DOLLAR.

I've lived sixty years in the frisky old world,
An' seen lots of changin' an' turnin',
An' fifty of them by the sweat of my brow,
My bread an' my butter been earnin'.
An I've learned many things, in the way of hard facts
(I never was any great scholar),
An' here's one for you. Whatever you do,
Young man — an', young woman, I'm warnin' you too —
Keep on the right side of the dollar.

No matter how much you may want this or that,
If you can't spare the money to buy it,
Don't run into debt, or you'll quickly regret
That you ever were tempted to try it.
Though your clothes may be white at the seams, an' you find
Rough edges on cuffs an' on collar,
Jest wait to get new till the same you can do,
Young man — an', young woman I'm warnin you too —
An' keep on the right side of the dollar.

Oh, the strifes an' the troubles that would be like weeds,
Cut down in their pestilent growin',
An' the blessin's, like beautiful flow'rs that folks
In their stead would be constantly sowin'!
Oh, the homes an' the lives that wouldn't be lost,
If all this plain precept would foller
That I lay down to you! Whatever you do,
Young man — an', young woman I'm warnin' you too,
Keep on the right side of the dollar.

LAZY NANCY AND THE FAIRY.

When Nancy Dare was twelve years old, she was tall and strong, but shockingly lazy.

She lived with her mother and tiny sister in a room at the top of a house, in a lane near Soho Square.

Her father had been dead many years; so the little family depended upon the earnings of the poor widow, who worked from morning till night in one of the West-end shops.

Upon Nancy's shoulders fell the cares of housekeeping. To her was given the task of washing and dressing Trotty, of sweeping and dusting the room, and preparing the daily meals.

But, alas! she was lazy and careless, and paid but scant attention to any of these duties.

One evening in December she sat dozing by the fire, whilst Trotty lay on the floor, playing with a piece of wood that she had dressed as a doll.

The room was in a state of disorder. The carpet was torn and

unswept; the table strewn with dirty plates and knives. The window blind was soiled and thick with dust; the grate stuffed with ashes; the hearth full of papers and rags. In a couple of hours the weary mother would come home for supper, and yet Nancy was too lazy to stir even her little finger to make things comfortable for her on her return.

And as the evening came on, and the room grew dark, Nancy closed her eyes and folded her hands upon her knees.

Suddenly a light shone in through the window and illumined the whole place. The girl started to her feet in surprise, and looked about to see where it came from.

Now the lane in which the Dares lived was very narrow, and, from her place by the fire, Nancy could see straight into the opposite house.

In the room that faced their own she saw a girl of about twelve or thirteen. She had just lighted a lamp, and was placing it on a table in the middle of the floor.

Her face was sweet and pleasant; her hair was brushed tidily back from her brow, and her dress, though poor and much patched, was covered by a clean white apron.

The houses on both sides of the street were exactly the same, the rooms of equal size; but the difference between them in other respects was very marked.

The one into which Nancy now peeped was scrupulously neat. The curtains were fresh and clean; the floor carefully swept; every chair well dusted and in its proper place. A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and the walls were hung with pictures from illustrated papers, prettily framed with scarlet braid.

The girl glanced round her own untidy home, then across at the room on the other side of the lane; and as her neighbor approached the window and drew down the blind she sank back on her chair with a sigh.

"Oh!" she cried, "how cosy it looks! What a horrid hole this place of ours is. Now, if I had lived at the time when fairies were going about, as they did when Cinderella was in the world, I'd just call to one and say to her 'Please fairy, make my room as tidy and nice as the one over the way.' But there are no fairies now-a-days; so I must content myself here forever. Heigh-ho! what a shabby lodging this is, and what a sight Trotty looks with her black face and old torn frock! However, it can't be helped. There are no fairies, and —"

"Not so fast, Miss Nancy, not so fast!" cried a shrill voice. "There are plenty of fairies, if people only knew how to make use of them."

Nancy jumped in her chair.

"Who spoke," she asked, sharply. "Who says there are fairies?"

"I did," said a little woman at her elbow. "I am the fairy Mistress Putinorder."

"Are you really?" gasped Nancy, as she gazed in astonishment at her strange visitor.

Mistress Putinorder was very tiny, with a pale face and piercing blue eyes. She was dressed in a short gown of green quilted satin, a scarlet cloak, and black velvet hat with a red aigrette at one side. In her hand she carried a long, slender wand.

"And now, Miss Nancy, what do you want?" she asked, smiling at the startled girl.

"Please," replied Nancy trembling, "I should like to have this room made as pretty as the one over the way."

"Well, why do you not set to work, and make it so?"

"I can't. I don't know how."

"But the girl over there does it all herself. I know her quite well," said the fairy. "She is poor — just as poor as you are. And yet she manages to keep everything neat and pretty. You should work hard and try to do the same."

"But I can't, I —"

"But you can if you like. Where there's a will there's a way, remember."

"But there is so much to do here," said Nancy, plaintively. "There's Trotty to wash; the beds to make; the floor to sweep; mother's meals to get, and a hundred other things besides."

"Of course, there are many things to do. And every girl who has a mother working hard to earn her bread, should do her best to have everything neat and nice for her when she comes home tired. Now you never do that."

"No, because there is so much to do, it doesn't seem worth while to begin to do anything."

"That is a foolish answer. I wonder you can speak so."

"But I never could do all the work."

"And so because there is so much to do, you sit down with folded hands and do nothing," said the fairy reprovingly. "Surely you cannot think that right?"

"No. But it seems hard to get through so much; so I just leave it all there. Mother tidies things up a bit when she comes home. So we manage to get on somehow."

"The girl over the way mends her own frocks and those of her sister," said the fairy, swaying her wand from side to side. "She keeps her room in order, and yet has time to read and improve herself in the evenings."

"But she is clever — I am stupid."

"She is industrious — you are lazy."

"Yes — but —"

"Idle people are fond of excuses. But come. Would you like to become clever, diligent and useful?"

"Yes, yes, indeed I should."

"Well," said Mistress Putinorder, "it will give me great pleasure to help you; I see you are really ashamed of your present condition."

"Yes, I am very much ashamed," cried Nancy; "and oh, dear little fairy, what will you do for me?"

"The very best I can, believe me; and now listen. I have in my gift ten active little fairy men, who will, if you direct them, do instantly everything you desire. Would you like to have them do you think?"

"Yes, indeed, I should," said Nancy. "You are very, very good."

"I thought you would be glad to have them," said the fairy, and she waved her wand three times. "See, here they come, one after the other. They run gladly at my call and are eager for work."

And as she spoke, Nancy saw ten small men, in tight-fitting satin costumes, running here and there upon her knee.

"These two," continued the fairy, laying her hand on a couple of little fellows somewhat shorter and stouter than the rest, "are not so clever or nimble as the others, but they are strong and help to keep them in order."

"Thanks, thanks," cried Nancy. "But do they know how to keep rooms tidy, and do the kind of work we want done here?"

"Most certainly they do. You have only to wish them to do something and they will set to and do it for you at once."

"How useful! And how pleased mother will be to see our room look nice."

"Yes, I am sure she will," replied Mistress Putinorder with a smile. "But there is one thing about these little men — they require to be hidden. If people saw them going about they might be startled, or think you were a witch; so we must manage to hide them."

"But where? Shall we shut them up in this box? Or, I tell you, let us pop them into the cupboard there."

"No, no," and the fairy shook her head. "That would never do. Supposing you wanted to take them out to do some work? How would you hide them then?"

"I don't know. Put them into my pocket, or up my sleeves."

"No; that would not do either. They would be no use in either place."

"Then what shall we do?" asked Nancy, much perplexed.

"I will tell you," said Mistress Putinorder decidedly. "I shall hide them in your ten fingers. The stout little ones will fit nicely into your two thumbs; then you will always have them at your finger ends."

"What a capital idea. Thank you so much. Now I shall have no trouble. These tiny workmen will do everything for me."

The fairy laughed softly, and disappeared.

* * * * * *

"Trotty, did you see that funny little woman? Did you see the fairy?" cried Nancy, springing suddenly from her chair and gazing round the room.

"See a fairy? What do you mean?" said Trotty, looking up at her sister with big, round eyes. "You must have been dreaming. You were snoring quite loud."

"Nonsense, child, I was doing nothing of the sort. I was talking to Mistress Putinorder, and — But there, you're only a baby, so I shan't tell you what she did. However, I shall just make a start and see what I can make these little men do for me."

And to Trotty's astonishment Nancy flew from one thing to another, putting everything in order with the greatest rapidity.

About an hour later their mother returned tired and weary after her day's work.

The room looked neat and cosy as she entered; the fire was bright, the hearth cleanly brushed, the table spread for tea, the kettle sang upon the hob, and Nancy, with shining face and tidy hair, sat reading to Trotty, who looked fresh and rosy as though but lately washed.

"Why," said Mrs. Dare looking round her in surprise, "how nice everything is! What good fairy has paid our room a visit to-day?"

"Mistress Putinorder, mother dear," answered Nancy briskly. "She has given me much good advice, and some help, but that is a secret," and she laughed merrily.

"Mistress Putinorder is a fairy of great value and much wisdom," replied her mother smiling. "And if my Nancy would think of her often, she would make me very happy."

"I shall never forget her — never," cried Nancy; and, flinging her arms round her mother's neck, she kissed her lovingly.

The girl kept her promise well. From that hour the little men were but seldom idle, for Nancy made them work continually.

And in a very short time her room became quite as pretty as the one she had admired so much at the other side of the street.

CLARA MULHOLLAND in *Merry England.*

"TO SAVE THE CHILDREN."

"CARTER, I wish you would sign — you are the only one in the stables who has not taken the pledge. I cannot think why you stand out."

There had been a Temperance meeting in the village, and Squire Thompson spoke thus to his second coachman as they drove homewards.

"Begging your pardon, sir, I can't see my way. I told Mr. Nield this morning, 'because one man gets thrown, shouldn't I ever ride a good horse?' I like a glass of beer, and when it gets my master, you may be sure, sir, I'll sign. But I can't see it, sir! To put your name to a paper to say you'll never drink what does you good, just because there's others who go to ruin, now that I can't see."

"Very well, Carter, I respect your reasoning, because I feel sure that when you do see your way no man will go in a more straight line towards the goal. We must wait.

* * * * * *

That night the wind blew, and fierce scuds of rain swept through the lanes and across the open country. Carter stepped briskly along toward the village, thinking how good it was to have a cosy fire, and some hot supper, waiting for him, "*and*," he said aloud with a merry laugh, "*a glass of good beer*, begging the Squire's pardon!"

Near the village church stood the village ale-house, facing the main road; at the back of both ran a narrow lane, with cottages on each side. Stoke Lane it was called.

As the night was blustering, Carter took the shorter cut by the lane, where the great breeze swept up from the sea with down-right fury. "Whoa! ho!" he said, as his hat was lifted from his head and a cloud of autumn leaves came whirling about him.

A door opened suddenly, and a voice shrieked: "You go out there, and you stay, or I'll break every bone in your body."

A child of five years old stood in the dark lane, her shoulders bare, and her brown head uncovered.

In a moment Carter was by her side. "Why has mother put you out of doors? Have you been a bad girl? What have you been bothering mother about?" he asked.

The child's large, sorrowful eyes were raised for a moment to the stranger, and she replied with a sob in her voice: "Can't you hear it? Mother's got the beer. Father's away, and she's got it. We haven't had no food since morning. It's the beer."

The young man held out his hand, and the child took it fearlessly and confidingly.

"If she can put the child out such a night as this," he muttered between his teeth, "serves her right if she thinks she's lost. I'll take her across the common to mother's."

"Mother," he called, as he opened the door, "see here, they have turned this child out of doors up in Stoke's Lane. The woman's drunk, I fancy."

"A child, Harry, such a night as this! My pretty lamb!" exclaimed the kind-hearted woman, as she saw standing before her on the threshold a bare-headed little maiden, soaked with rain and sodden, yet upright as a dart, and lithe as a young sapling, nothing to denote sorrow or disaster in her mien, save in the expression of the sad eyes. There the good woman read the story, and, reading, she took the child to her heart.

"Bring her in, Harry, let us dry her. To think what such as she suffers! It must near break the dear Lord's Heart, He as set such store by children too!"

"I'll wrap her in a blanket — but what's this? Why, little one," whispered the old lady, "they have beat you! Harry, her little shoulders are black."

"Mother did it yesterday," explained the child, half defiantly; "she didn't do it till she got the beer. She hit Charlie, and Charlie's run away; but I couldn't go — for the baby — I've got to mind him."

Next morning, as he went to the court, Harry called to tell the woman her child was safe. The door opened as he lifted the latch, and there, laying upon the floor in a drunken sleep, was the form of a woman young and fair! A neighbor looked in to see what the stranger wanted, and to her Harry confided the story of how he had found the child and had taken her to his mother's house.

Mr. Carter asked the neighbor, "Would you tell Miss Thompson up at the Court of this trouble? May be she will come down and try to get hold of this young woman, when her drinking fit is over."

Alas! in spite of all Miss Thompson's care, the mother drank on until the grave closed over her. The elder and the younger child left the village, while little Margaret became the household treasure of good Mrs. Carter. Before her poor shoulders had lost the trace of the cruel blows, Harry Carter entered one evening Miss Thompson's library and writing-room, where he silently signed, for the child's sake, a pledge against the use of all strong drink.

"Not for myself, Miss Helen," he explained; "I don't think drink would ever have overcome me, but *I'll sign to try to save the children.*"

Young men and maidens, will you not follow his example?

THE BROTHERS' QUARREL.

"You did!"

"I didn't!"

"I'll hit you, you bad boy!"

"I can hit back, see if I can't!"

These were the words that Cissie heard as she walked in the garden. Louder and more excited grew the tones as she came near the scene of the quarrel. There were her two little brothers, looking very angry and getting ready for a fight. The only witness was the dog Carlo, who seemed greatly surprised at the angry tones of his masters. There stood Willie, with his little fists doubled up ready to strike Joe, who, though a gentle little lad, was not to be frightened by the threats of his more excitable brother. So much in earnest were the little fellows that they did not notice Cissie's approach.

Willie was the first to see her, and his pale face reddened when he looked up and caught her eye.

"Sister," he exclaimed, "just look here; Joe had my knife and he has gone and lost it."

"I didn't touch it, sister," quickly responded Joe; "and Willie says I told a lie, and I didn't."

"Hush! hush, boys! you do not know what you are saying. I am sorry, Willie, if your knife has been lost, but you know Joe is a truthful boy and would not deceive you," she quietly said.

"I don't care if he never finds his knife," cried Joe, his lip trembling and his eyes glistening.

"Oh! Joe, dear, you are not so naughty as you would have me believe, and I am sure you love Willie."

"Well, yes; but he must not try to fight me, and all for nothing," said the usually gentle boy.

"Willie, surely you would not be cruel to your brother and wilfully hurt him, even if he lost all your treasures."

"I don't know," said fiery Willie; "I think I would, if I felt as angry as I do now. I would like to hit somebody, or something."

"Then suppose you turn round and hit the wall behind you — hit it hard, too."

Smiles came to the faces of the boys at these words, and seeing a better state of things Cissie drew the lads to her and told them of how our dear Lord, when falsely accused and reviled, meekly bore the taunts of the multitude, and, when struck by the rude soldiers, calmly bowed His divine head. In simple words she told them of the Passion, of His being crowned with thorns and pierced upon the cross. How, even in His agony He cried, "Father, forgive them."

The little brothers were touched by the recital, and when she had ended the divine tale they nestled to her and begged her to tell them more.

Then she told them of the martyrs of long ago — how gladly they suffered death in all sorts of terrible ways, bearing fierce persecutions without murmuring, all for our dear Lord's sake.

"Were they ever boys like us?" asked Willie.

"Yes, dear Willie; they had, no doubt, just such temptations; but loving our Lord so much they gladly followed His example, for they knew that to follow Him was to find heaven, where the angels forever rejoice."

Whilst Cissie was talking she saw one little fat hand clasp the hand of the other, and a softened light rest upon their upturned faces. Before she could say more impetuous Willie exclaimed, "Oh, sister, will I ever stop wanting to fight? The fight is in me, somehow."

"I hope, my Willie, you will always desire to fight evil, and overcome the passions in your heart; then you will be the bravest sort of a soldier."

Then Joe said, "Couldn't we help each other if we were always good friends?"

"Of course, my boy; and suppose you try from this time. Willie what is that on the bench?"

"Oh, my knife! my knife!" and at once his arms were around his brother's neck. "Joe, you did not tell a lie; I am sorry I said you did; the knife is just where I put it."

Peace was restored, and the little boys had learned a lesson they will not soon forget.

SPEAK KINDLY.

A YOUNG lady had gone out to take a walk. She forgot to take her purse with her, and had no money in her pocket. Presently she met a little girl with a basket on her arm.

"Please, miss, will you buy something from my basket?" said the little girl, showing a variety of book-marks, needle-books, watch-cases, etc.

"I'm sorry I can't buy anything to-day," said the young lady; "I haven't any money with me. Your things look very pretty." She stopped a moment and spoke a few kind words to the girl; and then, as she passed, she said again, "I'm very sorry I can't buy anything from you to-day."

"Oh! miss," said the little girl, "you've done me just as much good as if you had. Most persons that I meet say, 'Get away with you!' but you have spoken kindly to me, and I feel a heap better."

That was "considering the poor." How little it costs to do that! Let us learn to speak kindly and gently to the poor and suffering. If we have nothing else to give, let us at least give them our sympathy.

A COBBLER visited one of the large manufactories the other day, and for the first time saw shoes made by machinery. "What do you think of that?" asked the foreman. "It beats awl," was the laconic answer.

The Day We Celebrated.

THE chief feature of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Boston, says the *Republic*, was the jubilee observance of the Charitable Irish Society. This venerable organization, with its record of a century and a half, looked and acted as if it were in the heyday of youth. It called to its aid the best it could find of oratory, poetry, and music among its members, and signalized its attainment of the ripe age of one hundred and fifty by a celebration in every way worthy of the occasion.

Mayor Cummings of Fall River, one of the most gifted Irish-Americans in Massachusetts, delivered an oration at Tremont Temple which will take a high place among the historic addresses that have helped Boston to win and hold her position as a leader in the field of thought. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly added another leaf to the chaplet of fame which his brilliant efforts as a poet have secured to him. And Mrs. M. E. Blake's touching and delicate ode to charity was one of her cleverest and most soulful and tuneful productions. The venerable society has reason to be proud of these three gifted children, whose transcendent abilities have been widely recognized and appreciated, who reflected abundant credit on the race from which they sprang, and who are doing their fair share of the work devolving on all American citizens entrusted with special talents.

The banquet given by the society in the evening was an occasion of more than customary interest. The complimentary words of the governor, the collector of the port, and of the other distinguished guests, who can claim only a distant and remote connection with the great Celtic race, gave fresh evidence of the esteem in which the Irish-American portion of the population is held in high places, and also of the gradual demolition of that unreasonable prejudice which had existed here in recent times. It has come to pass that the possession of Irish blood is not a mark of disfavor or a brand of social or political ostracism. The old Charitable Irish Society has done much toward hastening the downfall of the wall of bigotry and misunderstanding which separated the races.

The society was fortunate in having for presiding officer, on a day of exceptional moment and significance in her annals, a man of such ability, tact, and culture as Dr. J. B. Moran. In his hands the machinery ran smoothly and easily, and to him much of the credit for the signal success of the celebration is fairly due. No society representing a distinct nationality in this city can boast of so much talent and intellectual brilliancy as the Charitable Irish. Long may it continue in its career of usefulness, fulfilling its high and holy mission of ministration to the wants of the friendless, and perpetuating the lofty principles of liberty, unity, charity, and fraternity.

NOISE does no good, and good makes no noise.—*Curé d'Ars.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

MONTH OF MARY!

THE POPE, in the course of an address to the Sacred College in reply to its congratulations upon the ninth anniversary of his coronation, said that without Rome and without temporal power the Pope would never be free and independent.

MAGISTRATES IN IRELAND.—The following statistics from an English Blue Book, issued in response to an order obtained by Mr. Chance, show the number of magistrates in Ireland to be 5,065. Of these 3,780 are Protestants and only 1,229 Catholics. When we take into consideration the fact that there are nearly four Catholics to one Protestant in the Emerald Isle, we gain a very clear insight into the way Ireland is "governed," "judged," and naturally condemned by Tory-Orange bigotry.

CARDINAL MANNING has addressed a letter to the Very Rev. Prior Glynn, O. S. A., in favor of the proposed church of St. Patrick, in Rome.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY said before leaving the United States:—"I have been lecturing six months in the United States and Canada, and have been highly gratified at the result. I found the people everywhere very sympathetic and in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. In Canada the Conservatives were just as pronounced for Home Rule as the Liberals. The victory of the Conservatives there doesn't signify anything as far as Home Rule is concerned, any more than a political victory in the United States. I think Ireland will have Home Rule in two years at the utmost. Gladstone will come into power again. Lord Randolph Churchill is silent in his views and favors Home Rule. If England has a war with Russia, or any European power, she will give Ireland Home Rule in a week."

PARNELL. — The London correspondent of the Dublin *Freeman* says: "Perhaps it may be as well to say once and for all that there is not the slightest foundation for the statements now being circulated that Mr. Parnell, at any time, contemplated going away for his health during the present session. Your readers will be gratified to learn that since parliament opened Mr. Parnell has made great strides towards regaining his health, and that a great improvement is noticeable in his appearance in the past couple of weeks."

JACOBINI'S SUCCESSOR. — Cardinal Vanutelli has been definitely appointed to succeed the late Cardinal Jacobini as papal secretary of state.

THE Scotch Catholics are about to petition the Pope to canonize Mary Queen of Scots.

The Pope's Congratulations.

ROME, March 21, 1887. Mgr. Galimberti, the speech delegate sent by the Vatican to convey its congratulations to Emperor William on the attainment of his ninetieth year, on the 22d of March, telegraphs from Berlin that he has been very favorably received, and that he has had an audience with the Emperor in order to personally present to him the autograph letter of congratulation sent by the Pope.

State of the Country.

FROM the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* we learn that there is evidence from the Bench itself of the almost complete absence of ordinary crime in Ireland. Offences of the type which prevail so largely in England and parts of Scotland and Wales are entirely absent. At Sligo Mr. Justice Lawson told the grand jury there were only three bills of a most trivial character to go before them. Lord Justice Fitzgibbon disposed of the entire criminal business of the county Meath in a couple of hours, there being only two or three cases of ordinary crime; Mr. Justice Lawson had still less to do in the King's County; and the Lord Chief Justice found only one case to go before the grand jury of Westmeath, who immediately returned "no bill;" so that his lordship lost a pair of white gloves only by what some people would irreverently call a fluke. The Assizes for the county Leitrim were opened at Carrick-on-Shannon, and Mr. Justice Lawson, who presided in the Crown Court, again bore evidence of absence of ordinary crime in the country. In King's County he disposed of the business in a few hours, whilst in Meath the criminal cases were disposed of by Lord Justice Fitzgibbon in a still briefer period. Crime in Westmeath was represented by one case, in which no bill was found. Mr. Justice O'Brien was on circuit in Clare, and, after stating that none of the bills required special directions from him, he proceeded to deliver a characteristic lecture. Thus the evidence daily accumulates of the absence of general or ordinary crime throughout the country.

THE *Milwaukee Citizen* makes this suggestion: Let St. Patrick's Day be universalized. Let the right to celebrate it be accorded to everybody. Let Irish-Americans gather their Yankee friends to talk and their German-American friends to sing about the "festal board," or at the feast of reason and flow of soul held St. Patrick's Eve. Let it be the saint day of the New World.

THE carnival season had a tragic ending near Genoa this year. The earthquake sent twenty thousand people fleeing from the city. At a house near Diano-Marino a ball was proceeding, when the shocks came. The building was completely wrecked and a terrible loss of life resulted. Dancers lay dead in heaps upon the ground.

MR. MCCOLL, a member of the Nova Scotia legislature for Pictou County, advocated on the floor of the house secession from Canada and annexation to the United States. This is the first public utterance of the scheme in an official position, and was not challenged.

AN ENEMY TO PLUTOCRACY.—Rome, March 9, 1887. In an interview to-day Cardinal Gibbons said: "I am and ever shall be an enemy of a plutocracy of soulless corporations and men. The Catholic Church will take the side of the weaker against the stronger. In this instance there is no question of secret societies. Mr. Powderly and many other chiefs are good Catholics. Above all, I wish it to be known that there is no essential divergence between myself and the Archbishop of Quebec on this subject. The French Canadian society is not that of the United States, and perhaps the French ecclesiastic or administrative mind is more inclined to take alarm than we, and to see revolutions behind every hedge. America is quite able to take care of itself, and the interests of American citizens. It will be time enough to consider all sorts of issues when they are raised."

He Ordered Them to Shoot.

THE Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the House of Commons admitted the truth of the statement that Capt. Plunkett, as magistrate for Youghal, had sent an order to the officer in command of the police not to hesitate to instruct his men to shoot in the event of the populace attacking them while engaged in the work of serving Father Keller with a summons to attend court and answer interrogatories respecting his alleged custody of funds under the plan of campaign. The order was given, Mr. Balfour, said on information that a dangerous assault on the police was expected, and he contended that Capt. Plunkett had done right in issuing it.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, of Toronto, sets his heel on the private-ownership-of-land-is-unjust vagary. He writes: "The land is for the children of men, but once an individual gets possession of it by first

allotment from the patriarch or head of the community, or by purchase or inheritance, then the land is his, and it would be robbery to take it from him without fair compensation. Should another come to this man and say, 'those possessions are not yours; they are equally mine, for God gave the land to the children of men,' the possessor might very justly answer, 'I am of the children of men, and I will keep my possessions.'" It is robbery to take away without compensation what a man has earned and paid for, and no theory can do away with that truth.

Appeal to the Presbyterians of Ulster.

IN the new weekly journal, *North and South*, there is an admirable "appeal to the Presbyterians of Ulster," from the pen of Rev. Mr. Kerr. The Rev. gentleman earnestly exhorts his brethren in the North of Ireland to throw in their lot with their fellow-countrymen, and ceasing to be mere colonists, boldly acknowledge as their own the country of their adoption. Mr. Kerr concludes his letter with the following paragraph: — "Before I close, I ask again, what are we going to do? Oppose, you say, to the bitter end. Well, when the end comes, and it is not far off, what then? Why, you will be a colony of Ulster Scots, severed from the national stem — shut out, by your own act, from all share in the management of national affairs, having estranged those who had suffered with you, and who, if you had shared their struggles, would have given you your full share of the spoils of victory, but are, without any help from you, masters of the situation. Your last state will be worse than the first. Before, you had no choice but to take the lower place, and eat the crumbs that fell from the rich man's table; now you will have chosen this place of your own free will, and as you make your bed so you must lie. Let me entreat you to be wise in time. 'The sands are running in the glass,' but it is not yet too late. The country needs your help to-day. For your country's sake, for your own sake, change your attitude, and become Presbyterian Irishmen."

SENATOR JONES, of Florida, is Senator no more, his term having expired March 4. The governor of Florida appointed Gen. Finlay to succeed him. Jones' peculiar Detroit escapade cost him his position.

St. Joseph's Place in Heaven.

AN artist was commissioned by Pius IX. to paint a picture of the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. When the sketch was submitted for approval, the Sovereign Pontiff, looking at it, exclaimed: "And St. Joseph, where is he?" The artist pointed to a group in the clouds, replying: "That is the spot I reserve for him."—"No," replied the Holy Father, pointing to a place at our Saviour's side; "there, and only there, must he be placed; for surely that is his post in heaven."

Derrynane Abbey.

REV. DR. J. J. MORIARTY, of Syracuse, has received a letter from Humphrey O'Riordan, C. C., of Waterville, county Kerry, announcing that Derrynane Abbey, the old seat of Daniel O'Connell, about which cling so many historical associations, is in danger of being sold to meet the obligations of its present owner, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, grandson of the great liberator, who is in difficulties. The writer states that he has appealed, through the leading Irish and Catholic papers, for aid to help the family of the dead Tribune, and asks Dr. Moriarty to use his influence to that end in America. Rev. Dr. Moriarty announces that he will be pleased to receive and forward any contributions for this purpose that may be sent to his address.

BIGGAR.—The great obstructionist, Mr. J. G. Biggar, M. P., has inherited a large property in the county Waterford. The property was owned by Mr. Ferguson, a Presbyterian Ulsterman, who was a cousin, or some near relative of Mr. Biggar. The property is just a short distance outside Waterford city, and includes on it, a residence known as Butlerstown Castle, which Mr. Biggar used to visit often, for many years past, and which he is now going to make his home in Ireland.

THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT of New York did not parade on the 17th of March, but they did what was better — they attended Pontifical High Mass at the Cathedral. Colonel Cavanagh, with his staff, marched the regiment up the centre aisle of the church at 10.30, and very quickly all the pews were occupied. Archbishop Corrigan was the celebrant.

MR. T. P. GILL, M. P., has just published an exceedingly interesting pamphlet showing the number of Home Rule Governments that exist under the British Crown. There are twenty-four such Governments in various parts of the world, and of those thirteen give the dependencies complete control over their own affairs; and, of the thirteen, nine are responsible Governments, modelled closely after the plan of the home constitution. In the remaining eleven the representative principle is in force; there are legislative assemblies elected by popular sufferage, but as yet the executive is not responsible to the representative body. Mr. Gill shows that the freer the form of Home Rule in the dependencies the warmer the affection for the Imperial connection. We may add that the two great exceptions to this rule are the two countries where Home Rule is regarded as treason, where coercion is the common law, where alien paid magistrates control the people by bayonets; and these two countries are always in rebellion. They are Ireland and India.

Why Convicts become Converts.

FOUR men were hanged at Fort Smith last week, of whom three were received into the Church by Baptism. It is often asked why so many become Catholics before execution. It is because men before being hanged give up human respect, worldly ambition and dissimulation, and having lost fortune and name in this world, try honestly to better their lot in the next. If the heretics of the world were all hanged, seventy-five per cent, of them would become Catholics, and among the converts would be nearly all the preachers. Protestantism is a good enough religion for a man that does not want any.— *Western Watchman.*

WHEN O'Connell was said to be delivering treasonable speeches in Ireland a reporter was sent out from London to take them down. Dan was upon a native sod in Kerry, surrounded by a mighty concourse of sympathizers. The reporter had been assured of perfect protection, and the crowd had been informed of the object of his presence. "Are you all ready?" said Dan to the reporter, and being assured that he was, O'Connell, with a twinkle in his eye, well understood by his audience, launched into an eloquent speech delivered in excellent Irish.

IN a letter read at the Philadelphia Catholic Club banquet the President of the United States writes: "A wholesome religious faith thus inures to the perpetuity, the safety and the prosperity of our republic, by exacting the due observance of civil law, the preservation of public order, and a proper regard for the rights of all; and thus are its adherents better fitted for good citizenship and confirmed in a sure and steadfast patriotism. It seems to me, too, that the conception of duty to the State which is derived from religious precept involves a sense of personal responsibility, which is of the greatest value in the operation of the government by the people." Clothe this in the classical Latin of Pope Leo XIII. and it will sound almost like one of the recent encyclicals.

Kissing a Sister of Charity.

A CURIOUS scene was witnessed the other day at the Beauvais Hospital, when General Renard publicly conferred the Cross of the Legion of Honor upon Sœur Bathilde, a good nun, who for twenty-eight years has devoted her life to the care of the sick. After a neat little speech the General drew his sword and "knighted" (the French say "consecrated"), the good Sister according to the usual formula. The excellent nun, whose modesty must have been put to a severe test by this quasi-military ceremony, must have felt altogether dumbfounded when the General added, "My Sister, I must now kiss you!" It seems that this is part of the function, and Sœur Bathilde had to submit with a good grace. We are told that this "accolade" was received with loud applause. The *Univers* very justly remarks that, pleasing as is the action of the authorities and the Maire of Beauvais in recognizing the merit of the religious, the Legion of Honor did not protect another devoted nun from expulsion the other day on occasion of the laicisation of the Necker Hospital.

IT is worth something to be the best "all round" player of base ball in the world. Michael J. Kelly, who enjoys that distinction, has just been engaged by the Boston Nine for the coming season. The Boston club paid the Chicago club $10,000 to release Kelly from his engagement for one year, and will pay Kelly himself a salary of $5,000 for the season.

THE venerable Rector of the Irish College in Rome, Archbishop Kirby, is, notwithstanding his 85th year, which commenced on the 1st of January, in excellent health and spirits, and as likely as at any period of his useful career to continue his good work for religion generally and for Ireland, as well as for the important institutions over which he so worthily presides. It is impossible to over-estimate his value to Irish interests in Rome, especially in the trying ordeals of recent times. He remains the trusted and faithful councillor of Leo XIII. on Irish affairs; and no Irishman will fail to pray for the continuance of a life so invaluable to Ireland.

WOMEN AS REPORTERS.—Strange that women are not more extensively employed as news-gatherers for the press! "Why," said Fogg, "Mrs. F. went out visiting t'other day, and, notwithstanding she had been gone less than an hour, when she came home she was fairly overflowing with new and recondite information. Our next-door neighbor had gone into bankruptcy and his creditors were raising a terrible bother about it; our neighbor on the other side had been treating his family in a most shameful manner, and everybody was talking about it; a wedding was on the carpet across the way, notwithstanding nobody could see what he ever could see in her to fall in love with; two persons had been carried out of the world just below us, and three more brought into it two or three doors above; Mrs. A. had got a new silk dress, Mrs. B. made over her old one, and Mrs. C. had declared that Parson Jones' wife wasn't a bit sociable. All this and much more beside. And I," continued Fogg, "might travel all over town, from now till mid-summer, and I wouldn't have found out the one-hundredth part of the intelligence that woman picked up in one short hour."

Lourdes.

IT appears from statistics just published in the *Annales des Lourdes* that during the year 1886 there was no falling off in the number of pilgrims to the famous shrine. Amongst the dignitaries of the Church who visited the sanctuary of Our Lady were two cardinals,—Mgr. Deprez, of Toulouse, and Mgr. Noto, patriarch of Lisbon; a representative of the Holy See—Mgr. Vanutelli, nuncio in Portugal; fifty-seven archbishops, bishops, mitred abbots, and other prelates. There were ninety-nine great pilgrimages, in which 91,548 persons took part, and these came from all parts of France, Austria, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, England, and Canada. Numerous cures were, as usual, proclaimed and proved, and the pilgrims thus restored to health left behind them many interesting memorials of their gratitude.

A BILL has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature, tendering to the United States the Hermitage farm, famous as the home of that grand old leader, Andrew Jackson, as an asylum for disabled and invalid soldiers, with the provision, however, that "Mrs. Sarah Jackson, the adopted daughter of 'old Hickory,' be allowed a home and a provision for support in and upon this farm, during her life."

Homes Wanted for Children.

THE Sisters of Charity of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Boston, ask us to inform our readers that there are over two hundred little boys and girls in that institution, of from three to twelve years of age, for whom they desire to find homes in Catholic families in the country. These little ones are bright, intelligent, healthy, and are not children of the criminal classes, but children who have been deprived of their parents or relations through death or misfortune. The conditions upon which these children are placed into families are very simple: a recommendation from the resident priest, and a guarantee to the Home that they will be kindly treated, and attend church and school regularly. Charitable persons wishing to provide for any of these poor children are invited to address the Home for Destitute Catholic Children, Harrison Avenue, Boston.

OVER 300,000 persons have subscribed for the statue of St. Geneviève to be placed in the new Montmartre Church, Paris, as expiation for the secularization of the Pantheon. M. Bogins is to execute the work.

THE Salvation Army in East Portland halted in front of a saloon on Sunday and began singing lines, the words of which were: "It is water we want, not beer." The saloon-keeper turned the hose on them, thoroughly drenching the whole party. They skedaddled.

FATHER DAMIEN, the heroic priest in charge of the lepers of Molo·ai, writes to the *Ave Maria* that, for lack of a suitable tabernacle, the Blessed Sacrament cannot be kept from day to day on the island, and he solicits from the charity of the faithful this consolation for the unfortunates to whom he ministers. Any contribution sent to Rev. Father Hudson, Notre Dame, Indiana, will be applied in accordance with the living martyr's desires.

THE Anarchist is a gentleman of leisure, who encourages labor in others with the hope that when they have made their pile he can make them divide. He wants money, but he does not want to earn it.

THE Prince of Wales is going to pay $500 a day for his accommodations at Newlands during his visit to Ireland. He is more extravagant than the Queen. On her last visit to Aix les Bains she wanted to occupy the Hotel Splendide; but the price asked, $400 a day, was too high, so she took another house, which she got for $280 a day. But then the Queen has no rich mother, as the Prince has.

MR. EDWIN DE LISLE, the Catholic M. P. for Mid-Leicestershire, desires to play the part of a lay Pope. He thinks the Irish bishops ought to be made "amenable to law," and to be checked in "their seditious statements."

Archbishop Croke's Ringing Words.

THE PALACE, THURLES, February 17, '87.

My Dear Sir,—I enclose £10 toward the Defence Fund. But when is this style of business going to cease? I opposed the "No Rent manifesto" six years ago, because, apart from other reasons, I thought it was inopportune, and not likely to be generally acted on. Had a manifesto against paying taxes been issued at the time I should certainly have supported it, on principle. I am in precisely the same frame of mind just now.

Our line of action, as a people, appears to me to be in this respect both suicidal and inconsistent. We pay taxes to a Government that uses them, not for the public good, and in accordance with the declared wishes of the taxpayers, but in direct and deliberate opposition to them. We thus supply a stick to beat ourselves. We put a whip into the hands of men who use it to lash and lacerate us. This is suicidal.

In presence of the actual state of things in Ireland just now, it is inconsistent besides. We run the "Plan of Campaign" against bad landlords, and stop what they call their rent; and we make no move whatever against the Government that pays horse, foot and dragoons for protecting them, and enforcing their outrageous exactions. Our money goes to fee and feed a gang of needy and voracious lawyers; to purchase bludgeons for policemen to be used in smashing the skulls of our people; and generally, for the support of foreign garrisons, or native slaves, who hate and despise everything Irish, and every genuine Irishman.

The policeman is pampered and paid; the patriot is persecuted. Our enforced taxes go to sustain the one—we must further freely tax ourselves to defend the other. How long, I ask, is this to be tolerated? I remain, my dear sir, your very faithful servant,

✠T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

THE parade at Fall River on the 17th of March was pronounced by far the best ever witnessed in that city. Mr. Hugh McGraw was the grand marshal. His chief aids were Messrs. Timothy Leary and Joseph O'Reagan, and the special aids were Messrs. Daniel Hassett, John O'Keefe, John Murphy, Patrick Delehanty, Patrick Lynch, James Brennan, William J. Hurley, Jeremiah Hurley, Thomas McCarty, James McDermott, John Devine, Thomas E. Powers, John J. Maloney, Michael Blake, Michael Finneran, Daniel D. Sullivan, John Casey.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND was fifty years of age on the 18th of March. He came near being born on St. Patrick's Day.

CRASH AT A CATHOLIC CHURCH.—A panic occurred at the Roman Catholic Church of the Nativity, corner of Dashiel and Thirty-ninth Streets, Chicago, Ill., on the 17th of March. The church was crowded, and outside on the steps leading up to the church was a vast crowd unable to gain admittance. All at once there was a sharp crack, followed by a grinding crash, and fully two hundred men, women, and children were precipitated ten feet, the entire platform having given way. Twenty-three persons in all received more or less serious injuries. The people inside

the church were at first inclined to rush for the doors, but were calmed by the officiating priest. There are rotten and decayed steps and floors in churches as well as railroad bridges. They need careful examination.

The Venerable Cardinal Newman.

CARDINAL NEWMAN completed his eighty-sixth birthday on the 21st of February. His Eminence's health, which has been, during the past few months, even better than for many previous winters, is now happily in a very satisfactory condition. On the morning of his birthday his Eminence received the congratulations of the Fathers of the Oratory and of many personal friends and high dignitaries of the Church. The venerable Cardinal said Mass at an early hour, and he was also present at the High Mass which was celebrated in the Oratory Church in commemoration of the Feast of St. Valentine. ——On the subject of the Cardinal's birthday there appeared in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* an article extremely sympathetic, truthful and graceful. After stating with perfect accuracy that no one has ever less courted notoriety than Cardinal Newman, the writer remarks that those who have been privileged to listen to his discourses at the Oratory will not soon forget them. Standing at what looks like a small reading desk, his Eminence speaks with all the quiet earnestness and beauty that distinguished his teaching in St. Mary's, at Oxford. More than forty years have passed since then, but time has dealt gently with the Cardinal. At Edgbaston he is surrounded by a body of most devoted friends of the gentlest manners and the highest culture. As principal of a Catholic school at Edgabaston, his Eminence has done a good work, and done it well. What the Cardinal was in earlier days, he still remains; age has at once broadened and mellowed his character, and those sermons to which we have adverted—"the ripe fruit of an old tree"—possess an inexpressible loveliness. The thoughts of those listening to them are often sent back to days when he was the light of Oxford. Scarcely one of all those whose enthusiasm he kindled then, remains to greet him now. With very few exceptions, the friends of his youth have all preceded him to the silent land.

THE artist Gagliardi, of Rome, has been engaged to paint a portrait of Cardinal Gibbons. The picture will hang beside that of the Pope in the cardinal's titular church. The coat of arms assumed by Cardinal Gibbons has in the centre a picture representing the Immaculate Conception, on a green background. The shield is surmounted by a cardinal's hat, with five rows of tassels depending from the sides. The Pope gave an audience to fifty Americans passing through Rome. A similar audience has been arranged to be held after Easter.

Berlin Church Damaged by Fire.

BERLIN, March 24, 1887.—The Church of St. Mary Magdalene, which took fire yesterday, was only second to the Cathedral. It was built in the thirteenth century, and contains priceless pictures, carvings, and windows, which, happily, were but little damaged. The great bell fell and broke in two. Many romantic traditions were attached to it, and its destruction causes much regret. The disaster was caused by fireworks which had been set off in honor of Emperor William's anniversary.

THE British cabinet has decided upon a land purchase scheme based upon revised rentals. Under this scheme landlords will fare worse than they would under Mr. Gladstone's bill.

"A Tiger's Heart Wrapped in a Woman's Hide."

DUBLIN, March 24, 1887.—*United Ireland* (Mr. Parnell's organ) publishes a bitter attack on Mr. Balfour, chief secretary for Ireland. It calls him "the bloody Balfour, with a tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide," and says: "He has entered lightly into a struggle with the Catholic Church. In such struggles the proudest despots have been humbled into the dust. Prince Bismarck, swaying the destinies of Europe, in his whole career but once learned the bitterness of defeat, and that was when he laid his hand on the Church, which resents the sacrilegious handling of the sacred privileges of the priesthood."

THE concert given at Tremont Temple St. Patrick's night, in aid of Father Roche's Working Boys' Home, was a decided success.

THE Catholic temperance societies of Salem have asked for a location of the statue of Father Mathew, that has been offered them by G. G. Horgan of Cambridge.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN HONORED.—A cable dispatch has been received from Rome announcing that the "Holy Father, *motu proprio*, desiring to show special honor to the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan, has named him prelate assistant to the pontifical throne."

Thanks to America.

GLADSTONE and Parnell acknowledged the indorsement given them by the mass meeting at Cooper Union, New York. Mr. Gladstone says: "I am very sensible of the value of the sympathy which from the first we have received from, as I believe, the great majority of the American people, in our attempt to secure just measures of good government for Ireland, —a sympathy which I feel sure will continue to attend us until this just policy shall attain its coming consummation."

Mr. Parnell says: "On the part of my colleagues, and also myself, I thank your great meeting most heartily for their sympathy and encouraging message to Ireland. We value most highly these continued evidences of American friendliness. They are of the greatest advantage to our cause, and will much encourage the Irish people in their time of approaching trouble and suffering."

MR. MORLEY expressed the judgment of mankind in general when he declared in the Commons lately, concerning the latest effort of the ministry, "that a more wanton, a more gratuitous, a more unjustifiable resort was never had to what Mr. Chamberlain called the ever-failing, ever-poisonous remedy of coercion."

The Golden Jubilee

of Mother Dafrosa, superior of the Loretto Convent, Florissant, Missouri, was celebrated by her spiritual daughters and many friends on the 18th of March.

In the year 1837 the fair young daughter of a highly respected family in Pittsburg, Pa., found her way to the humble chapel of the first convent founded in the United States, west of the Alleghany Mountains, in Marion Co., Kentucky. There, as Sister Dafrosa, she vowed her life and labors to God's service in the Society of the Friends of Mary at the Foot of the Cross. To this community her rare intellectual gifts and her zeal in the cause of Christian education have been a boon and an ornament. The venerable mother was more surprised and saddened than she was elated by the many testimonials of regard, the substantial gifts, and the expressions of love and esteem which greeted her on every side. It was necessary to console and exhort the humble religious to be at least passive under the honors thrust upon her. The young ladies of the Florissant academy prepared for the occasion a very pleasing operetta entitled "The Evening of a Well-Spent Day," their rendition of which was highly creditable to themselves and the institution. Several good solos, an address in verse, and a hymn and chorus joined in by all the pupils, closed the tribute to a worthy and beautiful soul, after fifty years of faithful service.

BOSTON is to have a Russian festival, and one of the reasons for giving it is, "Russia's firm friendship for us during our civil war." Everything Russian is fashionable just now, says *The Globe*. We suppose our contemporary includes Russia Salve.

THERE is no longer any doubt about Justin McCarthy's ability as a judge of tempting viands. He declares that Boston dinners are the best in the country. The distinguished journalist evidently indulged in some of our baked beans and brown bread, remarks *The Globe*.

MANY Englishmen wear shamrocks in the observance of St. Patrick's Day in England. Snow prevented a parade in Dublin. Riots were feared in county Armagh, but beyond a few scrimmages in Londonderry and elsewhere the day was passed quietly throughout Ireland.

One Hundred and Eleven Years Old.

MRS. MARY DOHERTY, who died at the residence of her son-in-law, Daniel McDermott, 37 N. Margin St., Boston, on the 21st of March, was probably the oldest resident in the State, having been born in Donegal County, Ireland, St. Patrick's Day, one hundred and eleven years ago. She was one of a numerous family, her parents being well-to-do farm-

ing people. She married Daniel Doherty in the old country some ninety years ago, and by him had nine children, six daughters and three sons. Four of the children died in Ireland, three in America, and two daughters survive her, Mrs. Daniel McDermott and Mrs. Hugh Tollan, both of whom are over four-score years. Seventeen years ago Mrs. Doherty came to America, where she has since lived in the house where she died. Her health has been remarkably good, no sickness even of the slightest character ever afflicting her, until some four months ago. The death of her granddaughter was a terrible blow to the aged woman, who never recovered from its effect and gradually what strength she had deserted her. Slowly she faded away, and though still a regular attendant at church her weakness was painfully apparent. She had twenty-four great-grandchildren, many of whom are still alive.

Guilty of Wilful Murder.

CORK, March 23.—Police Inspector Somerville and Constable Garrett, who were found guilty by the coroner's jury of the murder of Hanlon, who was shot and killed during the riot at Youghal during the first attempt to serve a summons on Father Keller, were to-day removed from Youghal to this city, as prisoners. The people of Youghal hooted and jeered at the extra policemen who had charge of the two men as the train conveying them moved away.

REV. P. M. DONOHUE, a young Catholic priest, who has charge of the churches and the congregations at Arcola and in Tuscola, Ill., has just been created by General Boulanger, the French Minister of War, a lieutenant in the French Army, for services rendered. Father Donohue speaks the French and Italian languages fluently, and is something of a scientist. He is reticent as to what prompted the appointment, but it is believed that it was for valuable services rendered.

St. Patrick's Day in London.

AT a celebration the speech of the evening was made by Mr. Labouchere in answer to the toast of "Ireland a Nation." His peroration aroused much enthusiasm. He said:—We must not relax our efforts. We are told that a crushed worm would turn upon its oppressor; but if the worm had a little more backbone and common sense it would turn before it is crushed. You are threatened with a fresh Coercion Act for Ireland. The Tory Ministers ought to have known, by the results of other Coercion Acts, that coercion would never extinguish the passionate love of country that burns in every Irishman's breast. As it has been with former Coercion Acts so it will be with this one. The English government might imprison the best and noblest Irish patriots; it might send its police and its magistrates and its soldiers to aid landlords to rackrent and evict; but Ireland will emerge, as she always has done, from the trial, ready to bear all, to suffer all and to dare all in the cause of right. The Irish people have wandered long in the desert: but the Promised Land is now in sight. Only be true to yourselves and to your past, and you must soon enter that promised land."

THE GATE CITY GUARD, a Southern military organization, largely composed of Irish-Americans, was refused admission to England, but were cordially granted the privilege of entering France under arms. This well represents the difference between the countries in courtesy.

IT was stated at the annual meeting of the Scottish Reformation Society in Edinburgh that the Catholic population in Scotland numbered 342,000, and that it is steadily on the increase, mainly through the immigration of Irish persons.

THE most Rev. Dr. McGivern, Coadjutor Bishop of Dromore, was consecrated in the Pro-Cathedral, Newry, on Sunday. Seven bishops were present at the ceremony. The Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Bishop of Clogher, was the consecrating Prelate.

"SPLIT PEAS."—The amount of talk recently indulged in about "Christian Union" by the sects, recalls the following apt way of putting the matter in a nut-shell. It is said of the late Dr. Adams, of New York, that in the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh he rebuked his brethren for their almost numberless divisions and subdivisions. "Brethren," said he, "you are R. P's and I. P's, and U. P's. Why don't you call yourselves *split peas* and be done with it?"

News from Rome.

ROME, March, 2. — Pope Leo XIII. celebrated the 75th anniversary of his birth on the 2d of March, and the eighth anniversary of his coronation on the 3d by an address to the members of the Sacred College.

The New Cardinals Hatted.

ROME, March 17, 1887. — A public consistory was held to-day in the Salagria. It began at 10.30 o'clock and concluded at noon. The procession was headed by the consistorial advocates, with attendants arrayed in crimson robes and ermine capes. They were followed by the cross-bearer, cameriers, prelates, bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. Then came the Pope, who was borne on the the sedia gestatoria, flanked with flabella or white peacock feather fans. He was accompanied on each side by the Noble Guards in blue, the Swiss Guard officers in purple and crimson. When the Pope descended from the sedia he ascended the throne, which had been covered with purple cloth and cloth of gold for the Lenten season. The canopy over the throne was backed by a tapestry of Perino del Vaga, depicting faith, hope, and charity. At the base of the throne were two lions couchant, bearing red banners with cross keys. The cardinals occupied benches arranged in a long parallelogram in front of the Pope. The consistorial advocates advanced to the throne and read the instance for the beatification of the persons under consideration. This concluded, sixteen cardinals left the hall to bring from the Sistine Chapel the eight new cardinals: Archbishop Gonzales of Toledo, Mgr. Aloisi Masella, ex-nuncio at Lisbon, Archbishop Taschereau of Quebec, Archbishop Gibbons of Baltimore, Archbishop Bernadou of Sens, Archbishop Place of Renne, Archbishop Langenieux of Reims, and Archbishop Giordani of Ferrara. Each new cardinal was accompanied by two others. Cardinal Taschereau was accompanied by Cardinals Bonaparte and Sigliari, and Cardinal Gibbons by Cardinals Melchers and Mozzella. They advanced, and, bowing thrice, kissed the Pope's foot and hand, received the Pope's double embrace, and then retired. They again advanced to the Pope to receive the hat, which was brought in on a silver salver. Each cardinal knelt as he came before the Pope, and the hood of the robe was placed over his head by an attendant. Then the Pope, taking the large red hat, placed it on the kneeling cardinal, resting his hand on it while he read a benediction in Latin. The cardinals then made obeisance to the Pope, concluding with a double embrace or kiss of peace. The Pope received Cardinal Gibbons with marked affection. The cardinals then gave the kiss of peace to their colleagues of the Sacred College. When Cardinal Gibbons came to Cardinal Mozzella, each offered the other hearty congratulations. Cardinal Mozzella was once a professor in the Jesuit College at Woodstock, Md, and is an old friend of Cardinal Gibbons. The Pope then departed, followed by his escort. Crowds lined the Sala Ducal, through which the procession passed.

Cardinal Taschereau's Church.

ROME, March 19.—Cardinal Taschereau was installed to-day as pastor of the church Santa Maria Della Veltoria. The procession was made up of visiting prelates, the secular and regular clergy and students of the different colleges. Cardinal Taschereau was invested in his *magra cappa*, and was followed by his attending priests and train-bearers. An interesting ritual followed, during which an official of the Vatican, clothed in a violet robe, ascended the throne and presented His Eminence with a bull, in which the Pope conferred on him the title of the church of Santa Maria Della Veltoria. After the bull had been read His Eminence embraced all of the priests and others who knelt before him. Every one then arose, while the organ burst forth in a grand *Te Deum*. This concluded the ceremony. During the afternoon His Eminence received a large number of Protestants and Catholics in the rectory. The church chosen by Cardinal Taschereau was built in 1605. It contains many valuable paintings.

Bishop Keane's Noble Panegyric — Ireland's Easter.

ROME, March 20.—Bishop Keane, of Richmond, Va., preached this morning in the Irish-Franciscan Church of St. Isidore

on the subject of St. Patrick and the Irish nation, comparing the early glories of Christian Ireland to the transfiguration of Christ on the Mount. He drew a powerful picture of Ireland's condition, as the light and teacher of the nations of Europe, her children reaching even to the gates of Rome itself. He described the destruction of Ireland's church, the closing of her schools, the oppression of her people. From this treading of the wine-press uncounted blessings were to flow to the world. Once the instructress of nations, Ireland was now held up to scorn and mockery as foolish and ignorant. As Christ was despised and the most abject of men, a man of sorrow and acquainted with infirmity, so was Ireland. God permitted the mightiest empire in the world, the Roman, to crucify His Son, and so was Ireland crucified by the mightiest empire that has existed since the days of Augustus. From her crucifixion her love has gone to the ends of the earth to plant the cross of Christ, and has built up His church everywhere. Jesus lay three days in the tomb, which was sealed with the seal of Cæsar and the synagogue. When Easter came He arose in glory.

Ireland's Easter is at hand after three centuries of entombment. The first brightness was Catholic emancipation, and it has since been slowly but steadily expanding. Life has been returning to that mangled form swathed in grave clothes. Already the trumpet of the Lord is proclaiming "It is Easter morn;" voices deny it, declaring "There is no resurrection." "She has not risen." "There is no life in her." "They have stolen her from the tomb while we slept." But although the same mystery of the cross prevails, He who has led her to Tabor and the tomb will just as surely lead her to the new light. God is just to nations. The hour of retribution must come. Erin's crown of reward will be one of joy. God forbid she should ever have ambition to be anything but what God has destined her to be. We ask for her liberty—not the false liberty which mistaken ones of other nations ask where they complain of the law, seeking anarchy and license, but freedom for impartial justice, for the growth of which God has fitted her, for the peace that she has sought—not the grim peace of blood with which nations delude themselves, but the peace of the Lord, like that majestic forgiveness that was granted even to perfidious Jerusalem. We ask prosperity; not the mock prosperity of hard-hearted wealth hovering over festering want, but fire, clothing against nakedness, comfort, instead of the hard, grinding, debasing suffering and persecution of past centuries. The whole sermon was a grand triumphal panegyric. The church was crowded with Irish and American residents and visitors, including many Protestants.

ROME, March 25.—Cardinal James Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, arrived this morning at the iron gates of the portico of the Basilica of Santa Maria, in Trastevere, for the purpose of formally taking possession of it as his titular church. He was arrayed in the splendid robes of a cardinal — wearing a white fur cape, crimson silk mantle, and long train. When he reached the door of the church he knelt upon a cushion placed there upon a strip of carpet. The canons belonging to the church and the students of the American College in Rome, wearing surplices, were waiting for him. Student Stickey, of Cincinnati, was cross-bearer, and the acolytes carrying candles were students Doherty of Baltimore, and Shea of Cincinnati. Bishops Keane, of Richmond, Va., and Watterson, of Columbus, O., were with the canons waiting. Student Reardon of Baltimore bore the crucifix. Cardinal Gibbons, when he approached the church, was accompanied by the Rt. Rev. John Ireland, bishop of St. Paul, Minn., and by master of ceremonies Marucci, and others.

The prothonatory, Mgr. Pericole, read in Latin the papal bull, assigning the church Santa Maria, in Trastevere, to Cardinal Gibbons as his titular church. This document recited at length the nature of the assignment of the government, custody, and annexed privileges of the basilica. After the reading of the bull the canons went forward to the throne, and all but the chief canon knelt and kissed the cardinal's hand, — the cardinal rising to receive the chief canon for the kiss of peace. An address from the canons to the cardinal was then read in Latin by Canon Francesco Arduini. To this Cardinal Gibbons, remaining seated and wearing his beretta, replied in English. Among other things he said: —

"For myself, as a citizen of the United States, and without closing my eyes to our shortcomings as a nation, I say, with a deep sense of pride and gratitude, that I belong to a country where the civil government holds over us the ægis of its protection, without interfering with us in the

legitimate exercise of our sublime mission as ministers of the gospel of Christ.

"Our country has liberty without license, and authority without despotism. She rears no wall to exclude the stranger from coming among us. She has few frowning fortifications to repel the invader, for she is at peace with all the world. She rests secure in the consciousness of her strength and her good will toward all. Her harbors are open to welcome the honest immigrant who comes to advance his temporal interests and find a peaceful home. But, while we are acknowledged to have a free government, perhaps we do not receive the credit that belongs to us for having also a strong government. Our nation is strong, and her strength lies under the overruling guidance of Providence, in the majesty and supremacy of the law, in the loyalty of her citizens, and in the affection of her people for her free institutions. There are, indeed, grave social problems now engaging the earnest attention of the citizens of the United States, but I have no doubt that with God's blessing these problems will be solved by the calm judgment and sound sense of the American people, without violence, or revolution, or any injury to individual right. As an evidence of his good will for the great republic in the West, and as a mark of his appreciation of the venerable hierachy of the United States, and as an expression of his kind consideration for the ancient see of Baltimore, our Holy Father has been graciously pleased to elevate its present incumbent, in my humble person, to the dignity of the purple. For this mark of his exalted favor I beg to tender the Holy Father my profound thanks in my own name and in the name of the clergy and faithful. I venture to thank him also in the name of my venerable colleagues, the bishops, as well as the clergy and Catholic laity of the United States. I presume also to thank him in the name of our separated brethren in America, who, though not sharing our faith, have shown that they are not insensible — indeed, that they are deeply sensible — of the honor conferred upon our common country, and have again and again expressed their warm admiration for the enlightened statesmanship and apostolic virtues and benevolent character of the illustrious Pontiff who now sits in the chair of St. Peter."

The choir then rendered the *Te Deum*, after which the cardinal went forward to the altar and a papal indulgence of one hundred days was read in Latin. The cardinal then blessed the people assembled. The church was occupied largely by Americans and distinguished visitors to Rome during the investiture ceremonies.

Cardinal Gibbons on the Position of the Church Toward the K. of L.

AT Rome, on the 18th of March, Cardinal Gibbons spoke for over an hour on the subject of the Knights of Labor in American. He explained the position of the order in its relation to the church, and spoke of the good work it is capable of accomplishing if properly managed. Among other things, His Eminence said: "At the outset I felt sure there was a wide-spread belief in our country that the American hierarchy, in the face of all the unhappy difficulties which had arisen or might arise in the future between capital and labor, would always endeavor to range itself, irrespective of the public consequences, upon the side of order, justice, and right. But what constitutes justice and right in a given concrete and sometimes complex case is often a question of serious difficulty. The American bishops and archbishops are unable to see anything of an objectionable nature in the constitution of the Knights of Labor, as the order is at present represented to the world. What effect the future action of the knights, arising from future developments or modifications, might have on the hierarchy, I am unwilling to say, as the case is at present before us. I do not think there should be any opposition between labor and capital. One without the other is practically useless."

BISHOP KEANE recently preached a sermon in Rome, in which he said "that God was just to nations, and the woes of Ireland must have an end. She would come forth rejoicing, after three centuries of entombment."

MEDICINAL VALUE OF ORANGES. — In one form of dyspepsia the food ferments, causing what is called commonly "sour stomach," which is very distressing. The usual remedy is to take an alkali, either magnesia, bicarbonate of soda, or bicarbonate of potassa, either of which will neutralize the acidity, but if taken in excess will be injurious. I found, before coming to Florida, that orange juice was a sure remedy, giving as speedy relief as an alkali, with much less danger of injury from an overdose.

Statue to the Apostle of Temperance.

NEW YORK CITY, March, 1887.

DEAR MR. DONAHOE,— Knowing of your great generosity and large heart I will avail myself of it by asking you to give me space in the pages of your valuable MAGAZINE to insert an appeal to my fellow-countrymen and co-workers in the cause of temperance.

As rewards of well-spent lives, deeds of heroism, and benefactions to their fellow-men are remembered by some recognition of their worth while in this life or by a statue or memorial to their memory after they have passed away, hence the cause of my asking you to contribute a little for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to one that deserves recognition at our hands,

Rev. Theobald Mathew.

There is no name in the history of our time more deserving of being honored than he; as a sterling Catholic and priest in whom the priesthood may well feel proud to honor; as a friend to his fellow-countrymen there can be no question. In preaching the gospel of total abstinence what benefits did he not bestow upon his fellow-men? Travel all over this continent of America and I dare say in every State, town and city, no matter how small, you will find our most prosperous men in business pursuits and otherwise are total abstainers, and if they have not the pledge directly they have it indirectly. This, then, I say is not due to themselves alone but to that illustrious Irishman who has gone to his heavenly home, and there received the rewards of a well-spent life. To you, then, do I appeal to help on this great work which has already begun in our city for the erection of a fitting memorial to him to be placed side by side with other great men in the Central Park — that will show to the eyes of the world that we as a class are not ungrateful to our great apostle and the humble priest of God. It will serve as a beacon-light to the weary traveller as he wends his way and can partake of that clear sparkling fountain supplied by the dews of heaven in whose substance there lurks no evil.

And the reason why I ask you, total abstinence men, is because you have known the blessings of temperance and the misfortunes of intemperance. Just, then, think for a moment on the millions all over this broad and fair land of ours who have either gone to premature deaths or sunk in dishonored graves, and the thousands who are eking out a miserable existence in the slavery of drink. Contrast the miserable homes and the reeking dens of infamy and disgrace, my dear readers, with yours who enjoy the blessings of this life, happy in the possession of good health and surrounded by pleasure. Will you not add your mite to help on this laudable work of erecting a suitable statue to him who sacrificed health, besides his worldly possessions, in order that his fellow-men might hereafter benefit by his noble work which is evident to each and every one of us by the many thousand total abstainers who belong to our holy religion in this country,— forty-five thousand of them belonging to the National Union of America, besides many thousands of others who are not affiliated with any temperance organization; still, they enjoy the blessings of sobriety.

There is an organization for the purpose of raising funds; with that object in view, though a good deal crippled at the beginning, we have now a neat little sum in the hands of our worthy Treasurer, Eugene Kelly, 45 Exchange Place, and I am very glad to say that our efforts though feeble, have been crowned with success; still there remains a good deal to be done yet in order to get the required amount. It is the intention of the society to have it unveiled the 10th of October, 1890, the centennial anniversary of the birth of the deceased, so that little time only remains for us wherein to do the work. Then hurry up with your donations, as time passes on. If not, you will miss that great opportunity offered of contributing to the national fund. Donations will be received by

EUGENE KELLY, 45 Exchange Place, New York.

PATRICK DONAHOE, 21 Boylston Street, Boston.

M. J. MCCOY, 370 West 11th Street, New York City.

M. J. KERWIN, of the *New York Tablet.*

D. O. LOUGHLIN, 73 Park Row, New York City.

J. R. FEENY, 142 Wooster Street, New York City.

For the committee,

JOSEPH CROZIER.

THE Dominican Nuns, directing the well-known academy, St. Mary's of the Springs, Columbus, Ohio, write about "Christian Symbols:" "As Catholic educators, we shall lose no opportunity of placing in the hands of our pupils a work in which subjects so dear to Catholic hearts are treated in such a reverend and sympathetic spirit; neither shall we fail to recommend it to other Catholic educators and directors of libraries, since, in our opinion, no school or library can afford to miss it from its collection of books."

The Pope as Arbiter.

THE *Journal des Debats* has a despatch from Vienna, saying, that Baron von Schloezer, the Prussian Minister to the Vatican, has suggested that the Pope convene a European congress to settle the Eastern and Egyptian questions. In such event, the despatch says, Prince Bismarck, being satisfied with the success of the army bill, would propose that the congress declare in favor of a general disarmament.

AT the secret consistory Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau were assigned to their titular churches, Santa Maria in Trastavere, and Santa Maria Della Vittoro respectively. They were also appointed members of the congregation of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs.

T. P. O'CONNOR, in a late despatch, says: "There can be no doubt as to the genuine progress of Home-Rule sentiment among the English people. Prominent Irish members of parliament are more sought as speakers throughout England than any English statesmen except Mr. Gladstone himself or Mr. John Morley. When an Irish member appears before an English political gathering he is invariably received with warm demonstrations of enthusiasm and a strain or two of the sturdy old English song, "For he's a jolly good fellow," and other signs of favor.

THE Queen's Jubilee celebration has been postponed to Tuesday, June 21.

AMONGST the twenty-one Lenten preachers in Rome is the Rev. Father Gambetta, O. P., a near relative of the late M. Leon Gambetta, the notorious anti-Catholic statesman.

CLOSE on fifty members of the House of Commons have signed a declaration in favor of restricting the publication of the repulsive details of the Divorce Court.

THE GERMANS purpose celebrating the Golden Jubilee of his Holiness, by erecting a house for emigrants in New York and naming it in his honor, the Leo Home. Vicar-General Muhlseipen and Rev. Goller of Sts. Peter and Paul have important parts in the movement.

Dublin's Protest.

THE corporation of the city of Dublin — that is, the mayor, aldermen, and councilmen — at a recent meeting passed the following resolution, with but one dissenting voice, Councilman Sir George Owens being the dissentient: —

Resolved, That in view of the speech on Irish affairs, delivered on Saturday evening in London, by the prime minister of England, we, the municipal representatives of the capital of Ireland, feel bound to make a solemn and most emphatic protest against the threatened withdrawal of the right of trial by jury from the people of Ireland. That we believe the effect of this, and the other measures of coercion indicated in the recent speeches of members of the present government, will be to produce in this country great injustice, much suffering, and grave danger to the public peace. That we hereby appeal to all liberty-loving people in Great Britain and to the enlightened opinion of the free peoples of the civilized world against this threatened outrage upon public right and constitutional freedom, and that we instruct our town clerk to have copies of this resolution sealed with the city seal and transmitted to the parliamentary and municipal assemblies and other public bodies of Europe, America, and Australia.

We hope this appeal of the municipal representatives of the Irish capital will meet with a quick and sympathetic response from the public bodies to which it is addressed.

The Citizen, Chicago. — DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for April keeps up its old standard of readableness. It is one of the most interesting of Irish-American monthlies published. This month's issue contains very many interesting articles on a variety of subjects.

THE crowds of Dublin now sing nightly, "We'll hang Judge Boyd on a sour orange tree."

THE legislature of Illinois has passed resolutions extending sympathy to Parnell and the Irish people.

MGR. GALIMBERTI, the special delegate sent by the Vatican to convey its congratulations to the Emperor William on the attainment of his ninetieth year, telegraphed from Berlin to Rome that he has been very favorably received, that he had an audience with Prince Bismarck, and requested an audience with the Emperor in order to personally present to him the autograph letter of congratulation sent by the Pope.

RT. REV. BISHOP HARKINS was consecracted in the new cathedral of Providence, R. I., on the 14th of April. Most Rev. John J. Williams, archbishop of Boston, officiated as consecrator, assisted by the Rt. Rev. B. P. O'Reilly, bishop of Springfield, and the Rt. Rev. Lawrence F. McMahon, bishop of Hartford. Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., delivered the consecration sermon, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Bradley, of Manchester, N. H., preached at Vespers.

Cardinal Taschereau.

THE cardinal expresses himself as perfectly delighted with the cordial reception he was accorded at the Vatican. He says he was especially touched by the delicacy of the Pope's attentions in conferring upon him a court of honor by nominating Abbés Hamel and Legare to the rank of apostolic prothonotaries, Abbés Methet and Bolduc to the rank of domestic prelates, and Abbés Marois and Telu to the rank of secret chamberlains. The cardinal's brother, Judge John Thomas Taschereau, also received a decoration,— that of Commander of the Order of St. Gregory.

The Cardinals' Hats.

THE red hat which Cardinals Gibbons and Taschereau received is the symbol of the dignity of the cardinalate. It is red because it is typical of the blood of martyrs. "I send it to you as a piece of the vestment of the Redeemer, wet with His precious blood," wrote Clement VIII. to Cardinal du Perron, sending him the berreta. Cardinals have four hats. The pontifical or cardinalate hat, which they receive from the Pope in the public consistory. It is of red cloth. It is put at their feet when they lie, after death, in state, and afterwards suspended from the roof of their cathedrals. The parasol hat, of silk, with a large brim, worn in the procession of Corpus Christi. The ordinary red hat, embroidered with gold, and the city hat three-cornered and black, ornamented with gold. The formula of the creation of a cardinal is very solemn. The Pope says, giving the hat, that it is a sign the cardinal will be willing to shed his blood and be brave unto death for the peace of the Christian world, for the growth of the Church, and for the exaltation of the faith.

FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.—At a recent meeting in New York, Eugene Kelly referred to the address of President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League, appealing for aid for Ireland, and declaring that the Parliamentary Fund would not in any way antagonize the work of the National League, but would rather give it the very best aid. The fund, he said, was organized to reach a part of the American people and Irish-Americans who had not previously been appealed to for succor for Ireland's cause. Secretary R. M. Walters reported that the funds still on hand in the association treasury were $50,000, and it was resolved to hold the money till a crisis arises, when extraordinary aid is again needed to help the people of the green isle in their struggle for constitutional self-government.

THE Dakota Indians are lost children of the Blessed Virgin. They have a tradition that a most beautiful woman, the Mother of the Son of the Great Spirit, appeared to their fathers on the Missouri River more than one hundred winters ago, robed in blue, who spoke to them of peace, and gave them loving counsel. In memory of this apparition they have adopted blue as the color of their tribe, and every Dakota manages to have some piece of blue cloth mixed in his raiment. Of course this tradition has come down from the early Christian missionaries, and the beautiful woman is doubtless the Blessed Virgin.

Anti-Coercion Meetings.

LARGE and enthusiastic meetings have been held in various parts of the country to protest against the coercion bill now before Parliament,— notably those in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and in all the large cities and towns.

The Boston meeting was a great demonstration. The Governor of the State presided, and addresses were made by Gov. Ames, Lieut.-Gov. Brackett, Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, U. S. Senator, Mayor O'Brien, Rev. C. A. Bartol (Protestant), John Boyle O'Reilly, Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner (Protestant), Hon. John E. Fitzgerald, Rev. Fr. A. Teeling, Rev. Fr. Conaty, Ex-Mayor Donovan, Mr. Eliot Lord, and Rev. Fr. McKenna. Eleven hundred dollars was handed in, principally from the various divisions of the A. O. Hibernians. The meeting was one of the largest and most respectable ever held in the "Old Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall.

IN PRISON.— There are three priests in prison suffering for the cause of Ireland: Rev. Fr. Keller of Youghal, county Cork, Rev. Fr. Ryan, and Rev. Fr. Slattery.

AUSTRIA apologizes for her action in the Keiley affair, and sends Baron Tavera as minister to the United States.

Parnell's Message to President Fitzgerald — The Latter's Reply.

LINCOLN, NEB., March 29.—A cablegram from Mr. Parnell, received to-day by President Fitzgerald of the Irish National League, and Mr. Fitzgerald's reply, are given below: —

HOUSE OF COMMONS,
LONDON, March 28, 1887.

TO HON. JOHN FITZGERALD,
LINCOLN, NEB.

The coercion bill proposed to-night in the House of Commons is the eighty-seventh since the act of union eighty-seven years ago. It is also the most stringent, tyrannical, and uncalled for by the state of affairs in Ireland. Never before has a coercion bill been proposed when crime was so rapidly decreasing as compared with previous years.

The measure is aimed against all open agitation, and appears to be especially designed for driving discontent beneath the surface. It places all public speakers, writers, and conductors of newspapers absolutely at the mercy of stipendiary magistrates, holding their office at pleasure of the crown. It condemns the Irish-speaking peasant of rackrented Kerry to the tender mercies of a jury of Orangemen or landlords, or to a jury of Englishmen at the Old Bailey in London.

The Liberal Party, headed by Gladstone, stands as one man against this iniquitous measure, and will fight shoulder to shoulder with us in opposing it to the last.

It seems impossible to believe that even the present House of Commons will continue to follow the Tory government in their mad course, and good judges consider the measure will break and ruin the cabinet. We must, however, prepare for the worst; and I confidently appeal to the American people for that sympathy and support which they have never withheld from a people struggling for liberty. PARNELL.

TO HON. CHARLES S. PARNELL, M.P.,
HOUSE OF COMMONS, LONDON:

Cable received. League will redouble its efforts. Ireland sure of American sympathy and support in coming crisis. Nebraska Legislature to-day, by unanimous vote, passed resolutions of sympathy with Ireland and condemning Tory policy of coercion. This and similar manifestations throughout this free country give the lie to the slanders of the English press that true Americans do not sympathize with Ireland. This great liberty-loving people of the United States are entirely in sympathy with Ireland's struggle for Home Rule.

JOHN FITZGERALD, *President.*

A COMPLIMENTARY banquet was tendered to Theodore Metcalf, the eminent apothecary, at the Revere House in Boston on the evening of March 29, on the completion of fifty years in business. Gentlemen of the cloth, poets, statesmen, physicians, druggists, business men, all assembled to pay fitting tribute to a man who has completed such a career as stands almost without a rival in the history of Boston's tradesmen. Mr. Metcalf is now seventy-five years of age, yet he is as active as he was twenty years ago, a condition due in no small measure to a good constitution, a clear conscience, and correct habits. Rev. Father Metcalf was present. His speech was most graceful. He is a nephew of the well-known druggist, and in speaking of him his tribute was from the heart, as he made known that his own preference was due to the kind influence and aid of his uncle. Among the guests were Rev. Father Bodfish, rector of the Cathedral, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and other notable personages.

Criminal Law Amendment Bill.

THE new act proposes to establish a special Star Chamber tribunal, by investing magistrates with power to summon persons before them, and compel them to answer such interrogatories as the magistrates may see fit to propound. This, too, although no offence may be charged against any one. It abolishes trial by jury in cases of misdemeanor, including criminal conspiracy, boycotting, assaults on officers of the law, civil or criminal, or the act of re-entering the cabin from which he has been evicted by a tenant, and gives the magistrates summary jurisdiction in such cases to impose six months' imprisonment. It also gives the magistrates summary power to deal with newspapers and speakers who incite to the commission of any of the offences specified, and over which the magisterial jurisdiction

extends. It enables the English and Irish attorney-generals, whenever they see fit, to change the place of trial in almost all cases of felony from Ireland to England. The lord lieutenant is specifically authorized to suppress by proclamation the Irish National League, or any other society which he disapproves, subject to the revision within seven days by Parliament. The duration of these provisions of Tory civilization is not to be limited in point of time, and Mr. Balfour boldly declares that they are all necessary "in the cause of liberty to break the yoke under which Ireland is groaning."

Mr. Parnell considers the Irish criminal law amendment bill one of the strongest coercive measures ever proposed in Parliament. The bill, he says, even creates new offences. He thinks that Mr. Balfour's references to the press mean that the government will suppress prominent Nationalist newspapers as soon as the bill has been passed.

Mr. Gladstone says: Among the most insulting and exasperating proposals — the worst ever submitted to Parliament — was the provision that Irish trials be held in London. He had never known such a blow at the national feeling of Ireland. The government could have devised nothing more likely to aggravate every existing evil. As to the permanent duration of the bill, the proposals make one's blood boil. To establish what was formerly only a temporary remedy as a permanent rule of existence for society in Ireland, would put a label of inferiority upon Ireland forever, recognizing as a fixed principle that force was a remedy. The lesson of many years showed that force was no remedy.

THE report of Cardinal Gibbons on the Knights of Labor has undergone some alterations. We shall publish the report as soon as a correct copy is received.

THE one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston was a creditable event to all who participated in it. Very few of the participants in the centennial anniversary were to be seen. There are but few of them living; Patrick Donahoe, who celebrated his seventy-third year on the 17th, participated in the centennial and in the late anniversary. The oldest member of the society, Mr. Patrick Denvir, was unable to be present. Mr. Donahoe was the oldest ex-president who joined in the exercises. John C. Park, Esq., is the oldest ex-president, but he was too feeble to be present.

Orangeman Convicted.

BELFAST, March 25, 1887.—The Walkers, father and son, Orangemen, were today tried the third time for the murder of a soldier named Hughes and a constable named Gardiner in the riots of last July. In the two previous trials the juries disagreed. To-day the father was convicted of man-slaughter, and was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

A GLADSTONIAN TRIUMPH.—Dr. Sir Walter Foster, a Gladstone Liberal, has been elected to the House of Commons for the Ilkeston division of Derbyshire.

C. I. SOCIETY.—Officers: President, Dr. John B. Moran; vice-president, John A. Daly; treasurer, Patrick F. Sullivan; secretary, Jeremiah W. Fogarty; assistant secretary, Robert E. O'Brien; keeper of the silver key and chairman board of directors, William B. Daly; directors, Michael T. Donahue, John T. Scully, Dennis J. Gorman, James E. Cotter.

THE St. Patrick's Day parade in Boston was a very creditable turn out. The procession formed on Broadway, South Boston, and the largest crowd of sight-seers was in that locality. Thousands of men, women, and children, adorned with Ireland's national color, crowded the streets and sidewalks, and cheered each organization as it passed to join the ranks. At about 11.30 Chief Marshal, Capt. John Reade, gave the signal to start, and the line moved down Broadway. There were seven divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, comprising in all about one thousand men, in line. Although the procession was not a large one, the men in line presented a fine appearance, and were generously cheered by the immense throngs that watched them.

THERE are, according to Werner's "Atlas of the Missions," the most authentic work on the subject extant, 9,234,026 Catholics in Asia, which is fifty times as many as all the Protestant churches have together. There are 2,655,920 in Africa, which is a hundred times as many as all shades of Protestants can claim.

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

FATHER THOMAS CUSACK, the pioneer priest of Illinois and Missouri, died on the 7th of March at the Mullanphy Hospital, St. Louis, of a carbuncle on the neck. Father Cusack was born in county Cavan, Ireland, in 1801. He was educated for the priesthood in Ireland, and was ordained a priest by Archbishop Kenrick at St. Mary's Seminary—the Barns—on August 25, 1842.

THE Rev. John Nulty, rector of St. Canice's Church, Nevada City, departed this life fortified by all the consolations of the Church and comforted by the presence of Bishop Manogue and several of his brother priests. Father Nulty was born in the picturesque town of Navan, at the junction of the rivers Boyne and Blackwater, in the county Meath, Ireland, about the year 1840.

THE Rev. Michael J. Collins, O. S. A. died at Lansingburg, N. Y., on March 7th. Born in Ireland, he came to this country in early life and was brought up in Baltimore, where he was educated for the priesthood. In St. Mary's Seminary, in that city, he was a fellow-student of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, but in a senior class, being considerably older, and a close friendship has ever since existed between them. Father Collins was ordained by Right Rev. Bishop Neumann, of Philadelphia, in 1860. He was sent at once to Lansingburg, where he remained until his death.

FATHER ELISHA J. DURBIN, one of the oldest and best known priests in the West, died at Shelbyville, Ky., on March 22d, in his eighty-eighth year.

MAYNOOTH COLLEGE has lost another of the old guard. By the death of Dr. Hackett the number of its professors, whose work is measured by a generation, has been further reduced. The deceased was Professor of Mental Philosophy for close on a quarter of a century. He was appointed in 1862. He had already worked for nine years as a dean, so that his connection with the government of the College extended altogether to thirty-four years. Thousands of Irish priests passed through St. Patrick's during that period, and wide as have been their labors Dr. Hackett's work extended. A fruitful life like his deserves the peaceful ending that it met, and the reward that, we are sure it has found.

SISTERS.

MOTHER EUPHEMIA, Superior of the Sisters of Charity of the United States, and Superior of Mount St. Joseph's Academy, died at the Mother House, Emmitsburg, Md., on March 18th, of inflammation of the stomach. Mother Euphemia's proper name was Catherine Blenkinsop. She was born in Dublin, Ireland, April 18, 1816, and came to this country when a girl, entering the novitiate at St. Joseph's. Soon after she was received into the Order and given charge of one of the classes of the academy. Afterward she was transferred to St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, in Baltimore, and appointed Mother Superior. She remained there several years, and was then transferred to St. Joseph's Academy and appointed Mother Superior. Under her guidance the institution has become one of the leading Catholic seminaries in the country. She worked with such untiring zeal during the first three years that, by direction of the General of the Order in Paris, she was appointed Mother Superior of the Order in America. She has two brothers living. Both are priests. One belongs to the Jesuit Order, and the other is pastor of SS. Peter and Paul's Church, South Boston. For twenty-five years she had been identified with the Sisters of Charity, and was recognized as one of the best informed of the Catholic instructors of the country.

The funeral took place on the 22d, at St. Joseph's Academy, at which she had been for the last fifty-six years. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Peter Blenkinsop, S. J., brother of the dead Sister. Father McSweeney, of Mount St. Mary's College, delivered the eulogy over the dead Sister. He spoke from the text: "She hath looked to the wants of the poor and the needy," and said that Mother Euphemia was one of the most charitable, amiable, and benevolent souls he had eve

met. Her whole soul seemed to be taken up in the great work of charity, and none ever came to the door in need who was turned away empty-handed, and that her extraordinary administrative and executive abilities, with her many beautiful traits of character, had brought her into prominence everywhere. Her crown will be all the brighter for her self-sacrifice and charity. After the sermon the procession to the grave was formed. The cross-bearer and acolytes led the way, and were followed by over two hundred young ladies of St. Joseph's Academy. Then followed the novices, after them the professed Sisters, then the choir, the seminarians of Mount St. Mary's College, then the clergy and pall-bearers carrying the casket to its last resting-place. Following came the other Sisters, then representatives of other religious communities, and, last of all, the friends of the community and institution. At the grave the last rites were performed and the casket lowered into the ground. The entire community was at the church, and all who could not obtain seats or standing room inside remained outside and joined in the procession to the grave. The graveyard in which all that was mortal of Mother Euphemia was deposited is within the grounds of the academy, about two hundred yards from the chapel. There were two Sisters from each house in Baltimore, and one from Philadelphia, Boston, and Washington. Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., Rev. William Blenkinsop, and a large number of clergymen from all parts of the country were present at the solemn exercise.

MOTHER MARY OF ST. ANGELA, in the world Miss Eliza Gillespie, died very suddenly, on March 4, at St. Mary's Convent, Notre Dame, Ind., the Mother-House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States. Mother Angela was connected with the Ewing and Sherman families of Ohio and the Gillespies and Blaines of Pennsylvania. She and James G. Blaine were first cousins, and were born in the same house in West Brownsville. Her father died when she was twelve years old, and she made her home with the elder Thomas Ewing, who was President Harrison's Secretary of State. She and Secretary Ewing's daughter, now Mrs. Gen. W. T. Sherman, were educated at the Visitation Convent, at Georgetown. She mingled much in Washington society, and was noted for her beauty and accomplishments. Over forty years ago she entered the Sisterhood of the Holy Cross, and ever since has been closely and directly identified with the foundation and progress of St. Mary's Academy and the development and extension of her Order throughout the United States. She was early appointed Superior of the Sisterhood in this country, and held that office until recent years, when her failing health warned her that her burdens must be lightened. The numerous schools and academies of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Minnesota to Louisiana —owe their establishment and progress chiefly to her great, active and penetrating mind. Her services, too, during the late Civil War, ministering to the care of wounded, dying soldiers, with the devoted band of religious in her charge, added greatly to the merits of an active, self-sacrificing career; and the many hospitals and asylums which, through her instrumentality, were entrusted to the direction of the religious of the Holy Cross, will remain the noble monuments of a life of devotion to the glory of God and the good of her fellow-beings. The Sisters of the Holy Cross have now in this country thirty-seven houses—most of which Mother Angela founded —and a membership of four hundred and fifty. She was a writer of no ordinary ability, and contributed greatly to the Catholic literature of America in the preparation of a well-known series of Catholic school books, and notably in her association, for a time, with the conduct of that excellent and world-renowned magazine, the *Ave Maria*. Her funeral took place at St. Mary's, Notre Dame, on March 6. After Solemn Requiem Mass, a panegyric was delivered by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland. The obsequies were attended by as many members of the community as could be assembled and by numerous friends from various parts of the country. Among those present were Emmons and Walker Blaine and Alexander Sullivan of Chicago. The interment was at St. Mary's. May she rest in peace!

LAY PEOPLE.

JOHN WALTERS, a survivor of the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and the oldest resident of Detroit, Mich., died recently while being carried in an ambulance from the home of his son, George W. Walters, No. 208 Woodbridge Street to St. Mary's Hospital. He was 108 years old. About a year ago he fell while dressing for

church and fractured his right thigh, which injury was the ultimate cause of his death. Mr. Walters was born in the county Monaghan, Ireland. He took an active part in national affairs immediately preceding the Irish insurrection in the closing years of the century, and when the Rebellion was crushed he was obliged to flee the country, a reward of £50 having been offered for his head. With three companions, he put to sea from Dundalk Bay in an open boat, and after drifting about for four days, was picked up by a French vessel bound for America. The four patriots landed in Boston December, 1798. Mr. Walters subsequently settled in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and engaged in farming. He was one of the contractors for the construction of the Pennsylvania Canal from Easton to Bristol, and accumulated a large property, most of which he lost in his old age. His wife died in 1858. Since 1873 he lived in Detroit with his son. His faculties were wonderfully well preserved, and he was able to read ordinary newspaper print without glasses. He was an inveterate smoker all his life, and used liquor in moderate quantities.

MRS. MARY MANNING died at her daughter's residence, on Valley Street, Wakefield, Mass., aged 105 years. She was born in Dublin in 1782, and came to this country about thirty years ago, and has lived in that town for the past twenty years. She retained her eyesight and hearing to a remarkable degree, but had been childish for a few years past.

MR. DANIEL SULLIVAN, of Bantry, country Cork, father of Right Hon. Timothy Daniel Sullivan, Lord Mayor of Dublin, and of his brother, the lamented A. M. Sullivan, and Donal Sullivan, M. P., died recently at his old home.

MRS. MARIANNE ANDREWS, daughter of the late liberator, O'Connell, died recently at St. John's, N. B.

RICHARD IRELAND, father of Bishop Ireland, died in St. Paul, Saturday, aged 83.

DIED, in Amesbury, Mass., March 16, Mrs. Catherine O'Neil, mother of Rev. James O'Neil of South Boston, at the age of fifty-nine years. She was one of the oldest Irish Catholics of Amesbury at a time when to be either Irish or Catholic meant many sacrifices. Her hospitality, her charity, and love for those around her made her well beloved by all who knew her, while her zeal for God's glory and faithful practice of Christian virtues brought her near to God. Her death, surrounded by her children and administered to by her reverend son, was like the death of the just, precious in the sight of God. May she rest in peace!

DIED at his residence, 27 Seneca Street, Boston, March 14, surrounded by his family, and fortified by the rites of the Church, John Dowling, Esq., a native of Madlein Street, city of Kilkenny, and brother of the late Rev. Wm. Dowling, of Abbeyleix, county Kilkenny, Ireland. Mr. Dowling was a resident of Boston for sixty years.

DIED on Tuesday, March 15, Eddie J. Mally, a promising and highly respected young man, son of Mr. Patrick Mally. He departed this life at the residence of his father on Dorchester Avenue, Dorchester Lower Mills. His age at the time of his death was 18 years 11 months 15 days. He was a loving, obedient, and affectionate son and brother. He leaves behind to mourn for him, father, mother, two sisters, and a brother.

ON the anniversary of his coronation, his Holiness received the members of the Sacred College who came to offer their congratulations, and in his reply the Holy Father remarked that without Rome, and without the temporal power, the Vatican would never be free and independent.

A TELEGRAM from Paris announces the death of M. Paul Féval, the eminent Catholic writer.

REV. HILARY PFRAENGLE, the new Abbot of St. Mary's Abbey, Newark, N. J., was installed in St. Mary's Church on a recent Sunday. Eighty priests were outside the sanctuary. Bishop Wigger acted as celebrant.

ON the anniversary of his coronation Leo XIII. caused 10,000 lire to be distributed amongst the poor of Rome.

IT is pointed out as a remarkable fact that ten houses occupied by twenty-five hundred orphans under the care of Don Bosco suffered no damage by the recent earthquakes, though houses were wrecked around them in all directions.

A GERMAN engineer named Henkels has invented a ventilating window-pane which admits fresh air while preventing a draught. Each square meter of glass contains five thousand holes, which are of conical shape, widening towards the side. The new device has already been adopted by many of the German hospitals.

CHARACTER.— What makes the man is his character, not his appearance, nor anything external. The poet Burns, who was walking in Edinburgh with a fashionable young man, met and spoke to a worthy but plainly-dressed farmer. When his companion blamed him, the poet replied: "Why, it was not the rough coat that I spoke to, but the man that was in it; and the man, sir, for true worth, would weigh down you and me, and ten more such, any day." It is the character that makes the man, and the character is always being shaped by the daily thoughts and actions. Every one of our young readers is building up, day by day, the character that will make or mar his manhood.

ILLEGITIMACY IN SCOTLAND.— The people of Banffshire in Scotland have acquired quite a reputation for illegitimacy in the matter of births. The average percentage of the total births in the county for the past twenty-nine years has been 16.2 illegitimate, while that of all Scotland has been about 8. In other words, to quote a correspondent of the *Scotsman:* "The total number of illegitimate births during the period is 8,964; that is, within less than a generation have been born in the county as many illegitimates as the whole population of the towns of Banff and Keith, some allowance, moreover, being made for deaths. At the present time," adds the correspondent, "there is being born in Banffshire, even with its small population, an average of almost one illegitimate child every day.

— MRS. MARY BURKE, mother of Father R. S. Burke of Hyde Park, died at her home, 86 and 88 Cove Street, Boston, on the 30th of March.

BISHOP O'FARRELL presided over a mass meeting of citizens of Trenton, N. J., whose object was to close liquor saloons on Sunday. The saloons of both Paterson and Trenton have closed.

CHESTNUT!—Emperor William planted a chestnut tree in the Palace garden on his birthday.

FATHER ANDERLEDY, the successor of Father Beckx as the Superior General of the Jesuits, is noted for his skill as a linguist. He speaks and writes all the important languages with facility.

REV. FATHER LEBRET, O. M. I., has been appointed postmaster at Fort Alexander, Manitoba, vice Mr. Flett, resigned.

A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.— At a meeting of the parish committee of St. Joseph's Church on Chambers Street, Boston, it was decided that a petition be sent to the legislature, asking for such legislation as will compel the liquor dealers to close their places of business Christmas Day. On election day the saloons are closed, with the happiest results. The same course would ensure similar quiet and decorum.

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites has determined that members of the Third Order of St. Francis, when clothed in their own habit, and in a body following a cross, have precedence of the members of all other lay sodalities.

VERY REV. GEO. L. WILLIARD, V. G., of Dakota, has been appointed to succeed Commissioner Pearson on the Umatilla Commission, for the division of the reservation in severalty.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp naming this MAGAZINE, W. A. NOYES, *149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

THE ROYAL BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN AND RIFLE COMBINED.

The Greatest Invention of the Age in Fire-Arms.

WILL SHOOT 5 TIMES WITH ONE LOADING.

USES CENTRAL FIRE CARTRIDGES.

Length of Barrel, 26 in. As a Shot Gun No. 12 Bore. As a Rifle 38 Calibre.

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The Handsomest and most Complete Sporting Gun ever Offered at any Price.

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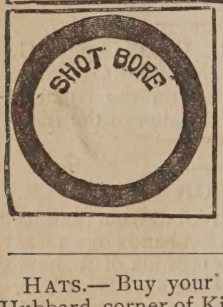
BY a simple and ingenious invention it is so constructed that it can be loaded with ball and shot cartridges at **the same time.** In placing this new Shot Gun and Rifle combined on the market, at a price far below that of other first-class Fire-Arms, we give the **RETAIL PURCHASER** the benefit of every possible reduction. The price we offer the Patent 5-Shot Breech-Loading Rifle and Shot Gun at, barely covers the cost of manufacture, but it will insure a sale in every town in the United States, the result of which would take years of advertising to accomplish. This offer of the **ROYAL PATENT 5-SHOT BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN** and **RIFLE** at our present low prices, holds good only for **a Limited Time,** and is for the purpose of introduction solely, in fact, if all our contracts for material and work had not been placed months ago, before the great rise in metals and labor, we could not make these **FIRE-ARMS** at the present cost. **OUR PATENT SHOT GUN** and **RIFLE** is **WARRANTED** and **GUARANTEED** to be thoroughly made and of as fine material as any Fire-Arm in the world! Every part is made by special and expensive machinery, in large lots. Fire-Arms, like Sewing Machines and Pianos, have always paid an Enormous Profit to Gun Dealers, the actual cost being but a small part of the selling price. Only for the purpose of introduction will we sell a limited number of the **ROYAL** at the present price. We know this to be in the end the most effective and cheapest way to introduce a meritorious article. **FIRES FIVE TIMES** with one Loading, and is very **ACCURATE** and **EFFECTIVE** at both **Short and Long Distances.** It can be Loaded with either ball or shot cartridges in less than a half minute, and every shot discharged in six seconds if necessary. The barrel is manufactured from the **best material** and tested in the most careful manner, all the trimmings are Nickel Plated, handsomely designed, **Elegant English Walnut Stock, with Pistol Grip and Removable Peep Sight** and the **best of Steel Locks.** This marvellous invention as a **Breech-Loading Shot Gun,** has been pronounced equal to the best imported English Guns that are selling at $100 each, and as a **RIFLE** it is warranted perfect. It is only by manufacturing these Patent Combination **SHOT GUNS** and **RIFLES** in very large quantities that we are enabled to supply such an **Excellent** and perfect Fire-Arm for such an extraordinary low price! All other Breech-Loading and Repeating Rifles without the **Shot Gun,** retail from $15.00 to $50.00. We will send the **PATENT 5-SHOT BREECH-LOADING SHOT GUN** and **RIFLE COMBINED,** with Cleaning Tools, for **$8.00,** carefully boxed, **provided you cut this advertisement out** and return it to us with your order on or before December 31, 1886. Only one gun will be sent with each advertisement; after December 31, 1886, the price will be $16.00. If desired, we will send C. O. D. on receipt of $3.00 to insure us against loss of Express charges. When full amount of cash is sent with order, we will send cartridges free. Each Gun is warranted to be just as represented or no sale. **In Ordering, State Bore** you wish Shot barrel, when not given, we send medium size. If you have friends living in New York you can have them call on us and examine or purchase the gun for you. Send money by Registered Letter or Post Office Money Order.



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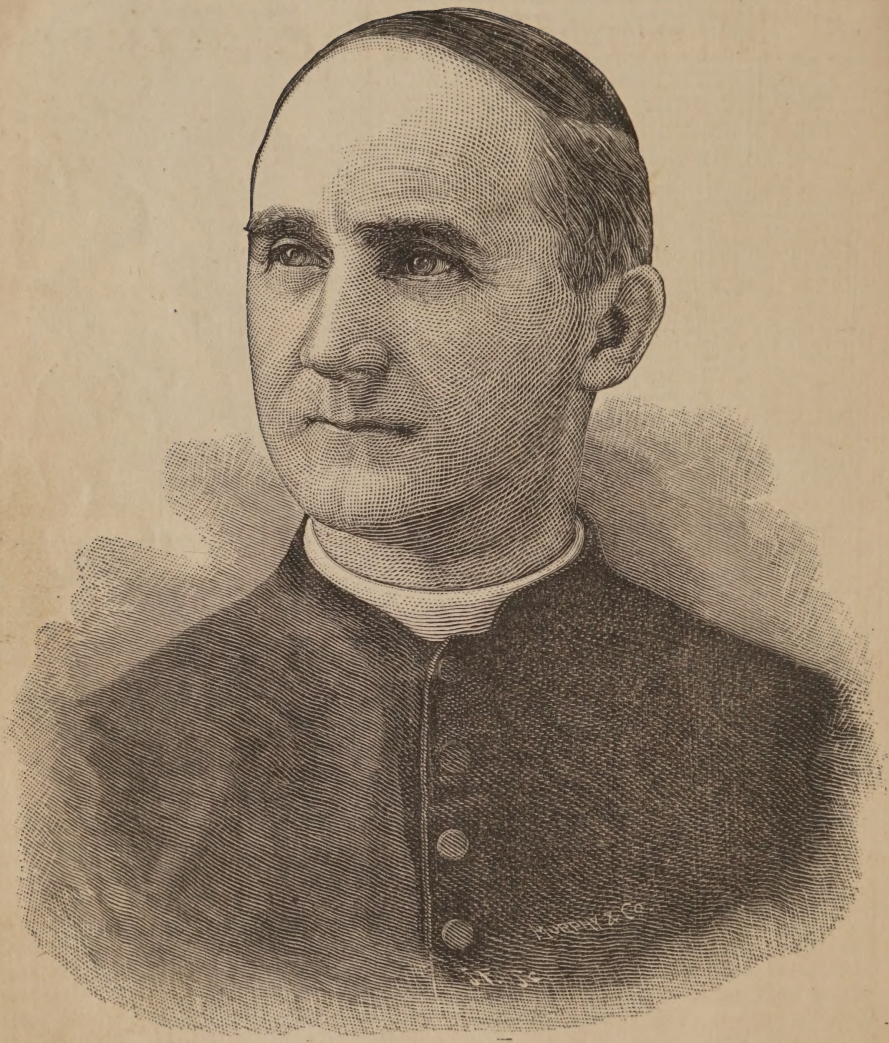
ROYAL IMPORTING COMPANY,
247 Pearl Street, New York.

HATS.—Buy your hats of Lamson & Hubbard, corner of Kingston and Bedford Streets. A good hat and fit is guaranteed.

BROKEN PARLOR SUITS.—The firm of Gerrish & O'Brien, 175 Blackstone Street, near the Boston & Maine Railroad, are now offering big inducements to purchasers in broken parlor suits. These latter are sold at remarkably low prices, in fact one half the usual price, because they are short some one chair and some two pieces. The firm removes in a short time to large and commodious quarters at the corner of Washington and Hanover Streets, when a dissolution of partnership will take place. A large line of chamber furniture, stoves, etc., at "removal" prices.

THE firm of N. W. Turner, Bromfield Street, Boston, is just now very busy retouching altar and sanctuary brass and metal work. Now is the time to send in orders so as to have work finished by the Easter holidays.

THE man who forces his food, he who eats without inclination, and he who strives by tonics, bitters, wine or other alcoholic liquors to "get up" an appetite, is a sinner against body and soul—a virtual suicide.—W. W. HALL, M. D.



RT. REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, Bishop of Providence. (See page 545.)

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Irish Schools

IN SPAIN, FRANCE, AND PORTUGAL, IN THE SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURIES.

I.

WHEN one reads Muratori,* referred to by Lanigan in his "Ecclesiastical History," on St. Gall, and the story of the wisdom-sellers before Charlemange, he feels the force of the words of Thomas Davis in the *Dublin Nation* forty-six years ago: "This country (Ireland) is no sand bank thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings."

Perusing the story of the monk St. Gall, we find other learned men in various parts of Europe who were from Ireland. As they have been gathered into the august company of the Rev. Alban Butler, we leave them and devote our paper to schools — Irish schools — in Spain, France, and Portugal.

That learning and learned men always held a high place and rank in the esteem of the people of Erin, one need only consult the Venerable Bede, who is called the pride of the English Church. He said: "The English, great and small, were by their Irish masters instructed in regular discipline;" others might be quoted, such as Malmesbury in his life of SS. Dustan, Hoveden, and Huntingdon. Sir John Davies, the attorney-general of James I., wrote: "The bodies and minds of the

* Analia d'Italia, ano 781.

natives of Ireland were furnished with extraordinary endowments of nature."

In the life of Sulgenus we find that the schools of Ireland, from the sixth to the ninth century, were celebrated all over Europe. The students speaking the mother tongue, the language of the Gael, Cymri, Pict, Saxon and Frank, Greek and Latin. The writings of the fathers, Aristotle and Mathematics were taught. These seekers for learning, as in the same book, were designated: —

"Exemplo patrum commotus amore legendi,
Ivit ad Hibernis sophia mirabile claros." *

It is purely a matter of conjecture when Irish scholars first appeared in a representative or sacerdotal capacity on the continent of Europe. We know of the labors of St. Gall in Switzerland in the seventh century, and that one of the first missionaries from Ireland to Ratisbon was Muricherodachus. Marianus, the founder of a convent there, was his contemporary, but succeeded the former.

In 1286 Father Trallo, a learned professor in the Convent of the Holy Cross, Limerick, liberated in person from the Moorish prisons twelve thousand Christians.

Before the introduction of the "Thirty-Nine Articles" in Ireland, young men and women from that country were educated on the continent, especially in Spain, which was the leading nation in Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. But there were no distinctively Irish schools until a much later period.

We find, early in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, her deputy in Ireland, Sir Richard Sydney, presenting gifts to the Misses Lynch, of Galway, in the name of the queen, on their return from school in Spain.

During the residence of Philip II. of Spain in England, as the consort of Queen Mary, he learned of the persecutions of the Catholics under the two preceding monarchs, enough to lend a willing ear to the claims of the Catholics of Ireland. He built a college at Salamanca dedicated to St. Patrick, for the education of young Irishmen intended for the Catholic ministry in Ireland. It was rebuilt in 1614 by the Jesuits, and became the *Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses*, and attached to the famous university, which was one of the earliest in Europe. It took rank with that of Paris, and had precedence of Oxford and Bologna.

The next college of importance was that of Seville. It was founded in 1612. This is the first date met in its records. We are given, however, to understand that a number of Irish students had died in a plague. This was the plague of 1582 which visited the city some time previously; and from the license granted by Don Antonio Caetano, archbishop of Capua, and nuncio in Spain in the year 1612, to collect alms for the *Junta*, or body of Irish students of Seville, we are led to believe there was a college or seminary there of some kind, but it had no distinct form before the year 1612. Its object was to train young men for the then arduous and dangerous Irish mission. Young Irishmen who had already

* "Following the example of his fathers, moved by love of lore,
He went to the Irish, much for wisdom famed."

studied the preliminary branches were admitted free, and were taught philosophy for three years and theology for four; so that the course was seven years. They made these studies in the house, and went to the Jesuit College of St. Hermenegildo to class. After the Jesuits took possession of the Irish college in 1619, as shall be stated hereafter, the students, besides their ordinary class, had frequent literary exercises at home in lectures, conferences, and controversy. The masters from St. Hermenegildo and the superiors of the house always attended those exercises, which were calculated to make practical the theoretical knowledge they acquired in class.

Thus instructed and prepared they returned disguised to their native country to preach and teach and administer the sacraments, and, as an old document tells us, "to encourage and sustain their fellow-countrymen in the Catholic faith, to repel and combat heretics,—the sworn enemies of our young pupils,—and to declare and sustain a bloody warfare against the false dogmas and heresies of the North, from which combat they came out the greater conquerors when apparently most vanquished, for some suffered exile, others the loss of liberty in chains and dungeons, and not a few laid down their lives on the public scaffold, or were beheaded by the cruel steel of the pitiless executioner." *

The informal beginning of this college dates from some time anterior to 1612, but how long we cannot state; for on the 8th of June, the date of the license, it was already a *Junta*, or reunion of Irish students.

The paper called the *origin, progress, and state of the Irish Seminary of Seville of the most pure conception of the Virgin Mother of God, our Lady*, and, as added in the hand-writing of the Rev. Richard Conway, of the *Catholic Faith*, gives us no more information. The date is 1620. There are some erasures and emendations by Father Conway. The following is an extract from it:—

"Finally the Catholic laity, seeing everything was against them (*de capa caida* †), and in a state of irremediable desperation, sent those children whom they intended for the divine ministry to foreign parts and Catholic countries to prosecute their studies, that the holy faith might not be completely extinguished in their country, but in the course of time preserved and augmented. Some of these came to certain districts of Catholic Spain, but particularly to Castile and Portugal, where they were received and protected by the Catholic kings and other servants of God, so that the college of Salamanca, and afterwards that of Lisbon, was thus founded and given in charge of the Society of Jesus by his Catholic Majesty. And as many noble youths, virtuous and deserving, left their country with this object, and the means of supporting them were limited, they determined to seek a remedy in other parts of Spain, and particularly in the royal and noble city of Seville, where they found shelter, favor, and protection. And although we have notice of the arrival of some of these noble youths at an early date, who all died of a fearful plague which took place here, their principal origin and beginning arose out of the following: A zealous youth,

* Manuscript history of Irish college at Seville, archives of Irish college, Salamanca Spain.

† Decline in fortune and credit.

called Theobald Stapleton, otherwise Galduf, with the desire of increasing the number of Catholics in his country, left Lisbon, where he was a student, without telling any one of his intention. Recommending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin he reached the residence of the noble and pious duke of Braganza, and told him he wanted to found a seminary of his nation in Seville. The duke gave him letters of recommendation to the archbishop and governor and other persons of Seville, with a good viaticum, a part of which he spent in purchasing a blue habit and the cross which the students of Lisbon wore on their breasts. And thus he arrived in Seville, animated more by the confidence he had in the Holy Virgin than by the human favors he received. A good number of his fellow-students united with him in a short time. He took a house and sought food for them, for which he neglected his own studies, that they might prosecute theirs with more freedom, and be able to give a good account of themselves. He procured for their direction a priest from the college of Salamanca called James Carney, who did them great service for a considerable time, till he determined on going to Ireland to comply with his obligation, and procure the salvation of his fellow-countrymen, leaving the town highly edified by his example, and the devil invidious of the good he feared might result from his work here.

"The devil determined to persecute Theobald through his own and strangers, and to raise obstacles at the commencement of his work. The students did not find that encouragement they might expect from the prelate, who forbade them to wear the dress of collegians because they had neither house nor rent nor fixed alms. Withal they managed to support themselves like paupers at the doors of the convents of this city, but suffered on all sides great afflictions and privations, and the good Theobald underwent manifest dangers of his life. Three soldiers, incited by the complaints of his domestic companions, conspired against his life, but died miserably without effecting their object, in different parts and in a short time. Others beat him with sticks, and the good Theobald, bruised and sore, had to keep his bed for some days; but recovering his health, and recognizing the work of the devil in all this, he gathered new strength to prosecute his good intentions.

"Stapleton left no stone unturned to procure the means of subsistence for his young communities. He threw himself heart and soul into his work, and when he exhausted the resources of Seville went with a companion called Charles Reano to Madrid, where he procured large means. Worn out by his exertions and labors, and broken down by the many disappointments and repulses he met with, he at last returned to Ireland, where he crowned all his labors by a glorious martyrdom. When administering holy communion one day he was stabbed with a dagger in the breast, and his precious soul passed to receive its reward in the kingdom of heaven.

"Among the many who assisted here in the good work of the foundation of the college Don Felix de Guzman deserves the first place. He took a deep interest in it from the first, and assigned it a monthly subsidy out of his own resources, besides making interest for it with others, and particularly with the king and the Society of Jesus, which he

induced in the end to accept its government. He died bishop-elect of Majorca, and left the college his universal heir.

"Another great benefactor was Don Geronimo de Medina Farragut, who, when the students had no fixed abode, invited them to his house, and lived among them for two years, edified as he says himself by their piety and good conduct. When the society took charge of the college in 1619, he made it an absolute grant of his houses, valued at four thousand crowns.

"Philip III. deserves to be mentioned also, for he took an interest in the struggling community, and not only assigned it five hundred crowns but wrote commendatory letters in its favor to the archbishop and the authorities of the town, whom he permitted to allot to it forty crowns a year. The archbishop never gave anything of his own, but after the king's letter he allowed the students to wear their college dress.

"Father Thomas White, the founder of most of our other Irish colleges in the Peninsula, was in Rome at this time, and several persons wrote to him, telling him of the state of affairs and beseeching him to endeavor to have the college of Seville placed in care of the Jesuits, as those of Salamanca, Lisbon, and Santiago were. After many consultations the matter was finally settled, and on the 20th of August, 1619, the Jesuits took possession, and Father Richard Conway became first rector. At his installation and the taking possession Don Felix de Guzman and Don Geronimo de Medina Farragut,* the constant and munificent benefactors of the poor exiles attended, and in neat speeches manifested the joy with which their hearts were filled on beholding the realization of their hopes and the happy consummation of all their labors."

Of the college of Santiago, the venerable city of Gallicia, we have little or no information. That Irish students attended it in as large numbers as that of Oviedo, one need only read the first chapter of "Gil Blas,"† which is so thoroughly Spanish in its scenes and plots, that thousands imagine it to be the work of a Spaniard. It was, of course, written by Le Sage, a Frenchman. He says: "J' aimais tant la dispute, que j'arrêtais les passans, connus ou inconnus, pour leur proposer des argumens — je m'adressais quelquefois á des figures *hibernoises* ‡ que ne demandaient pas mieux," etc. Translation: "I liked nothing so much as disputation; I stopped the passengers, known or unknown, to propose arguments to them; I sometime ran across Hibernians — Irishmen? — who assured me they liked nothing better than a good argument," etc.

This custom or habit of arguing in the street, or public thoroughfare, was well known to London students as early as the fifteenth century. Stowe tells us § "the scholars of St. Paul's meeting with those of St. Anthonie's would call them St. Anthonie's pigs, and they again would call the others pigeons of St. Paul's, because many pigeons were bred in St. Paul's Church, and St. Anthony was always figured with a pig following him, and mindful of the former usage, did for a long season act disorderly in the open street, provoke one another with,

* This illustrious name in our history is well known in the island of Minorca.

† Written at the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century.

‡ Padre Isla, the able translator into Spanish, calls them *Manteis'as*, students.

§ Origin and decline of the old Catholic schools of London.

'*Salve tu quoque placet tibi mecum disputare? Placet*,'* and so proceeding from this to questions in grammar, they usually fell from words to blows with their satchels full of books."

From 1619 to 1767 nothing of importance occurred. The rectors were changed every year. In the college at Salamanca there is a complete list of them, as also of the students during that period, with the dates of their entrance and their leaving or their death. Amongst them are immortal martyrs, illustrious archbishops, and bishops.

The Irish colleges in the Peninsula, like those in France and Portugal, were to feel the enmity which the malignant Choiseul, France, ferocious Pombal, Portugal, and truculent Tanucci, Naples, waged against the Jesuits at the hands of the other member of the infamous quartette, Count D'Aranda. He was the prime minister of Charles III. of Spain, whose pragmatic sanction to expel the Jesuits has long been consigned to the sepulchre of royal ridicule, and remains a warning to imbecile kings and queens to beware of the insidious wiles of favorites and the sufferings which flow from their ambition.

While the enemies of religion were endeavoring to banish the Jesuits from France, the Spanish ambassador at Rome, Don Manuel de Roda, was asked why Spain did not follow the example of France and Portugal. "The time has not yet come," replied he. "Have patience, wait until the old lady dies."

The old lady, whose death was to give a new impetus to outrage, was the queen, Elizabeth Farnese, mother of Charles III.

The morning of the third of April, 1767, broke in matchless loveliness over the snow-white houses of Seville. The soft winds carried the strong odor of her orange blossoms into the chambers of the early risers. The tawny Guadalquivir stole noiselessly to the sea. At six o'clock the deputy mayor of Seville presented himself with an armed force before the Irish college, and put into execution the orders he had received by transporting the fathers to Jerez de la Frontera — sixty miles south — to await shipment to the papal states. There were only four Irish students in the house and twenty-three Spanish pensioners.

In 1769 Charles III., in extraordinary council, permitted the Irish colleges at Santiago and Seville to be incorporated with the *Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses* at Salamanca, with all their goods, rents, and rights. In the councils of June 17th or July 17th, 1769, the mayor of Salamanca and the rector of the Irish college were authorized to administer the property which was declared exempt from the confiscation of the temporalities of the Regulars of the Society. The four students who remained were transferred to Salamanca. The material edifice was handed over to the corporations who paid the Irish college of Salamanca the half of its value and the government the other half.

Thus closed the Irish colleges in Spain, excepting that at Salamanca, which continues to be the *Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses* under the wise administration of the Rev. John Cowan, the successor of erudite and esteemed Dr. McDonnell, who resigned the grave charge in 1876.

France and Portugal in our next.

New York, March, 1887. R. F. FARRELL.

* God save you! Will you do me the favor to have an argument with me? I will.

Kathleen.

FROM out my lonely room to-night, I fondly backward gaze
To summer seaside ramblings in sweet boyhood's happy days,
With loving friends whose care was aye wise precepts to instil
That nerved anew my footsteps to ascend Life's rugged hill;
When love and hope around me beamed with not a trace of care,
And I loved my sister Kathleen with the bright golden hair.

Tho' many years have passed since then, and many lands I've seen,
They banish not from my fond heart the image of Kathleen,
More lovely than the lily's flower, that pure and tender grows
Within her native valleys where the gentle Slaney flows.
The brightest flower that decks the lea in truth could not compare
With my loving Irish Kathleen of the bright golden hair.

The grief that filled my inmost soul my tongue could never tell,
When by the sea, near Bannow Bay, I breathed a last farewell,
To part with her and friends whose love thro' Fortune's smile or frown
Was steadfastly the same for me in dear old Wexford town.
Its kindly people's welcome yet it may be mine to share
But they can't restore my Kathleen of the bright golden hair.

OHIO. AN EXILE.

Education and Crime.

EDUCATION, like its much-sounded fellow word Liberty, so often misconstrued and used as a cloak for the ways of evil, has, in its mutilated application to the irreligious instruction meted out to the youth of our public schools, a great deal to answer for in the statistics of crime.

No better gauge of the value of this system of education can be found than consulting the records of our prisons, and dividing their inmates into the classes of educated and uneducated. A recent report of the Rev. Amasa Howard, Protestant chaplain of the Connecticut State Prison, at Weatherfield, Conn., does this, and with the following results: Of 296 inmates 276 could both read and write; 16 could read only; and 5 could neither read nor write.

The records of the Connecticut prison may be taken as the type of the records of prisons generally throughout the country. The descendants of the New England Puritans, and a great number of Protestants throughout the country, often accuse the Catholic Church of being opposed to the education of the masses for fear it would lose her power over the minds of men. How false and ridiculous this charge is, is

abundantly proved by the educational records of the Church in all ages and countries. What the Church is firmly opposed to — and the above and other statistics of crime fully prove the wisdom of her opposition — is the separation of religious instruction from secular instruction in the making of men. She does not wish to let loose upon the world incomplete men, that is men whose intellects have been cared for but whose hearts have been systematically neglected, and left a prey to the evil inclinations of human nature without the moral restraints of religion. Without religion there is no morality, and the pet hobby of infidels and unsectarians that reading, writing, and general "culture" can make men honest and virtuous is entirely disproved to be true and beneficial by facts, in the stern shape of criminal statistics. In the case of the evil-minded such culture becomes only an able and effective assistant in the commission of crime or dishonest acts, whose increase throughout the country pleads trumpet-tongued against the continuance of the "godless" system of education.

Catholic Telegraph.

Notes on Foreign Travel.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

II.

In the reign of Domitian a servile senate erected in the middle of the Forum a colossal equestrian statue of their imperial master. A poet was found to commemorate the occasion in a strain of forced and insincere adulation. Statius it was who debased his art for this purpose. He congratulates on his mildness the monster who spent his spare time in impaling flies on the end of a bodkin. He places above the fearless Cæsar the conscience-stricken coward, who, unable to sleep and invoking the dawn, walked all night long the corridors of his palace, which were illumined with torches, and the walls of which were hung with mirrors, that no assassin might creep upon him unawares. He calls on the shades of the republican heroes of the senate to arise and pay homage to the ruler whose favorite counsellor in state affairs was a semi-idiotic dwarf, arrayed in scarlet.

However worthless in themselves are the verses, they serve a useful purpose by enabling us to determine the position of many of the great buildings which by this time had been erected within the Forum. "Thy head," writes Statius, "towers above the loftiest temples. Thou canst see that thy palace has arisen still more magnificent from the ashes of the conflagration which consumed it, and that the sacred fires have not ceased to burn in that solitary asylum which gives it shelter. Behind thee stands the Temple of Vespasian, thy father, and the Temple of Concord; on one side is the Julian, on the other, the Emilian Basilica. In front you behold the monument of him who first opened

heaven to our princes"—an allusion to the Temple of Julius Cæsar, whom after his death his contemporaries placed among the gods.

Let us then take our stand at the foot of the Palatine, looking towards the Capitol, and with the guide-book of the archæologist open before us, make the round of the Forum, noting the most important of the buildings, and recalling some of the great events of which it had once been the scene.

And first and nearest at hand is the Temple of Julius Cæsar, erected by Augustus. But little of it now remains; a stray bit of mosaic or a fragment of Greek marble perchance may still be seen on the place where once it stood. Near that spot the dead body of the murdered Cæsar lay extended on its couch of ivory, overlaid with cloth of purple and of gold. And near there it was that Marc Antony pronounced his funeral oration, which inflamed the populace to such a degree that they stormed the neighboring houses and tore out the benches and doors to form a pyre for the body. On that pyre the musicians, who were always present at great funerals, laid down their flutes, their cymbals, and their trumpets; the grizzled veterans of the legions their weapons of war; the Roman matrons and their children their ornaments and their jewels. Amid wailings and lamentations and wild manifestations of grief on the part of foreigners then in Rome, according to the manner of their several countries, the torch was applied, and the ghost of Cæsar went up in smoke, and flamed as a comet for seven nights after in the firmament of heaven. When darkness had settled down upon the scene, from many a narrow lane and alley-way of the great city crept forth bands of strange mourners to keep vigil over the ashes of Cæsar. They were Jews, as Suetonius tells us—and surely the fact is a singular and touching one.

Cæsar often boasted of his divine descent, and after his death the Romans would seem to have taken him at his word. In the funeral oration over his wife Cornelia and Julia his aunt, he claimed for the latter descent from Aucus Martius, one of the early kings of Rome, and from the goddess Venus. "Therefore," he exclaims, in a sentence worthy of Cæsar, "you behold in my family the sanctity of kings who are the rulers of men; and the majesty of the gods who are the rulers of kings." On the spot where he was buried the senate erected a column of African marble, graven with the inscription, "To the Father of his Country." An altar soon appeared on which sacrifices were offered. This was subsequently enlarged into a temple by Augustus, and the worships of the Cæsars thereby duly inaugurated in Rome. In front of the temple stood the tribune of Cæsar (Rostra Julia), from which Cicero delivered his Philippics, and which Augustus subsequently decorated with prows taken from the ships which had been captured at the battle of Actium.

Proceeding on our way towards the Capitol, and keeping to the left the next building we meet is the Temple of Castor, whose foundation dated back to the legendary period of Roman history. It was erected to commemorate the apparition in the Forum of the Dioscuri, announcing the victory of Aulus Postumus at Lake Regillus, 496 B. C. Several times restored, it was finally rebuilt by Tiberius in the reign of Augustus.

Cicero styles it "the most illustrious of monuments, the witness of the whole political life of Rome." It was often used as a meeting-place for the senate, as indeed were all the other temples, except a few which were employed for exclusively religious purposes. The lofty platform, twenty-two feet high, on which the building stood, served as a tribunal for orations. Three of its Corinthian columns and a piece of entablature still remain, the delight and admiration of artists, very graceful and delicate in detail and of the finest workmanship.

As we pass along let us not fail to take note of some of the famous characters who in their day frequented the Forum. Who is this man of short stature, somewhat fat and scant of breath and prematurely gray, who comes sauntering along the Via Sacra, keeping in the sunshine as if he loved it, and whom every one seems to know? And see, he is accosted by an importunate fellow who plies him with questions: "How stands it with you and Mecœnas? I desire to be near his person." The man of small stature looks bored, and wants to get away. In vain, the stranger keeps dogging his steps, and is not to be shaken off. He pays no heed to the appeals and remonstrances, to the curt, sarcastic remarks of his victim. The pair draw nigh the Temple of Vesta. One of the creditors of the hanger-on approaches. There is an arrest; some clamor and excitement; a crowd gathers from every quarter of the Forum, and in the confusion the little man slips away, breathing thanks to the benign Apollo for having been preserved. This, reader, is Quintus Horatius Flaccus, the Roman poet, and bosom-friend of Virgil and Mecœnas.

The celebrated Julian Basilica is the next building of importance as we proceed towards the Capitol, and was built by Cæsar himself. The "carelessly belted boy" in whom the discerning eye of Sulla saw many Mariuses, the foppish youth who parted his hair with such extreme exactness, stroking it with one finger, that Cicero tells us he could not think of him as harboring evil designs against the republic, had now grown up to man's estate, and was winning fame and treasure in those campaigns in Germany and Gaul, the account of which in his Commentaries is as masterly as his conduct of them in the field. But he had powerful enemies in the senate, who watched his course with all the vigilance of rancorous malice, hampered his action, and used every means to undermine his influence with the people. From the seat of war he despatched to the consul in office an almost incredible sum for the purchase in the Forum of a site for a new basilica. The property-owners of the time, as Cicero informs us, were wholly unreasonable in their demands, and held out for the highest possible price. The ground alone on which the building was to stand cost over three millions of dollars. But Cæsar deemed no sum too great for the privilege of having in the Forum an ever-present memorial of his munificence, and of his love for the Roman people.

A few columns and a portion of the marble pavement of the aisles are all that now remain of that historic building. It was a large hall, two or three stories high, surrounded by a double row of colonnades, with upper galleries from which the spectators could look down on the central space beneath. It was used chiefly for the administration of

justice, and within its walls some of the most celebrated advocates of Rome pleaded and won their greatest triumphs. Pliny tells us that on one occasion when pleading for a young girl disinherited by her father, an old man of eighty, who had married an adventuress, the crowd was so great as to fill not only the main hall but the galleries above. One of Caligula's favorite amusements, as we read in Suetonius, was to throw gold and silver coins from the roof of this basilica to the mob below in order to enjoy the pleasure of seeing them scrambling for the money. This circumstance would lead us to think that the building was a link in the bridge by which the imperial maniac connected the Palatine with the Capitolium.

The Julian Basilica was likewise a favorite place of resort for the people of Rome. Crowds of both sexes thronged it during all hours of the day, promenading up and down its marble colonnades — young men of fashion, frivolous Roman dames, men of wealth in quest of political honors, and desirous of paying court to the Demos, gossiping news-mongers, fortune-hunters, and pleasure-seekers of every kind. These last have left singular traces of their presence on the marble pavement of the aisles, which is covered with a multitude of circular and rectangular figures, divided by lines into differently shaped compartments (*tabulæ lusoriæ*). The inscriptions scrawled here and there on the figures show that they were used for gambling purposes. One of these inscriptions runs as follows: *Vincis. gaudes. perdes. plangis* (you win and are glad : you lose and are sorrowful). The Romans of the present day appear to resemble their ancestors in their pronounced taste for gambling. Not an uncommon sight for the tourist as he strolls through the streets of the city, and peers into the dingy gloom of the shops, is a company of three or four men with cards in their hands seated round an upturned barrel and deeply absorbed in their game.

At the further end of the Julian Basilica, and just within the limits of the Forum proper, stood a remarkable monument — the Miliarium Aureum. This was a marble column, erected by Augustus, sheathed in gilt bronze and inscribed with the names and distances of the chief towns on the roads which radiated from the thirty-seven gates of Rome. On this spot converged all the streets of the Forum which led up to the summit of the Capitol — the famous Via Sacra among the number.

As we turn round for a moment to look out from this point on the Forum what singular spectacle is that which meets our gaze? We hear in the distance the sound of musical instruments, flutes, clarions, trumpets, wailing forth a solemn dirge. A long procession winds and unwinds its way through the streets of the Forum. It is the funeral pageant of a noble matron of the line of Brutus, if we may judge from the images of her ancestors with which the litters and chariots are laden. A company of hired mourners, women with dishevelled hair, rending their garments and beating their breast; relatives of the deceased, deeply veiled; a throng of friends, clients, and slaves make up the long procession. And now it approaches the rostrum, from which the orator Crassus is addressing the people. He is defending one of his friends against the charges of M. Brutus, a man bankrupt

in purse and character, who ekes out a livelihood by appearing in the role of public accuser. He is a man of ability withal, whose eloquence inspired by hatred makes him a dangerous foe; and on this particular occasion he has spoken with more than his usual power. Crassus sees the procession drawing nigh, and turning to his opponent exclaims: "And thou, what dost thou here, looking so calmly on? What tidings concerning you can your dead kinswoman carry to your father, to all these great men whose images you behold, to that Lucius Brutus who delivered the people from the yoke of kings? What work of glory, of honor, or of virtue can she say you are engaged in?" What the result of the trial was history does not inform us, but a stroke of genius such as this deserved success.

An inscription by the Emperor Augustus, found among the ruins of the Julian Basilica determines the position of the next building in the direction of the Capitol. This inscription is to the effect that he had now completed the Julian Basilica which stood between the Temple of Castor and the Temple of Saturn. The position of this latter building is also identified by various passages in the ancient writers, one of which refers to it as being built "*in fancibus Capitolii*," that is, on a steep slope or outlying part of the Capitoline Hill. A cluster of columns, eight in number, still remain to mark the site of this temple, in which the treasury of state was preserved.

Still higher up the slopes of the Capitol, to the left of the Tabularium, in which the archives of state were kept, stood the Temple of Vespasian, erected in his honor by his son Domitian. Three of its columns are still standing, the frieze of whose rich entablature is sculptured with sacred instruments. With its numerous rows of columns, its facing of white Pentelic marble, and its pavement of colored Oriental marble, it must have been one of the most beautiful and imposing structures in the Forum.

The space between the Tabularium, which stood midway on the crest of the Capitol, and the northwest end of the Forum was occupied by the Temple of Concord, built by Tiberius out of the spoils gained in Germany. It seems to have been used as a sort of museum, or national gallery of art. On the apex of the pediment was a group of three figures embracing, and the marble door-sill was inlaid with a bronze caducens, the emblem of Concord. It was the custom under the empire to consecrate to Peace precious objects of gold and silver. Some of these objects were dedicated to the emperors by their devoted subjects. One inscription found in the ruins of the temple is a prayer to the goddess of Peace to prolong the days of Tiberius, who is styled the best and the most just of princes. The building, accordingly, contained a large collection of engraved gems, of gold and silver plate. Between its internal columns stood rows of statues, mostly the work of ancient Greek sculptors, while its walls were hung with pictures, the spoils of the whole Hellenic world. On those days when some Grecian masterpiece — a painting by Apelles, or a statue of Praxiteles — was exhibited for inspection, the art-loving public of Rome were sure to throng the porticos of the temple. A still more interesting occasion would be when some victorious general placed on exhibition a battle-piece, repre-

senting some incident in his campaign, and explained in person to an admiring crowd the various details of the painting. Such charming condescension never failed to reap its due reward, as in the case of the pretor Mancinus, whom it elevated to the consular dignity.

On the steps of the Temple of Concord a central elevated point is reached, which commands a view of the Forum and from which we are enabled to survey the entire scene.

Over yonder at the foot of the rostrum the politicians are assembled, broken up into groups, discussing in loud tones and with violent gestures the latest plan of campaign, or denouncing some unpopular general for his unsuccessful conduct of a foreign war. Near by are the high-born youth of Rome, smooth-shaven or with beards of a fashionable cut (*aut imberbes aut bene barbati*). And there, near the Basilica of Cato is the Wall Street of the day, with its arched passages lined with the shops of the money-lenders, whom we see seated behind their tables, and engaged in setting down statements of moneys received, and of those let out on good security and at enormous rates of interest. This spot was named after the two-faced deity, Janus, who so appropriately presided over the banking business of the time. Horace refers to the place in some lines which hit off to the life a Colonel Sellers of the "Gilded Age" of Augustus:—

> "Postquam omnis res mea Janum
> Ad medium fracta est, aliena negotia curo,
> Excussus propriio."— SAT. II. III. 18.

(Since all my fortunes were dissipated at the middle of the exchange, detached from all business of my own I mind that of other people.)

Nor let us fail to take note of that famous street, the Via Sacra, which, skirting the Temple of Vesta, passes on by the Temple of Julius Cæsar on the one side and the Temple of Castor on the other, then between the Forum proper and the Julian Basilica, and turning sharply to the right by the Temple of Saturn runs by the Temple of Vespasian, and mounts upward to the Mamertine Prison on the further side of the Temple of Concord. It derived its name of Via Sacra ("Sacred Way") from the religious ceremonies performed along its course on certain days. What Cicero says of ancient Athens is equally true of the Via Sacra: "Every step we take on its soil we awaken some glorious recollection."

Here is a description from Plutarch of a scene which the Via Sacra beheld, and which is so strikingly picturesque that we make no apology for giving it entire. It is the triumph of Paulus Emilius after the conquest of Macedon and the defeat and capture of King Perseus. The amount of treasure brought from Macedon on that occasion was so great as to set the Romans free from all taxes for one hundred and twenty-five years.

"The triumph is said to have been ordered after this manner. In every theatre or circus where equestrian games used to be held, in the Forum and other parts of the city which were convenient for seeing the procession, the people erected scaffolds, and on the day of the triumph were all dressed in white. The temples were set open, adorned with

garlands and smoking with incense. Many lictors and other officers compelled the disorderly crowd to make way, and opened a clear passage. The triumph took up three days. On the first, which was scarcely sufficient for the show, were exhibited the images, paintings, and colossal statues taken from the enemy, and now carried in two hundred and fifty chariots. Next day the richest and most beautiful of the Macedonian arms were brought up in a great number of wagons, these glittering with new furbished brass and polished, and though they were piled with tact and judgment, yet seemed to be thrown together promiscuously; helmets being placed upon shields, breastplates upon greaves, Cretan targets, Thracian bucklers and quivers of arrows huddled among the horses' bits, with the points of naked swords and long pikes appearing through on every side. All these arms were tied together with just such a liberty that room was left for them to clatter as they were drawn along, and the clank of them was so harsh and terrible that they were not seen without dread, though among the spoils of the conquered. After the carriages loaded with arms, walked three thousand men, who carried the silver money in seven hundred and fifty vessels, each of which contained three talents, and was borne by four men. Others brought bowls, horns, goblets, and cups, all of silver, disposed in such order as would make the best show, and valuable not only for their size, but the depth of the basso relievo. On the third day, early in the morning, first came up the trumpets, not with such airs as are used in a procession of solemn entry, but with such as the Romans sound when they animate their troops to the charge. These were followed by a hundred and twenty fat oxen, with their horns gilded and set off with ribbons and garlands. The young men that led these victims were girded with belts of curious workmanship; and after them came the boys who carried the gold and silver vessels for the sacrifice. Next went the persons who carried the gold coin in vessels which held three talents each, like those that contained the silver, and which were to the number of seventy-seven. Then followed those that bore the consecrated bowl, of ten talents weight (six hundred pounds), which Emilius had caused to be made of gold, and adorned with precious stones, and those that exposed to view the cups of Antigonus of Seleucus, and such as were of the make of the famed artist, Sperícles, together with the gold plate that had been used at Perseus's table. Immediately after was to be seen the chariot of that prince, with his armor upon it, and his diadem upon that; at a little distance his children were led captive, attended by a great number of governors, masters, and preceptors, all in tears, who stretched out their hands by way of supplication to the spectators, and taught the children to do the same. There were two sons and one daughter, all so young that they were not much affected with the greatness of their misfortunes. This insensibility of theirs made the change of their condition more pitiable, insomuch that Perseus passed on almost without notice; so fixed were the eyes of the Romans upon the children from pity of their fate, that many of them shed tears, and none tasted the joy of the triumph without a mixture of pain till they were gone by. Behind the children and their train walked Perseus himself, clad all in black, and wearing

sandals of the fashion of his country. He had the appearance of a man that was overwhelmed with terror, and whose reason was almost staggered with the weight of his misfortunes. He was followed by a great number of friends and favorites, whose countenances were oppressed with sorrow, and who, by fixing their weeping eyes continually on their prince, testified to the spectators that it was his lot which they lamented, and that they were regardless of their own. He had sent, indeed, to Emilius to desire that he might be excused from being led in triumph and being made a public spectacle. But Emilius, despising his cowardice and attachment to life, by way of derision, it seems, sent by word: 'That it had been in his power to prevent it, and still was, if he were so disposed,'—hinting that he should prefer death to disgrace. But he had not the courage to strike the blow, and the vigor of his mind being destroyed by vain hopes he became a part of his own spoils. Next were carried four hundred coronets of pure gold which the citizens had sent Emilius, along with their embassies, as compliments on his victory. Then came the consul himself, riding in a magnificent chariot; a man, exclusive of the pomp of power, worthy to be seen and admired, but his good mien was now set off by a purple robe interwoven with gold, and he held a branch of laurel in his right hand. The whole army likewise carried boughs of laurel, and divided into bands and companies, followed the general's chariot; some singing satirical songs usual on such occasions, and some chanting odes of victory, and the glorious exploits of Emilius, who was revered and admired by all, and whom no good man could envy." *Plutarch, Vita P. Emilii.*

Along this street the triumphal procession of Marius, after his African victories, wound its way, with Jugurtha and his two sons following at the chariot wheels of the conqueror. What a tragic scene is that which history records as having taken place at the close of this triumphal march, when the hapless Numidian chief, rendered insane by shame and humiliation and the insults of the populace, was thrust into the Mamertine prison, stript naked of his robes and the pendants torn from his ears. "Heavens!" he cried, "what a cold bath is this of yours!" In the gloomy depths of that prison he lingered for six days, struggling to the last for the preservation of his life, and perishing finally of cold and hunger.

It witnessed, too, the triumph of Lucullus when the buildings of the Forum were adorned with the arms, the ensigns, and the war-like equipages of the Oriental kings, Mithridates and Tigranes, whose power Lucullus had crushed. In that procession were to be seen a number of the barbarian commanders with their heavy armed cavalry, chariots armed with scythes, and a hundred galleys with their brazen prows; a statue of Mithridates, six feet high, of solid gold, his shield set with precious stones, and a long array of wagons laden with coin, gold cups, and silver vessels.

But perhaps the most imposing scene of all which that old street beheld was the four-day triumph of Julius Cæsar, celebrated in honor of his victories in Gaul, Egypt, Pontus, and Africa, when Vercingetorix, the Gallic chieftain, Arsinoe, the sister of Cleopatra, and the son of

Juba, King of Mauritania, followed his triumphal car. It cannot but be regarded as a dark stain on the fair fame of him whom the genius of Shakespeare recognized as "the foremost man of all this world," that he should have doomed Vercingetorix to the same fate as Jugurtha. And this is all the more strange and out of keeping with his general character, seeing that after his triumpal entrance into Rome as the conqueror of Pompey, his political opponents in the city erected a temple to Clemency to commemorate the leniency with which they had been treated by him.

Such scenes as these could the Via Sacra tell of, and many like them, which the blind Capys beheld in prophetic vision centuries before, and thus rapturously describes: —

"Hurrah! for the great triumph
That stretches many a mile.
Hurrah! for the wan captives
That pass in endless file.
Hurrah! for the rich dye of Tyre
And the fine web of Nile,
The helmets gay with plumage
Torn from the pheasant's wings,
The belts set thick with starry gems
That shone on Indian Kings,
The urns of massy silver,
The goblets rough with gold,
The many-colored tablets bright
With loves and wars of old,
The stone that breathes and struggles,
The brass that seems to speak; —
Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek.
Blest and thrice blest the Roman
Who sees Rome's brightest day,
Who sees that long victorious pomp
Wind down the Sacred Way,
And through the bellowing Forum,
And round the suppliant's Grove,
Up to the everlasting gates
Of Capitolian Jove."

It must be borne in mind, however, that the buildings which we have been describing did not constitute the Forum proper — that name being exclusively applied to the oblong space around which the buildings stood, and which was wider near the Capitol than towards the opposite extremity. Within that open space the people held their political meetings. These were of three kinds: firstly, legislative assemblies, at which the people voted on the laws. As it was only on occasions of special emergency that new laws could be enacted, or old ones repealed, assemblies of this kind were not of frequent occurrence. Neither were they very numerously attended. The speeches dealt for the most part with abstract principles of legislation, and were apt to be pitched on too high a key for the comprehension of the multitude. There were likewise meetings summoned by the public magistrate, for the purpose of making some important announcement, or of setting forth, at the close of his term of office, the manner in which he had discharged the trusts confided to him. The Romans were very exacting in this respect.

They required their public magistrates to appear at stated intervals and give an account of their official conduct. The magistrate who convened such gatherings most frequently, and responded with greatest readiness to their demands, was sure to find favor in their eyes. His prompt acquiescence in their will could not but be regarded as a subtle species of flattery which forcibly brought home to their minds the fact of their political sovereignty.

Lastly, were the meetings convened for the conduct of political trials. These were carried on in the sight and hearing of the people, before juries drawn and presided over by the pretor. A high dramatic interest attached to these trials,—the accused official, surrounded by his family in tears, appearing in the Forum to defend his good name, and ward off, if possible, the inevitable penalties of guilt—death, exile, or confiscation of goods. On those days, too, when the rumor got abroad that a favorite tribune, as the spokesman of the people, was to arraign some partrician in high standing for malfeasance in office the crowd assembled in vast numbers. A constant stream of people flowed from all directions into the Forum; the shops were c'osed; business suspended; the triumphal arches, the porticos of the basilicas, the vestibules of the temples, were sure to be thronged with an immense multitude to hear the proceedings and await the issue of the trial.

But how was it possible for the speakers to make themselves heard on such occasions? And yet, heard they must have been, since we read of unpopular orators being hooted, insulted, spat upon, and stoned. The public men of ancient Rome who made a life-long study of oratory must have acquired the art of sending their voice a long distance by means of a rhythmical, modulated style of utterance. Their consummate histrionism must likewise have served them in good stead. Many of them studied the art of public speaking in Greece, or under Greek teachers, and we know that in these schools the dictum of Demosthenes was carried out in practice,—that action is the first and last requisite of a great orator. Besides, we must remember that, owing to its peculiar formation, the Forum possessed admirable acoustic properties. It was an open space, enclosed by buildings and surrounded by hills, which sent back the orator's voice with mighty reverberations over the heads of the assembled thousands.

Under the empire the Forum became too small for the purposes which it was intended to serve. Political meetings were indeed held no longer within it. But the population of the city had, in the meanwhile, vastly increased; while the Forum still continued to be the favorite resort of the people, and a place of pilgrimages for strangers from all quarters of the globe. The place, too, had come to be overcrowded with trophies, statues, and honorary columns, insomuch that the senate had to interfere and pass a law forbidding the erection of any more within its precincts. Other forums were accordingly erected. Cæsar built the first; and his example was followed by several of the emperors, each striving to outrival the other in the splendor and extent of the public buildings associated with his name.

Thus, in the heart of the great city sprang up a collection of buildings and monuments without parallel in any city of ancient or modern

times. A visitor from the outlying provinces of the empire, who in these days entered Rome by the Flaminian Way, and passing through the Forum of Trajan, of Nerva, of Vespasian, of Augustus, and of Cæsar, reached at last the Forum Romanum, would be compelled to acknowledge that the city known to him under the proud title of the "Urbs Sacra" surpassed in the reality the wildest dreams of his imagination.

J. C.

Anne Devlin: A Reminiscence of 1803.

"MAN is great in daring, woman in suffering." Never did aphorism speak more truly, and never was it better illustrated than in the conduct of the humble peasant girl whose name heads this article.

Anne Devlin was the daughter of a dairyman, and the niece of the celebrated outlaw whose name lives in the Wicklow Mountains, Michael Dwyer. At the period of the Emmet insurgent movement of 1803 she was twenty-six years of age, and acted in the capacity of a housekeeper and general servant to Robert Emmet at his residence in Butterfield Lane.

After the unfortunate night of the 23d of July, when Emmet and his companions were obliged to fly from Dublin and to seek shelter in the Wicklow Mountains, Anne remained in charge of the house. Upon the 25th the house was searched by a body of yeomen headed by a magistrate, looking for the late resident, Mr. Ellis, the assumed name of Robert Emmet. Four of the yeomen took charge of Anne as their prisoner, while the body of them proceeded to search the concerns for her master. Failing in that object they proceeded to question Anne about the gentleman with whom she lived; but all inquiries were fruitless; they could elicit nothing from a woman faithful to her trust and firm in her purpose.

The threat of death, certain and immediate, if she did not reveal what she knew, failed to extract a single reply beyond the resolute declaration that she had nothing to tell, and would tell nothing. Then it was that a brutal official directed his still more brutal followers to convey her to the yard, and there execute her as one participating in the treason of her master in refusing to reveal the secret they knew she held. With riotous shouting and an indecent savagery, men disgracing man's form and nature dragged this young and devoted female to the place appointed for her death, while some of them hastened to erect a temporary gallows by elevating the shafts of a common car and securing a rope to its back-board,—a process which she was compelled to witness by being kept erect, with her back close to the opposite wall, while the fiends kept their sharp bayonets pointed to her naked bosom, pressing them as it were with gentle touches against her tender skin until the blood flowed freely down her person. But the heart within that breast was of no common nature; it throbbed firmly; its pulses did not quail; it sickened not under the tortures

inflicted, or the contemplation of the death preparing for her. Fidelity and honor were a part of her very nature, and they nerved her to that stern firmness which will die ere it will betray,—die nobly rather than live dishonored, endure personal annihilation rather than bring that annihilation upon the object of its devotion.

And ever as they pressed her to tell they pierced her woman-skin with soldier-weapons to torture the secret from her keeping, but still came the one firm answer, "I have nothing to tell; I will tell nothing." Then they pointed to the ready gallows, there with its noosed rope, pendulum-like, swinging from its top, and measuring the minutes of her life, and cried, "Tell us where Mr. Ellis is gone, or die." Steady was her response: "You may murder me, but I will not tell you a word about him." Then they hurried her forward, ready executioners affixed the rope upon her neck, while others seated themselves upon the car to steady it, and as she uttered a single cry, "Lord Jesus, have mercy upon my soul," she was raised aloft, her body swung heavily in the air, her eyes darkened, her senses failed, the world was disappearing, eternity opening. But it would not suit their purpose to murder her yet: other means should be tried to win her secret. The rope was lowered, her feet rested upon the ground, and the light of heaven once more shone upon her opening eyes amid the yells and laughter of her heartless tormentors. When sufficiently recovered she was sent into the city, and brought before the great manager of the torture and corruption of the day—Major Sirr. He had learned that torture had failed, and adopted a new mode of attack. With soft and soothing words he endeavored to reason her out of her secret, and closed the persuasiveness of his argument by offering her £500, a fine fortune for a peasant girl, if she would only tell him where Mr. Ellis had gone. Soft words could not delude, gold could not corrupt the girl who had already confronted death sooner than betray her secret.

Forty years after the sad period of her sufferings, when Dr. Madden was eliciting from her these details, he said to her in reference to the offer of £500, "You took the money, of course;" and he adds in his Memoir, "The look the woman gave was one that would have made an admirable subject for a painter, a regard in which wonder, indignation, and misgiving of the seriousness of the person who addressed her were blended, 'Me take the money—the price of Mr. Robert's blood! No, I spurned the rascal's offer.'"

Finding it impossible to mould the stern nature of the girl to their purpose she was cast into a solitary prison. There she remained in utter ignorance of the fearful events passing around her, and would have perished for the want of suitable sustenance but for the tenderness of the wife of one of the officials, an Englishwoman, who shuddered at the atrocities of the time, and sought to mitigate Anne's sufferings and to prolong her life by a thousand feminine kindnesses.

One day Anne was ordered into one of the yards for air and exercise, but when she entered the place her shrewdness discovered the cause of the seeming mercy. She was conscious eyes were glaring upon her from one of the grated windows, the eyes of the officials, and pacing up and down the yard was one whose figure she instantly recognized

as that of the unfortunate Robert Emmet. She knew she had been sent out to identify him. She passed him as though she had never before seen him, and by a frown deterred him from recognizing her. A few days subsequently she was sent for to the castle for examination, and by the directions of her gaoler she was ordered to be shown the gallows in Thomas Street, by which she had to pass. Accordingly the cavalcade stopped at that scene of so many murders. How her woman's nature must have shuddered as she gazed upon the fearful spot; fresh-drawn blood had dabbled o'er its boards and from the boards to the pavement, where but a few hours gone by stains were visible too, but the dogs had lapped them up. The blood had disappeared from off the street but it still clung to the boards, and as her eyes rested upon it they told her that it was the blood of a young traitor, of one she knew— it was the blood of Emmet. We have not heard how her devoted but yet strong heart bore up against the sight, but we can well imagine the deep agony of the feelings of that girl, who, when an aged woman, forty years later in life, upon looking again upon the chamber he was wont to inhabit, wept woman's tears, and shook with all the awakened tenderness of woman's devotedness. Noble-minded girl, tender-hearted old woman, may the blessings of another, a purer, and a better world, compensate you for your sufferings here, and reward you for the nobleness with which you held true and faithful to the patriot, to the cause, and to the country, leaving to that country an example bright as ever graced old Rome in her proudest days. Well may woman feel proud of her sex as she reads your story, while proud man himself shall find within it not merely matter for praise, but for imitation too!

Jackson's Duel with Dickinson.

In a paper in the *Southern Bivouac* for April, the following conversation between General Harding and General Andrew Jackson, relative to Jackson's duel with Dickinson, is given: —

"In conversation with General Jackson one day I said: 'General, is a brave man ever frightened?'

"'I don't know that I am competent to answer that question,' said he. I replied: 'The world accords you as much bravery as is possessed by any man.'

"'If that be so, sir,' said the general, 'I would say I have been as badly frightened as a gentleman ought ever to be.'

"I said, 'I presume that was in some of your Indian fights?'

"'No,' said he, 'it was when I went on the field with Dickinson. I knew him to be a cool, brave, determined man, and the best shot I ever saw, and I never expected to leave the field alive. I owe my life to the fashion of the day — the full-breasted coat. This and the peculiar conformation of my much sunken chest were all that saved me. Dickinson's bullet struck what appeared to be the centre of my body

under the right arm, and the ball grazed my breastbone. I had gone upon the field determined not to fire at Dickinson, but to discharge my pistol in the air, having no ground of quarrel with him, and not wishing to hurt a hair of his head. My quarrel was with his father-in-law, Ervin; but when I felt myself shot, under the impression that I had received a mortal wound, and smarting under this belief and the physical pain, I fired the fatal shot, and no act of my life have I ever regretted so much.

"'Under the conditions of the meeting we had a right to reserve the fire, because I knew that Dickinson could shoot so much more quickly than I could. It has been asserted in the public prints,' said Old Hickory, 'that I advanced on Dickinson to deliver my shot and that he gave back, both of which statements are false, sir. I stood in my place when I fired and Dickinson remained in his, receiving my shot like a cool, brave man as he was.'

"General Harding said that at this same interview, which was the last he ever had with General Jackson, the latter said to him:

"'The world is greatly mistaken about my having an ungovernable temper. I never gave an exhibition of temper without my judgment approved it. I sometimes found it necessary even to prevent the shedding of blood.'"

Splendid Record of Sisters of Jesus and Mary

[The subjoined sketch is the substance of a paper read at a public meeting of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia, by Mr. Francis X. Reuss.]

Humble Beginning of a Great Work.

In the year 1816 God inspired the Abbe Coindre — a missionary of the diocese of Lyons, and later Grand Vicar at Blois — with the design of founding a society of religious, the members of which would devote themselves to the instruction of the forlorn children and orphans left in a most wretched condition by godless parents. From among the faithful souls who flocked to him the Abbe Coindre had selected a number whom he deemed chosen by God to act as instruments in the enterprise he meditated. Several pious ladies readily responded to the call of the zealous priest and enrolled under the name of Association of the Sacred Heart. They began at once their charitable ministry, and their sublime acts of generosity and heroic devotedness soon yielded good fruit. But, contrary to their ardent desire, the fervent associates were compelled to yield to various unexpected impediments, and to leave the little orphanage, with its rising industry of artificial flower-making, in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, reserving for themselves the right of contributing to its increasing prosperity by their generous donations.

The New Institution Takes Permanent Shape.

Four years had elapsed since the first attempt. Among the first

members of the Association of the Sacred Heart several had been called by God to tread a special pathway in life. Pauline Marie Jaricot, one of the number, had been elected by Providence to become the foundress of the Propagation of the Faith and of the Living Rosary; but the Abbe Coindre had not lost sight of his generous band, nor had he relinquished his favorite project. The obstacles which forced the society to resign the orphanage into the hands of the Sisters of St. Joseph had disappeared, and the Abbe summoned the associates of the original society and united them by the bond of religious life under the rule of St. Augustine. A modest little house was rented for a space of two years in the Quartier des Chartreux, in the city of Lyons. Poor children were sought and brought to the new home prepared for them. Shortly after a new industry was started in the manufacturing of Lyons silk. Frames were introduced into the new establishment, and soon the girls of the orphanage were working, and the home was self-sustaining.

Sketch of the Foundress.

The foundress of the congregation was the Venerable Madame Claudine Chevenot, a woman of uncommon energy, eminent piety, and incomparable charity, who was born at Lyons in 1774. It is related of her that during the Terror of 1793 two of her brothers, sound Catholics and royalists, were detected, seized by the "patriots," and sentenced to be guillotined. Madame Chevenot, who was then only nineteen years of age, took courage to solicit the favor of being admitted to her brothers in prison. "Yes, citoyenne," answered the president of the murderous Tribunal, "on condition that you drink with me." So saying he poured out a glass of liquor, and, drinking half of it, offered the dregs to her. The young woman grew pale and faint, and shuddered at the thought of drinking the disgusting dregs; but brotherly love roused her energy, and with the stern eye of the Tribune fixed on her, seeming to gloat over her agony, she lifted the glass to her lips and slowly absorbed the remaining liquor, while the human monster laughed. The next day the two valiant brothers with a group of noble victims were cruelly shot at the Place des Brotteaux. Madame Chevenot followed her beloved ones at a distance, in disguise, with the hope of saving their dear relics, in which she did not succeed; but the terrible shock told greatly on her delicate frame, and for the remaining years of her life she was afflicted with a nervous shaking of the head. The Revolution of 1830–34, and the serious dangers it brought on the new community, found Madame Chevenot no stranger to such scenes. She died in 1836, leaving to the community she had founded the inheritance of the most sublime lessons and virtues, and the example of her heroic generosity in responding to the call of God.

On Far-Famed Fourvieres.

Under her administration, in 1820, the rising community purchased the beautiful property owned by M. Anthony Jaricot — father of Pauline Marie Jaricot — situate on the mountain of Fourvieres. This spot ranks next to the mountains of Judea for the memorable

facts of its history and the unrivalled beauty of its scenery. It was the bulwark of the Roman power in eastern Gaul, and the theatre of the indomitable constancy of millions of Christian martyrs. From the Forum (hence the name Fourvieres) the blood of the martyrs gushed like a torrent, and tumbled from rock to rock until it rushed into the river Saone, which was swelled and dyed by the bloody stream.

Site of the New Order Mother House.

The Mother House — the cradle of the Congregation of Jesus and Mary — is on one side of the square (formerly the ancient Forum), which for centuries has been trodden by pilgrims from the four parts of the globe, directly opposite the once humble and glorious shrine which is at present the magnificent Basilica of Our Lady of Fourvieres. So near the hallowed sanctuary is the house of the congregation that the sisters can catch the strains of the sacred hymns, and see the soft glimmering of the tapers burnt in offering at the feet of the miraculous statue of Our Lady of Fourvieres.

Beauty of the Surrounding Scenery.

The park surrounding the convent is scattered with groves of chestnut and mulberry trees, with long, shady avenues of lime trees. Groups of tall pines, overshadowing the statue of some favorite saint, cross, or Madonna, seem to keep watch over the solitude and religious silence of the place, while the royal foliage of the vine, the flexible bough of the honeysuckle, the syringa, and the clematis, form a beautiful garment for the solid stone walls of the enclosure. From the terminus of the grounds the view is commanding ; below lies the beautiful city of Lyons — the city of martyrs — girded by the two rivers, Rhone and Saone ; beyond lies a vast undulating campania, decked with vineyards and elegant villas. In the distance the snow-crested summits of the Alps rise. This lovely spot was, no doubt, in olden time the summer residence of some wealthy Roman patrician, who found there the realization of the fairest dreams in the enjoyment of all that is grand and beautiful. In the vicinity is seen the Antiquille, the ancient dwelling-place of the Roman emperors, where the tourists are admitted to visit the catacombs ; where St. Pothin, bishop of Lyons, and St. Blandina were martyred A. D. 177. In 1821, Madame Chevenot, who was known in religion as Mother St. Ignatius, had a spacious building erected for the orphans, under the title of La Providence, in a remote part of the extensive property, and an academy was opened for a number of young ladies belonging to the wealthy families in the city. In the same year another academy was founded at Belleville (district of Saone and Loire), and another at Thornistrol, which was later transferred to the episcopal city of Le Puy, — en Velay.

Escape Through the Horrors of a Bombardment.

The political disturbances of 1830–34, as previously mentioned, were times of severe trial for the sisters. The "*Insurgés*" chose the

mountain of Fourvieres as their standing point for operations; they sacrilegiously established their barracks in the hallowed chapel; their black flag floated from the top of the steeple; from Bellecour Square below the regular troops darted their bombs and bullets at the camp of the rebels. A detachment was directed to turn to the opposite side of the plateau and take the "*Insurgés*" in the rear. Believing the orphanage to be their barracks they made a large breach in the solid stone wall, and would have sacked the building had it not been for the chaplain, who persuaded them that they were mistaken; but this place being the surest for them they ordered the sisters and orphans to shelter in the safest part of the house, while from the windows they fired against the rebels, who, enraged at this unexpected and sudden attack, directed their artillery against the convent; but after a few hours' resistance they could stand it no longer, and retired into the neighboring country where they hid until they could safely enter the city and seek their poor hearths. It is attributed to the miraculous protection of Our Lady of Fourvieres that the sisters had not to deplore the loss of any of their members. An officer of the regular troops, examining the scene after the battle, remarked, "that if he believed in miracles he would most certainly say that he had witnessed one, for," he added, "our bullets were strong and numerous enough to pulverize the very stones of your building, and we have been aiming at it for three days." It is also stated that the artillerymen at Bellecour noticed with astonishment that the bombs directed at Fourvieres seemed diverted from their natural course, and hurried by some unaccountable force in an opposite direction, never reaching even the precinct of the church of Our Lady of Fourvieres.

A Colony of Sisters Goes to India.

In 1842 a convent of these sisters was opened at Remiremont, in Alsace, at the request of Bishop de Jerphanion, of St. Die, the department of the Vosges. About the same time Bishop Borghi, of Agra, East India, asked that a foundation be made in that far-off infidel diocese confided to his care. Cardinal Bonald, archbishop of Lyons, who was ecclesiastical superior of the congregation, consented, and sixteen sisters of the order received his blessing and departed, bidding an eternal farewell to sunny France for the purpose of devoting themselves to the conversion of the Hindoo children. No regular line of communication at this time (1842) existed between Marseilles and Agra. The history of the hardships endured on the journey of eleven months, the crossing of the desert between Cairo and Suez, the passage of the Red Sea, where their sail vessel met with contrary winds, were very toilsome.

How They have Flourished There.

On their arrival at Agra they were greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations both by the natives and the Europeans. They were led by the bishop and clergy to the cathedral, where a "Te Deum" was chanted. Numerous convents have been founded since under Bishops Carli and Persico. * One academy, on Mount Himalaya, is resorted to

* Ign. Persico, Titular Bishop of Gratianople, *i. p. i.*, afterwards Bishop of Savannah, U. S.

by the daughters of the noblest English families settled in the East Indies.

In 1851 Bishop Hartmann, of Pata, and Ablegate of Bombay, made a foundation of the sisters in that city, and since then several others were founded in adjacent towns.

Papal Approval of the New Order.

During the year 1847 the constitution of the society now known as the Congregation of Jesus and Mary received the solemn approbation of His Holiness Pope Pius IX. In the letter Cardinal Isoard Vauvenargues, auditor of the Rota, addressed to the Mother Superioress-General on the subject, that prelate says: "Whenever a code of religious constitutions is brought for approval under the examination of the Sacred Congregation, it is a rule to grant at first only a Brief of Praise; but that, considering the amount of good already accomplished by the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, His Holiness was pleased to dispense the petitioners of the usual formalities and to grant at once the Brief of Approbation." This is an exceptional favor and is kept as sacred among the sisters.

Fourvieres in the Revolution of 1848.

The year 1848 was marked by another terrible outbreak of civil war, which renewed the sad experiences of 1834, with still greater danger and loss for the mother-house at Fourvieres. A great excitement pervaded the city of Lyons for a few weeks, and a strike was organized by the workers in the silk factories. No sooner had the mayor proclaimed the French Republic, in the name of "*La Liberté, l'Egalité, et la Fraternité*," on the 25th of November, 1848,—no sooner was this done than the turbulent mob began rioting. A troop of workers who gloried in the names of Voraces, Vautours, and Ventres Creux, ascended the hill of Fourvieres by night, burst open and pillaged the orphanage of the Christian Brothers, and proceeded to the orphanage of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, under the pretence that the little silk factory owned by the sisters prevented them from obtaining higher pay for their work in the city factories. They committed horrible depredations, tearing the pieces of silk, breaking the frames, venting their rage on the furniture, and heaping the remains in the yard to set them on fire. The plunderers left nothing but the main building, and on leaving at daybreak, one of the leaders cried out, "We are going to rest now, but we shall come back at night to burn the house. And I don't advise the nuns to wait, for their turn will come next."

Cardinal Bonald ordered the nuns to leave the place in disguise and seek shelter among their friends in the city. It was only after six months that, peace and security having been restored, the sisters returned to their desolated convent. This crisis preceded the founding of the new academy at Rodez (Aveyron).

The Order in Spain.

In 1850 Canon de Vionnet y Montfort introduced the order into Spain. The first colony was sent to St. Andre de Polemar, near

Barcelona. Soon another founding was made at Tarragona, a third in Valencia, and recently, a fourth in Barcelona.

Establishment of a Colony in Canada.

In 1855 Mgr. Charles Francis Baillargeon, third archbishop of Quebec, Canada (died Oct. 13, 1870), solicited the favor of a foundation of the sisters in Canada. At his request Bishop Bourget, of Montreal (died June 8, 1885), who was on his way to Rome, visited Lyons and the convent at Fourvieres for the purpose of presenting the petition and making arrangements, and in November, 1855, a colony of eight sisters left for Canada. They arrived in December, 1855, at the Grand Trunk Station opposite Quebec. The whole population of the adjacent country had gathered to meet them, and a cortege of over sixty sleighs and other vehicles accompanied them to their new convent at Sauryon. Meanwhile other foundations had been demanded in England. A convent was inaugurated in London in 1855, and another at Ipswich in 1860.

In Canada the congregation has rapidly extended itself. St. Gervais got a convent in 1860; one was established at Trois Pistoles, Province of Quebec, in 1863; another at St. Michael, Province of Quebec, in 1865; a convent and academy at Sillery, in 1870; and it now has the Provincial House for Canada. There have been several foundings made in the United States: one at Fall River, Mass, in 1877; one at Manchester, N. H., in 1883; and another at Woonsocket in 1884. The Superioress-General for the sisters in America is Mother Marie St. Cyrille. Thus does God, who works in quiet and might, further His own designs in spite of persecution and wicked opposition, choosing the weakest and the humblest as the instruments in His hands.

Biliousness is sometimes the result of eating too freely of fats; animal fat being particularly difficult to digest, and likely to be taken in too large quantities in the shape of butter, lard, suet, and fat meats, is apt to produce this condition. Some years ago a French physiologist fed to various animals liberal supplies of fat, and then observed the quantity of bile produced. He found that the amount of bile was lessened just in proportion to the amount of fat added to the food. In order to ascertain the reason for this result he killed some animals, after having fed them freely with fat, and examined their livers with a microscope. By this means he discovered that the little cells which chiefly compose the liver, and which form the bile, were crowded with little drops of fat, and were thus so burdened and hampered in their work that they were obliged to work very slowly, and hence produced only a small quantity of bile. Similar experiments show that the excessive use of flesh food also renders the liver torpid and produces biliousness. Flesh food usually consists of albumen, a nitrogenous substance, which can be used in the body only in a very limited amount. The average person can use only three ounces of this kind of material every twenty-four hours.

Musings from Foreign Poets.

LA RONDINELLA.

From the Italian of Tommaso Grossi.

LITTLE pilgrim swallow singing
On my sill from early morn,
How thy lay my heart is wringing
With its tearful grief forlorn!—
Prithee, little swallow, say
What wouldst thou tell me in thy lay?

Art thou by thy mate forsaken,
That thou mournest all day long?
Or for me by woe o'ertaken,
Art lamenting in thy song?
Let thy strains for me arise,
In sadness ever to the skies.

Here am I repining ever,
Thou canst soar on joyous wings,
Skim the plain, the shining river,
Fill the air with twitterings,
Calling on thy faithless mate
Who hath left thee desolate.

Prisoned in this dungeon dismal
I my destiny bemoan;
Here within whose depths abysmal
Ray of sunlight never shone,
Whence the song I sing ne'er will
Reach thee perched upon my sill.

Thou wilt leave me, pilgrim swallow,
When September days are o'er,
And thy fellow-exiles follow
In their flight to foreign shore,
Greeting other climes and seas
With thy artless melodies.

Still as dawns each cheerless morning,
And I ope my tearful eyes,
I will think I hear thy mourning
Songs to mine responsive rise,
Tho' the wintry winds blow chill,
And the snow shrouds vale and hill.

When the springtime sees thee flying
O'er the meadows as of old,
'Neath the sward thou'lt find me lying
With a cross above my mould,—
By that cross a moment cease
Thy flight, to murmur—Rest in peace!

THE RETURN.

From the Italian of Cagnoli.

IN the balmy April weather
When the skies show bright and fair,
Sailing from climes alien hither,
Borne on viewless waves of air,
Singing still the self-same song
Pilgrim swallow came along.

And at dawn the woods and meadows
Wake from sleep afar and near,—
At the fall of evening's shadows
Sink to slumber as they hear
Pilgrim swallow's melodies
Floating on the April breeze.

Drawn by love the pilgrim swallow
Seeks his olden haunts once more,
Terrace, roof, and stream-fed hallow,
Greets he as in days of yore:
Welcome! seem they all to say
As they list his blithesome lay.

In the graveyard where those slumber
In whose ears mute is the light,*
Words of greeting from its sombre
Depths ne'er reach him in his flight
O'er its mounds, his artless strain
Pilgrim swallow sings in vain.

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* "Tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,
Che venendomi incontro, a poco a poco
Mi ripingeva la dove 'l Sol tace."

"E'en such made me that beast withouten peace,
Which, coming on against me by degrees,
Thrust me back thither where the sun is silent."

So too Cato in *De Re Rustica*, 29, speaks of the "silent moon": *Evehito luna silenti.* Also Pliny has "Silens luna"; and Milton, in *Samson Agonistes*, "Silent as the moon."

Once while flying o'er this city
Of the dead a cross he spies,
Folds his wings with cry of pity,
Drops like lead down from the skies;
Perched upon that little cross
Pilgrim swallow wails his loss.

"Woe is me! thy heart sore-smitten
Broke at last, now lies it low,
Ah! how oft I sought to sweeten
With my songs thy bitter woe,
That like echoes rose and fell
Answering thine in prison cell.

"Stand I now forsaken, mourning
Evermore thy hapless doom;
Still when leaving or returning
Will I greet thee in the tomb,—
Tho' no more shall songs of mine
Blend in unison with thine."

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

Justice to Gen. Shields.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY:

Sir: — Every fair-minded reader of the *Century*, I am persuaded, must have been surprised and pained by the latitude of criticism indulged in by the writers of the article on "Abraham Lincoln," which appears in the January number, when referring to the character and services of certain public men who do not happen to be the objects of the twain writers' worship and veneration. Especially is this true in the notable instances of Senator Douglas and Gen. Shields, names held in honored remembrance in Illinois, as throughout the entire country.

The attack on the character, qualities, and public services of Gen. Shields is so coarse, ungenerous, and unjustifiable that the motive for this extraordinary onslaught might be attributed to private malice — were there wanting a more evident animus.

The episode of the challenge or so-called "duel" between Shields and Lincoln — by other writers dismissed with a pleasantry, or simply a bantering allusion to the humorous aspect of the bloodless and grotesque meeting — is by the writers of the article in question made the pretext and the occasion for a digression wherein Gen. Shields is held up to public derision, his supposed personal qualities and characteristics made a subject for ill-natured comment, his public services belittled and derided, and even his honorable wounds received on the battle-fields of Mexico and Virginia held up to general ridicule.

To the honor of American authorship and American journalism, I believe it may justly be said that Gen. Shields was never before made the object of so cowardly and so undeserved an attack — which, with the leave of the editor of the *Century*, I shall proceed to notice in such brevity and form as I trust may meet the necessary limitations and requirements of your columns.

I have said that the animus of this ill-natured diatribe is only too apparent. Shields had the misfortune, shared by many other distinguished statesmen and soldiers who served this country faithfully and loyally, to be born in Ireland! His career and public services form a part —and no ignoble or unworthy part — of the history of the United States. It is too well known to need defence or vindication.

It remained for the literary partners of these so-called memoirs to sully the pages of the *Century* by sneering at the "young Irishman," who had "little discernible merit or availability about him except his nationality." And the surprising discovery is made that it was to "the same cogent ethnological reasons to which he owed all his honors."

Having thus explained the secret of Shields' successive honors and distinctions, they next proceed in their efforts, by seeking to defame and belittle him. "Shields was a man of inordinate vanity and of corresponding irascibility," and "through a long life of somewhat (?) conspicuous public services he never lost a certain tone of absurdity, which can only be accounted for by the qualities which we have mentioned." And again the "insane insolence" and the "antic fury" of Shields, "who did nothing in silence," but "with blustering and threats; his nature had no other way of expressing itself." Nor is this all — the honorable wounds sustained by the "young Irishman" on battle-fields made glorious by American valor are scoffingly referred to, as though they had been beggars' sores paraded to elicit pennies.

These are samples of the unfair and unworthy spirit shown in the treatment of Gen. Shields by the authors of this remarkable paper. I am not alone in the belief that no other writers could be found who would thus seek to tarnish the lustre of an honored name, and bring into derision services so distinguished and so meritorious. The career of Gen. Shields and his public services are historical. Let me briefly summarize the principal facts.

Emigrating in early youth to the United States he settled in the southern part of Illinois, taught school, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. Subsequently elected successively member of the legislature, auditor of State, judge of the supreme court, at a period in the history of Illinois when there was scarcely such an element known in its politics as the Irish vote, it could not have been the "ethnological reason" which explains Shields' successive promotions in the public service. He was appointed commissioner of the Land Office at the unanimous request of the Illinois delegation in congress; and it was through the same agency that Shields was commissioned brigadier-general in command of the Illinois troops raised for service in Mexico. Both these latter statements are made on the authority of the Hon. John Wentworth, the only surviving Illinois congressman of that period. This surely ought to dispose of the assertion that Shields had "no discernible merit or availability about him except his nationality."

It might indeed be claimed that Shields' nationality, far from being an advantage or a resource for political promotion, would, in those early days on the western frontier, have been rather a disqualification and a drawback; but happily it was not so. The pioneers of Illinois were men of broader gauge and more liberal notions. The talent, steadiness, and tried honesty of the "young Irishman" won their favor and confidence, and so he came to be promoted successively to one after another post of honor and trust, each higher than the preceding. But if ever there were any doubt or question as to his claim to unquestioned place in the ranks of American citizenship, his "baptism in blood" and his acknowledged prowess and capacity on the battle-plains of Mexico fully

and unequivocally established it. The most cursory reading of the histories of the war with Mexico will make this assertion evident, and the records of the War Department demonstrate it in the most conclusive manner.

Lieut.-Gen. Winfield Scott, commander-in-chief of the United States forces, repeatedly complimented Gen. Shields in his public orders and reports. In a report to the War Department dated April 19, 1847, from "Plan del Rio, fifty miles from Vera Cruz," giving details of the engagement at Cerro Gordo, he mentions, "Brig.-Gen. Shields, a commander of activity, zeal, and talent, is, I fear, if not dead, mortally wounded." In a later dispatch, giving further details of the same battle, Gen. Scott says: "Shields' brigade, bravely assaulting the left, carried the rear battery (five guns) on the Ialapa road, and aided materially in completing the route of the enemy." Again: "The brigade so gallantly led by Gen. Shields, and after his fall by Col. Baker, deserves commendation for its fine behavior and success." "I am happy," he adds, "in communicating strong hopes of the recovery of the gallant Gen. Shields, who is so much improved as to be brought to this place."

Scarcely convalescent from the effects of this grave wound Shields insisted on leading his brave Illinois troops in the further engagement and march which led to the fall of the city of Mexico. He is in the front of every battle, the idol of his soldiers, the trusted lieutenant of the commander-in-chief. His services, capacity, and bravery are mentioned again and again in the dispatches from the seat of war.

In report No. 32 from Tamboya, battle of Contreras, Aug. 28, 1847, Shields is mentioned several times. I give only one quotation: "Shields, too, by the wise disposition of his brigade and gallant activity, contributed much to the general results. He held masses of cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery, in check below him, and captured hundreds, with one general (Mendoza), of those who fled from above."

At Cherubusco "Shields concentrated the division about a hamlet, and determined the attack in front. The battle was long, hot, and varied; but ultimately success crowned the zeal and gallantry of our troops, ably directed by their distinguished commander, Brig.-Gen. Shields." And so in the final assault which led to the surrender of the Mexican capital, Gen. Shields received the warm commendation of Gen. Scott for his gallantry and skill; and it is to be remembered Shields was again wounded at Chapultepec but refused to leave the field.

And this is the man who had "little discernible merit or availability about him except his nationality."

When on his return a grateful State, proud of the renown won by her soldiers on a foreign field, proud of the bravery and capacity shown by the commander who led them, manifested her gratitude by electing Gen. Shields United States senator, the entire country accepted and the whole people applauded the act as a just and merited recognition of valor and capacity. When, too, the State of South Carolina, whose gallant troops he had led, tendered a costly jewelled sword to Gen. Shields, in remembrance of his chivalry and valor, assuredly it was for no "ethnological reason." And the same as to the city of New York, which presented him with a like testimonial.

How did Gen. Shields acquit himself in the service of Illinois in the various important positions held in her capital and at the capital of the nation? Let the public records, let the testimonials of his contemporaries and associates attest. We shall see later how gloriously he crowned a memorable career on other battle-fields, and in still further services, representing two other States in the United States senate.

But let me quote a tribute spontaneously paid to Gen. Shields when his credentials as United States senator from Illinois were presented to the United States senate. Shields' admission as senator was opposed on the ground of "ineligibility." He was not long enough a citizen it was claimed to entitle him to admission — hence the debate, and hence also the letter to his competitor, Judge Breese, for which, however, there is another curious explanation not necessary now to recall. Senator Foote, of Mississippi, in speaking of the question said: "This countryman of ours has been guilty of no crime privately or publicly; his misfortune, if misfortune it be, is to have been a native of a foreign country. Though born elsewhere than in the United States, he has never failed to sympathize with our progress as a nation, and for years past he has performed all the duties of citizenship creditably. Within two years this persecuted hero has had it in his power to give evidence of true American feeling which few native Americans have been able to exhibit. He has been baptized in blood and fire into our American family upon the battle-plains of Mexico, and the herioc deeds of this man have become part of our national history. The renown which he has acquired has penetrated every part of the Republic; there is no neighborhood on this side of the Atlantic with which his name has not long become familiar and his fame become established."

Serving Illinois in the senate from 1849 to 1855, Gen. Shields took part, and no inconspicuous part, in all the important measures then under consideration. No suspicion of jobbery or corruption ever attached to his honored name, in that or any other service or station. Failing of re-election because of divisions in his own party, he emigrated to Minnesota and formed a colony of his countrymen in the county in which he located. He was chosen one of the first senators from the newly admitted State, serving from 1857 to 1859.

His active and restless spirit caused him to seek another and remoter field of activity in California, from which he was recalled during the War of the Rebellion, and he tendered his services to the government. Commissioned a brigadier Aug. 9, 1861, by his old-time adversary, he was given a command, and once more swiftly gave evidence of his capacity and prowess.

He served with distinguished honor throughout the celebrated campaign in the Shenandoah, and though severely wounded at the battle of Winchester he succeeded the next day in out-marching, out-manœuvring and defeating Stonewall Jackson,— the only northern general who ever attained that distinction. Shortly after, seeing that men like himself were not likely to receive consideration at the hands of the ruling power, he resigned his commission.

His subsequent career is briefly told. He remained in California till the war closed, when he selected the State of Missouri as his per-

manent home. He lived here in retirement on a farm, until called by his neighbors to represent his county in the legislature of the State. He was subsequently appointed adjutant general, and in 1879 was chosen United States senator to fill the unexpired term caused by the death of Senator Bogy — which lasted only a few months. He thus had the unique distinction of having served as United States senator from three states — Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri.

Gen. Shields died suddenly at Ottumwa, Iowa, June 1, 1879. Notwithstanding his brilliant military and civic talents, Gen. Shields lived and died a poor man. With abundant opportunities during his public service to have enriched himself, no bribe or "boodle" ever stained his hands. During his residence in Missouri he cultivated a small farm in Carroll County. So poor was he that he could hire little or no help. He ploughed his own fields, and could often be seen hatless and coatless following the plough. It was even said that his necessities caused him to pledge the jewelled swords, already alluded to, so straitened was he for means in his last days.

And this is the man and such the career scornfully and sneeringly characterized by the literary partners, "John Hay and John G. Nicolay," in the *Century* article in question.

The late Gen. John A. Logan, to his honor be it said, publicly rebuked a less cowardly attack on the hero when he was still living and able to defend his good name. In a letter addressed to Senator Sargent, who was opposing the bill placing Gen. Shields on the "retired list," Gen. Logan said: —

"Strike him as he did his enemies on the field of battle—square in the body, but not over the heads of others. Say that he is not entitled to it, not because he does not deserve well of his adopted country, for he does; not because he was not a brave and gallant soldier in two of our great wars, for he was; not because he was not wounded almost unto death in both, for he was; not because he is not old, for he is; not because he is not now suffering from his wounds, for he is; not because he is not very poor and needy, for he is; not because he does not come under every requirement that would have placed him on the retired list, for he does. . . . The bill is before the senate, and the record of Gen. Shields is part of the history of the country, written upon one of its brightest pages. What has been done so far, whatsoever the motives of others, does not result from his importunity. Let the nation perform an act of gratitude toward an old volunteer soldier and one of its ablest defenders, who has to move slowly along under the weight of many years and the pain of many wounds. Let him feel that his last days are to be his happiest, having received evidence of his country's gratitude for his untiring devotion to her in all her trials.

"Very respectfully,

"JOHN A. LOGAN."

The generous words of the lamented Logan present a strong contrast to the estimate given by the *Century* writers, and other equally notable and distinguished testimony to the worth, services, and ability of Gen. Shields could easily be cited.

But enough, perhaps, has been said on the subject, nor is it necessary to refer to the services and devotion of men of Irish nationality to the cause of American liberty, to the vindication of American honor, to the maintenance of American institutions. It is a long and illustrious chronicle that commences with Montgomery and Sullivan in the Revo-

lutionary era, down to Sheridan and Shields, Meagher and Mulligan, in the period of the Civil War.

Happily the American people have long since discarded the narrow and contracted notion that man must be born within certain peculiar limits in the United States in order to be a true American.

America welcomes all from every land who come to share in her destinies, and who loyally and faithfully accept the duties and responsibilities attaching to citizenship in this great country. Were there more men like Gen. Shields in her armies and her councils we never need fear for the honor, the perpetuity, or the renown of our country.

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

Life of Father Felix Joseph Barbelin, S. J.*

THOUGH Eleanor C. Donnelly will always be best known and best loved as a poet, she is a charming prose-writer, too, as her lately published life of Father Barbelin especially attests. It is a loving and faithful portraiture of the children's apostle, by one of his latest and most cherished spiritual children. Born at Luneville, Lorraine, in 1808, Felix Joseph Barbelin came to America in 1831, entered the Society of Jesus, and was ordained at Georgetown, and spent all his priestly life at the famous "Old St. Joseph's," Philadelphia. Because of his piety and tact he was made rector in the stormy "Know-Nothing" days, and he held that office from 1844 till his death in 1869. He regenerated the lukewarm Catholics of his pastoral charge by his work among their children. Indeed, his influence was felt far beyond the limits of his parish. He became friend, confidant, playmate almost, to the little ones, to win them and keep them for Christ; and he was well rewarded, for his old-time spiritual children are now true pillars of the church in Philadelphia, full of the apostolic spirit of their beloved father, and leaders in all good works. All that the devoted Jesuit did for children and adults — the founding of St. Joseph's College, of the parochial schools, the Home for Young Catholic Working-Girls, the Temperance Societies, the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul; his work among the fever-stricken Irish immigrants, among the French, the Italians, the colored people — are minutely and sympathetically chronicled; so that on closing the book the reader feels as if Father Barbelin were an old-time friend, of whose virtues and labors he had personal cognizance. Miss Donnelly merits the thanks of Catholics everywhere for making known the life of this model priest, whose whole character is summed up in the judgment of one who knew him intimately: "Seldom or never did he take a step that had to be retraced."

* ELEANOR C. DONNELLY. Philadelphia: Fasy & Comber, 1887.

Translated from the *Moniteur de Rome.*

The Question of the Knights of Labor.

An American journal has gotten possession, it is not known how, of an important document presented to the Holy See by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. The *summary* which it has given to the American public has entirely omitted passages necessary to the just exposition of the views of his Eminence and of the doctrine of the Church. This we have taken pains to verify; and therefore we consider it our duty to present the correct text of so weighty a document on so important a subject.

To His Eminence Cardinal Simeoni,

Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda.

Your Eminence: — In submitting to the Holy See the conclusions which, after several months of attentive observation and reflection, seem to me to sum up the truth concerning the associations of the Knights of Labor, I feel profoundly convinced of the vast importance of the consequences attaching to this question, which is but a link in the great chain of the social problems of our day, and especially of our country.

In treating this question I have been very careful to follow as my constant guide the spirit of the Encyclical Letters, in which our Holy Father Leo XIII. has so admirably set forth the dangers of our times and their remedies, as well as the principles by which we are to recognize associations condemned by the Holy See. Such was also the guide of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in its teachings concerning the principles to be followed, and the dangers to be shunned by the faithful, either in the choice or in the establishment of those various forms of association towards which the spirit of our popular institutions so strongly impels them. And, considering the evil consequences that might result from a mistake in the treatment of organizations which often count their members by thousands and hundreds of thousands, the council wisely ordained (n. 255) that when an association is spread over several dioceses not even the bishop of one of these dioceses shall condemn it, but shall refer the case to a standing committee, consisting of all the archbishops of the United States; and even these are not authorized to condemn, unless their sentence be unanimous; and, in case they fail to agree unanimously, then only the supreme tribunal of the Holy See can impose a condemnation; all this in order to avoid error, and confusion of discipline.

This committee of the archbishops held a meeting towards the end of last October, at which the association of the Knights of Labor was specially considered. To this we were not impelled by the request of any of our bishops, for none of them had asked it; and I must add that among all the bishops we know of but two or three who desire the condemnation. But our reason was the importance attached to the question by the Holy See itself; and this led us to examine it with all

possible care. After our deliberations, the result of which has already been communicated to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, only two out of the twelve archbishops voted for condemnation, and their reasons were powerless to convince the others of either the justice or the prudence of such a condemnation.

In the following considerations I wish to state in detail the reasons which determined the vote of the great majority of the committee — reasons whose truth and force seem to me only all the more evident after this lapse of time; nor will I fail to do justice to the arguments advanced on the other side.

1. In the first place, though there may be found in the constitution, laws, and official declarations of the Knights of Labor things that we would not approve of, still we have failed to find in them those elements, so clearly pointed out by the Holy See, which would class them among condemned associations.

a. In their form of initiation there is no oath.

b. The obligation to secrecy, by which they keep the knowledge of their business from enemies or strangers, is not such as to hinder Catholics from manifesting everything to competent ecclesiastical authority, even outside of confession. This has been positively declared to us by their chief officers.

c. They make no promise of blind obedience. The objects and the laws of the association are distinctly declared, and the obligation of obedience does not go beyond them.

d. They not only profess no hostility against religion or the Church, but their declarations are quite to the contrary. The Third Plenary Council commands (n. 254) that condemnation shall not be passed on any association without a previous hearing of its officers or representatives: "Auditis ducibus, corypheis, vel sociis præcipuis." Now, their president, when sending me a copy of their constitution, declared that he is a devoted Catholic; that he practises his religion faithfully and receives the Sacraments regularly; that he belongs to no Masonic society or other association condemned by the Church; that he knows nothing in the organization of the Knights of Labor contrary to the laws of the Church; that, with filial submission, he begs the pastors of the Church to examine their constitution and laws, and to point out anything they may find objectionable, promising to see to its correction. Assuredly there is in all this no hostility to the authority of the Church, but, on the contrary, a disposition in every way praiseworthy. After their convention held last year in Richmond, he and several of the principal officers and members, devout Catholics, made similar declarations concerning the action of that convention, the documents of which we expect to receive shortly.

e. Nor do we find in this organization any hostility to the authority and laws of our country. Not only does nothing of the kind appear in their constitution and laws, but the heads of our civil government treat with great respect the cause which such associations represent. The President of the United States told me personally, a few weeks ago, that he then had under consideration a proposed law for the amelioration of certain social grievances, and that he had had a long conversation on these topics with Mr. Powderly, the president of the Knights of Labor. The Congress of the United States, in compliance with the views presented by President Cleveland in his annual message, is at present engaged in framing measures for the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes, in whose complaints they acknowledge that there is a great deal of truth. And our political parties, far from considering them as enemies of the country, vie with each other in championing the evident rights of the workingmen who seek not to resist or to overthrow the laws, but only to obtain just legislation by constitutional and legitimate means.

These considerations, which show that in this association those elements are not found which the Holy See has condemned, lead us to study, in the second place, the evils which the association contends against, and the nature of the conflict.

2. That there exist among us, as in all the other countries of the world, grave and threatening social evils, public injustices which call for strong resistance and legal remedy, is a fact which no one dares to deny,—a fact already acknowledged by the Congress and the President of the United States. Without entering into the sad details of these evils, whose full discussion is not here necessary, I will only mention that monopolies, on the part both of individuals and of corporations, have everywhere called forth not only the complaints of our working classes, but also the opposition of our public men and legislators; that the efforts of monopolists, not always without success, to control legislation to their own profit, cause serious apprehensions among the disinterested friends of liberty; that the heartless avarice, which through greed of gain pitilessly grinds not only the men but even the women and children in various employments, makes it clear to all who love humanity and justice that it is not only the right of the laboring classes to protect themselves, but the duty of the whole people to aid them in finding a remedy against the dangers with which both civilization and social order are menaced by avarice, oppression, and corruption.

It would be vain to dispute either the existence of the evils, or the right of legitimate resistance, or the necessity of a remedy. At most, a doubt might be raised about the legitimacy of the form of resistance and of remedy employed by the Knights of Labor. This then is the next point to be examined.

3. It can hardly be doubted that, for the attainment of any public end, association — the organization of all interested — is the most efficacious means, a means altogether natural and just. This is so evident, and, besides, so conformable to the genius of our country, of our essentially popular social condition, that it is unnecessary to insist upon it. It is almost the only means to gain public attention, to give force to the most legitimate resistance, to add weight to the most just demands.

Now there already exists an organization which presents innumerable attractions and advantages, but with which our Catholic workingmen, filially obedient to the Holy See, refuse to unite themselves; this is the Masonic Order, which exists everywhere in our country, which as Mr. Powderly has expressly pointed out to us, unites employers and employed in a brotherhood very advantageous to the latter, but which numbers in its ranks hardly a single Catholic. Nobly renouncing advantages which the Church and conscience forbid, our workingmen join associations in no way in conflict with religion, seeking nothing but mutual protection and help, and the legitimate assertion of their rights. Must they here also find themselves threatened with condemnation, hindered from their only means of self-defence?

4. Let us now consider the objections made against this sort of organization.

a. It is objected that, in such organizations, Catholics are mixed with Protestants to the peril of their faith. Naturally yes, they are mixed with Protestants at their work; for, in a mixed people like ours, the separation of religious creeds in civil affairs is an impossibility. But, to suppose that the faith of our Catholics suffers thereby is not to know the Catholic workingmen of America, who are not like the workingmen of so many European countries,— misguided children estranged from their mother the Church, and regarding her with suspicion and dread, — but intelligent, well instructed, and devoted Catholics, ready to give their blood if necessary, as they continually give their hard-earned means, for her support and protection. And in fact, it is not here question of Catholics mixed with Protestants, but rather that Protestants are admitted to a share in the advantages of an association the majority of whose members and officers are Catholics; and, in a country like ours, their exclusion would be simply impossible.

b. But it is asked, instead of such an organization could there not be confraternities, in which the workingmen would be united under the direction of the clergy and the influence of religion? I answer frankly that I do not consider this either possible or necessary in our country; I sincerely admire the efforts of this sort which are made in countries where the working people are led astray by the enemies of religion, but, thanks be to God, that is not our condition. We find

that in our country the presence and direct influence of the clergy would not be advisable where our citizens, without distinction of religious belief, come together in regard to their industrial interests alone. Short of that, we have abundant means for making our working people faithful Catholics; and simple good sense advises us not to go to extremes.

c. Again it is objected that, in such organizations, Catholics are exposed to the evil influences of the most dangerous associates, even of atheists, communists, and anarchists. That is true; but it is one of those trials of faith which our brave American Catholics are accustomed to meet almost daily, and which they know how to face with good sense and firmness. The press of our country tells us, and the president of the Knights of Labor has related to us, how these violent and aggressive elements have endeavored to control the association, or to inject their poison into its principles; but they also inform us with what determination these machinators have been repulsed and beaten.

The presence among our citizens of those dangerous social elements, which have mostly come from certain countries of Europe, is assuredly for us an occasion of great regret and of vigilant precautions; it is a fact, however, which we have to accept, but which the close union between the Church and her children, which exists in our country, renders comparatively free from danger. In truth, the only thing from which we would fear serious danger would be a cooling of this relationship between the Church and her children; and I know nothing that would be more likely to occasion it than imprudent condemnations.

d. A specially weighty charge is drawn from the outbursts of violence, even to bloodshed, which have accompanied several of the strikes inaugurated by labor organizations. Concerning this, three things are to be remarked. First, strikes are not an invention of the Knights of Labor, but a means almost everywhere and always resorted to by the working classes to protect themselves against what they consider injustice, and in assertion of what they believe to be their just rights. Secondly, in such a struggle of the poor and indignant multitudes against hard and obstinate monopoly, outbursts of anger and violence are almost as inevitable as they are greatly to be regretted. Thirdly, the laws and the chief authorities of the Knights of Labor, far from encouraging violence or the occasions of it, exercise a powerful influence to hinder it, and to restrain strikes within the limits of good order and of legitimate action. A careful examination of the acts of violence accompanying the struggle between capital and labor during last year, leaves us convinced that it would be unjust to attribute them to the association of the Knights of Labor. For this association was but one among the numerous labor organizations that took part in the strikes; and their chief officers used every possible effort, as disinterested witnesses testify, to appease the anger of the multitudes, and to hinder the excesses which, therefore, in my judgment, could not justly be attributed to them. Doubtless, among the Knights of Labor, as among the thousands of other workingmen, there are to be found passionate or even wicked men, who have committed inexcusable deeds of violence, and have instigated their associates to the same; but to attribute this to the association would, it seems to me, be as unreasonable as to attribute to the Church the follies or the crimes of her children, against which she strives and protests. I repeat that, in such a struggle of the great masses of the people against the mail-clad power which, as it is acknowledged, often refuses them the simple rights of humanity and justice, it is vain to expect that every error and every act of violence can be avoided; and to dream that this struggle can be hindered or that we can deter the multitudes from organizing, which is their only hope of success, would be to ignore the nature and forces of human society in times like ours. Christian prudence evidently counsels us to hold the hearts of the multitudes by the bonds of love, in order to control their actions by the principles of faith, justice, and charity; to acknowledge frankly what is true and just in their cause, in order to deter them from what is false and criminal, and thus to turn into a legitimate, peaceable, and beneficent contest, what might easily, by a course of repulsive severity, become for the masses of our people a dread volcanic force, like unto that which society fears and the Church deplores in Europe.

Upon this point I insist strongly, because, from an intimate acquaintance with the social conditions of our country, I am profoundly convinced that here we are touching upon a subject which not only concerns the rights of the working classes, who ought to be specially dear to

the Church which our Lord sent forth to preach his Gospel to the poor, but with which are intimately bound up the fundamental interests of the Church and of human society for the future. This is a point which I desire, in a few additional words to develop more clearly.

5. Whoever meditates upon the ways in which Divine Providence is guiding mankind in our days, cannot fail to remark how important is the part which the power of the people takes in shaping the events of the present, and which it is evidently destined to take in moulding the destinies of the future. We behold with profound regret the efforts of the prince of darkness to make this power dangerous to the social weal, by withdrawing the masses of the people from the influence of religion, and impelling them towards the ruinous paths of license and anarchy. Hitherto our country has presented a spectacle of a most consolingly different character — that of a popular power regulated by love of good order, by respect for religion, by obedience to the authority of the laws; not a democracy of license and violence, but that true democracy which aims at the general prosperity through the means of sound principles and good social order.

In order to preserve so desirable a state of things it is absolutely necessary that religion should continue to possess the affections, and thus to rule the conduct of the multitudes. As Cardinal Manning has so well written: "A new task is before us. The Church has no longer to deal with parliaments and princes, but with the masses and with the people. Whether we will or no, this is our work: we need a new spirit and a new law of life." To lose influence over the people, would be to lose the future altogether; and it is by the heart, far more than by the understanding, that we must hold and guide this immense power, so mighty either for good or for evil. Among all the glorious titles which the Church's history has deserved for her, there is not one which at present gives her so great influence as that of *Friend of the People*. Assuredly, in our democratic country, it is this title which wins for the Catholic Church not only the enthusiastic devotedness of the millions of her children, but also the respect and the admiration of all our citizens, whatever be their religious belief. It is the power of this title which renders persecution almost an impossibility, and which draws towards our holy Church the great heart of the American people.

And since it is acknowledged by all that the great questions of the future are not those of war, of commerce, or of finance, but the social questions, the questions which concern the improvement of the condition of the great popular masses, and especially of the working people, it is evidently of supreme importance that the Church should be always found on the side of humanity, of justice towards the multitudes who compose the body of the human family. As the same eminent Cardinal Manning has wisely written: "I know I am treading on a very difficult subject, but I feel confident of this, that we must face it calmly, justly, and with a willingness to put labor and the profits of labor second — the moral state and the domestic life of the whole working population first. I will not venture to draw up such an act of Parliament further than to lay down this principle. . . . These things (the present condition of the poor in England) cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up of wealth like mountains, in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on if the moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations." ("Miscellanies," Vol. II., p. 81). In our country above all, this social amelioration is the inevitable programme of the future; and the position which the Church should hold towards it is surely obvious. She can certainly not favor the extremes to which the poor multitudes are naturally inclined; but I repeat, she must withhold them from these extremes by the bonds of affection, by the maternal desire which she will manifest for the concession of all that is just and reasonable in their demands, and by the maternal blessing which she will bestow upon every legitimate means for improving the condition of the people.

6. Now let us consider for a moment the consequences which would inevitably follow from the contrary course,— from a course of want of sympathy for the working classes, of suspicion for their aims, of ready condemnation for their methods.

a. First, there would be the evident danger of the Church's losing, in popular estimation, her right to be considered the friend of the people. The logic of the popular heart goes swiftly to its conclusions; and this conclusion would be most

pernicious both for the people and for the Church. To lose the heart of the people would be a misfortune, for which the friendship of the few rich and powerful would be no compensation.

b. There would be great danger of rendering hostile to the Church the political power of our country, which has openly taken sides with the millions who are demanding justice and the improvement of their condition. The accusation of being un-American, that is to say alien, to our national spirit, is the most powerful weapon which the enemies of the Church can employ against her. It was this cry which aroused the Know-Nothing persecution thirty years ago, and the same would be used again if the opportunity offered. To appreciate the gravity of this danger, it is well to remark that not only are the rights of the working classes loudly proclaimed by each of our two great political parties, but it is not improbable that, in our approaching national elections, there will be a candidate for the office of President of the United States as the special representative of the popular complaints and demands. Now to seek to crush by an ecclesiastical condemnation an organization which represents more than five hundred thousand votes, and which has already so respectable and so universally recognized a place in the political arena, would, to speak frankly, be considered by the American people as not less ridiculous than rash. To alienate from ourselves the friendship of the people would be to run great risk of losing the respect which the Church has won in the estimation of the American nation, and of forfeiting the peace and prosperity which form so admirable a contrast with her condition in some so-called Catholic countries. Angry utterances have not been wanting of late, and it is well that we should act prudently.

c. A third danger, and the one which most keenly touches our hearts, is the risk of losing the love of the children of the Church and of pushing them into an attitude of resistance against their Mother. The world presents no more beautiful spectacle than that of their filial devotedness and obedience; but it is well to recognize that, in our age and in our country, obedience cannot be blind. We would greatly deceive ourselves if we expected it. Our Catholic working men sincerely believe that they are only seeking justice, and seeking it by legitimate means. A condemnation would be considered both false and unjust, and therefore not binding. We might preach to them submission, and confidence in the Church's judgment; but these good dispositions could hardly go so far. They love the Church, and they wish to save their souls; but they must also earn their living, and labor is now so organized that, without belonging to the organization, it is almost impossible to earn one's living.

Behold, then, the consequences to be feared. Thousands of the Church's most devoted children, whose affection is her greatest comfort, and whose free offerings are her chief support, would consider themselves repulsed by their Mother and would live without practising their religion. Catholics who have hitherto shunned the secret societies would be sorely tempted to join their ranks. The Holy See, which has constantly received from the Catholics of America proofs of almost unparalleled devotedness, would be considered not as a paternal authority but as a harsh and unjust power. Surely these are consequences which wisdom and prudence counsel us to avoid.

7. But besides the dangers that would result from such a condemnation, and the impracticability of putting it into effect, it is also very important that we should carefully consider another reason against condemnation, arising from the unstable and transient character of the organization in question. It is frequently remarked by the press and by attentive observers that this special form of association has in it so little permanence, that, in its present shape, it is not likely to last many years. Whence it follows that it is not necessary, even if it were just and prudent, to level the solemn condemnations of the Church against so evanescent an object. The social agitation itself will, indeed, last as long as there are social evils to be remedied; but the forms of organization meant for the attainment of this end are naturally provisional and short-lived. They are also very numerous, for I have already remarked that the Knights of Labor are only one among many labor organizations. To strike, then, at one of these forms would be to commence a war without system and without end; it would be to exhaust the forces of the Church in chasing a crowd of changing and uncertain spectres. The American people beholds with perfect composure and confidence the progress of our social contest, and has not the least fear of not being able to protect itself against any excesses

or dangers that may occasionally arise. Hence, to speak with the most profound respect, but also with the frankness which duty requires of me, it seems to me that prudence suggests, and that even the dignity of the Church demands, that we should not offer to America an ecclesiastical protection for which she does not ask, and of which she believes that she has no need.

8. In all this discussion I have not at all spoken of Canada, nor of the condemnation concerning the Knights of Labor in Canada. For we would consider it an impertinence on our part to meddle with the ecclesiastical affairs of another country, which has a hierarchy of its own, and with whose social conditions we do not pretend to be acquainted. We believe, however, that the circumstances of a people almost entirely Catholic, like that of Lower Canada, must be very different from those of a mixed population like ours; moreover, that the documents submitted to the Holy Office are not the present constitution of the organization in our country; and that we therefore ask nothing involving an inconsistency on the part of the Holy See, which passed sentence "*localiter et juxta exposita.*" It is of the United States that we speak; and we trust that we are not presumptuous in believing that we are competent to judge about the state of things in our own country. Now, as I have already indicated, out of the seventy-five archbishops and bishops of the United States, there are only about five who desire the condemnation of the Knights of Labor, such as they are in our country; so that our hierarchy are almost unanimous in protesting against such a condemnation. Surely such a fact ought to have great weight in deciding the question. If there are difficulties in the case, it seems to me that the prudence and experience of our bishops, and the wise rules of the Third Plenary Council ought to suffice for their solution.

Finally, to sum up all, it seems to me that the Holy See could not decide to condemn an association under the following circumstances: —

1. When the condemnation does not seem to be *justified*, either by the letter or by the spirit of its constitution, its laws, and the declarations of its chiefs;

2. When the condemnation does not seem *necessary*, in view of the transient form of the organization, and the social condition of the United States;

3. When it does not seem to be *prudent*, because of the reality of the grievances complained of by the working classes, and their acknowledgment by the American people;

4. When it would be *dangerous* for the reputation of the Church in our democratic country, and might even lead to persecution;

5. When it would probably be *inefficacious*, owing to the general conviction that it would be unjust;

6. When it would be *destructive* instead of beneficial in its effects, impelling the children of the Church to disobey their Mother, and even to enter condemned societies which they have thus far shunned;

7. When it would turn into suspicion and hostility the singular devotedness of our Catholic people towards the Holy See;

8. When it would be regarded as a cruel blow to the authority of the bishops in the United States, who, it is well known, protest against such a condemnation.

Now, I hope that the considerations here presented have sufficiently shown that such would be the condemnation of the Knights of Labor in the United States.

Therefore, I leave the decision of the case, with fullest confidence, to the wisdom and prudence of your Eminence and of the Holy See.

J. CARDINAL GIBBONS,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

ROME, February 20, 1887.

The *Moniteur de Rome* adds: "His Eminence's document has already been widely commented upon by the newspapers of the United States. They have almost unanimously recognized in it not only a great benefit conferred upon the millions of workingmen, who compose the great mass of the people in America and in every other country, but also a victory for the Catholic Church, which, in showing itself the friend of the people, naturally secures their affections, which is the only means of efficaciously controlling the course of modern progress and guiding it

in the ways of sound and conservative principles. As a matter of course, a few journals, organs of the monopolists, have uttered their protest; but their voice has scarcely been heard amid the general applause."

Consecration of Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins.

As previously announced, the consecration of this young prelate of the Church took place at the new cathedral in Providence, R. I., on the 14th of April, by the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, assisted by Bishops O'Rielly, of Springfield, and McMahon, of Hartford. The services were held in the new cathedral, which was opened for divine worship for the first time since the month's mind of the prelate, whose monument it will always be, was held in it last July. Half-past ten o'clock was the hour fixed for the commencement of the services, and at that time the vast edifice was crowded in every available spot, while thousands who sought admission were obliged to turn reluctantly away from the door.

All the religious societies of the diocese had their representatives in the church, and very few of the diocesan clergymen were absent. Besides the prelates already mentioned, there sat in the sanctuary Bishops Healy, of Portland, and Bradley, of Manchester, preachers respectively at the morning and evening services.

When the procession had entered the sanctuary, in which a temporary altar had been erected, the new marble one not yet being in place, it was found that the officers of the day were as follows: Consecrating prelate and celebrant of the Mass, Most Rev. J. J. Williams, archbishop of Boston, who had as assistant priest Vicar-General McCabe, of this diocese. The deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass were respectively Revs. R. J. Sullivan, pastor of St. Mary's, Providence, and T. Kane, of St. Patrick's, Valley Falls, while the deacons of honor to the archbishop were the Revs. E. Murphy, of Fall River, and M. A. Wallace, of South Providence, the two oldest priests of the diocese. Bishop Harkins was attended by the Revs. C. Hughes, of this city, and H. J. Smyth, of New Bedford; Bishop O'Rielly by Fathers Halligan, of Pawtucket, and McCabe, of Fall River; and Bishop McMahon by Fathers Kinnerney, of Pawtucket, and Maguire, of this city. The masters of ceremonies were four in number — Revs. Farrell and Rielly, East Providence, J. C. Walsh, Providence, J. F. Clark, Slatersville, and M. O'Hare, Cranston.

At the usual time, Rt. Rev. Bishop Healy, of Portland, Me., delivered the sermon. After impressing upon his hearers the great dignity and importance of the episcopal office, the right reverend orator complimented the Catholics of Providence on the zeal which they had always manifested in the cause of religion, instancing as a proof of that zeal the splendid cathedral in which the services were held; and he paid a touching tribute at this point to the memory of Bishop Hendricken, who, he

declared, might truly be said to have sacrificed his life in order that the See of Providence might have a cathedral worthy of its name. Remarking of the new bishop that he was as yet comparatively unknown to the people and priests of Providence, Dr. Healy declared that he could himself vouch that they would find in him a worthy successor to their first prelate. His acquaintance with Bishop Harkins, he said, went back to the time of his boyhood, when, as an altar boy in the old cathedral in Boston, he gave early promise of great piety and high attainments in the church. He briefly sketched the new prelate's subsequent career, and commended him to the people and priests of the diocese over which God had placed him, concluding with an earnest exhortation to all to labor alike for the greater glory of God and their salvation.

After the completion of the morning services Bishop Harkins entertained the visiting prelates and priests at the episcopal residence. His lordship was besieged all day long with people calling to pay him their respects and wish him long years of life and happiness. Among those from Boston who attended the consecration were the worthy parents of the new prelate and his two brothers, and the scene when the newly-consecrated bishop bestowed his first pontifical blessing upon those members of his family was a truly affecting and edifying one. During the day the bishop was made the recipient of several notable gifts. On Easter Sunday a general collection throughout the Providence diocese was ordered and the amount of that, which will go towards completing the new cathedral, was handed to him by Vicar-General McCabe. The parishioners of St. James' Church, Boston, over which Dr. Harkins presided as pastor the three past years, sent him three thousand dollars as their offering, and the clergy of the Providence diocese also made him a suitable gift.

The evening services, which consisted of grand musical vespers, began at 7.30 o'clock, when Bishop Harkins officiated for the first time in the cathedral over which he is now placed. As in the morning, the vast edifice was completely filled and many were unable to gain admittance. After the choir had rendered a fine programme of special selections, Bishop Denis M. Bradley entered the pulpit and delivered a forcible sermon, which was attentively listened to by the large congregation. The vesper service concluded the order of the day, which was one of unalloyed joy and gratification for the Catholics of Providence.

Bishop Harkins, it is understood, will at once proceed with the work of completing the new cathedral, which was interrupted last June by the death of Bishop Hendricken. Little remains to be done, however. With the sole exception of the altars, the church is to-day practically complete, and even the altars would have been in place for these services if the architect had not been dilatory in furnishing the plans for them. It is understood that the grand altar will be constructed of rich marble and Mexican onyx, the estimated cost of which will be thirty thousand dollars, while the side altars will probably bring that amount up to fifty thousand dollars. Nearly all the necessary funds are already in hand, so that there will be no delay in finishing the interior of the church, and, when the altars are in position, the cathedral will be at once dedicated for the use of the congregation, which at present worships in the pro-cathedral, on Broad Street.

The See of Providence was instituted in 1872, and comprises the whole State of Rhode Island, together with the counties of Bristol and Barnstable in Massachusetts, a portion of Plymouth County in the same State, and Martha's Vineyard, Nantucket, and adjacent islands. It has about eighty churches and chapels, which are attended by over ninety priests, and some fifteen convents and colleges in which dwell over two hundred nuns, and a good number of ecclesiastical students. It has several excellent academies, notably that of the Sacred Heart at Elmhurst, and the convent of Mercy at Bayview, on the Narragansett. Its only male religious order is the Jesuits, who have charge of St. Joseph's Church, in this city, but it has several sisterhoods, to wit: Ladies of the Sacred Heart, Ursuline Nuns, Sisters of Mercy and Charity, Little Sisters of the Poor, and the Sisters of Jesus and Mary. It has a Catholic population of about 150,000, and nearly one-third of that number dwell in the city of Providence, in which there are thirteen parishes, eleven for English-speaking worshippers, and one each for French and Portuguese Catholics. Very Rev. M. McCabe, rector of St. Charles' Church, Woonsocket, who has so ably administered the diocese since Bishop Hendricken's death, will be continued in the vicar-generalship.

Brief Biographical Sketch.

THE RIGHT REV. MATTHEW HARKINS, the second bishop of the diocese of Providence, is of Irish parentage. He was born in Boston Nov. 17, 1845, and his parents, who are still living, resided in the parish of which he has recently been pastor. He attended the Brimmer and Quincy Schools, and then the Latin School, from which he graduated with a Franklin medal in 1862. The next scholastic year was spent in completing his classical education at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass. Deciding that he had a vocation for the priesthood, Bishop Fitzpatrick, then the ordinary of the Boston diocese, sent him to France to pursue his philosophico-theological studies in the English college of Douay and at the seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris. Here he studied with the most eminent teachers and divines of the Catholic Church. In 1869, after six years' study, he was ordained, and left Paris for Rome for additional knowledge. On his return to America, his first appointment was as curate of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Salem, Mass. After six years' labor at Salem he was appointed, in 1876, to his first pastorate, St. Malachi's Church, Arlington, his parish also including Lexington and Belmont. Here he remained until April, 1884, when he was transferred to the large and more important parish of St. James', Boston. From this church, also, Archbishop Williams and Bishop Healy were raised to Sees, and Bishop Harkins is the fourth bishop appointed from the Boston See in the archdiocese of Boston.

Bishop Harkins is a sound theologian, and was selected by Archbishop Williams as his theologian at the recent Plenary Council of Baltimore, where he was appointed one of the notaries. His powers are most strongly felt as an organizer and administrator, — qualities which he possesses in an unusual degree and which won for him his appointment as bishop. He is of medium height and strong and compact in

build. His forehead is high and his eyes beam with intelligence. He speaks with ease and fluency, and one would never tire of him.

Bishop Harkins has severed many ties in leaving Boston, but has accepted the charge of an important field which has warmly welcomed him.

The Porcupine Ant-Eater.

An important question in natural history can now be answered. There are egg-laying mammals. This fact, which has long been believed by scientists, has finally been proved, and the link between mammals and birds, which, according to the saying that "Nature makes no jumps," must necessarily exist, has been found. It is worthy of note that Darwin was interested in this question.

August 25, 1884, Dr. Wilhelm Haacke, former assistant of Haeckel and director of the South Australian Museum in Adelaide, discovered that the porcupine ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*) laid eggs, and the same

discovery was made a few days later by W. H. Caldwell, a young English naturalist who went to New Holland to study the development of animals of the duckbill species. The anatomical construction of these animals and their position in the zoölogical system has been a subject of discussion among naturalists, but they have finally been classed as mammals. The particular animal to which we wish to call attention (see accompanying cut, taken from the *Illustrirte Zeitung*) is the porcupine ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*). It is the smallest of the monotremes,

and reminds one of the porcupine. Its body is plump, and its short legs are each provided with five strong toes armed with sharp nails, well adapted for burrowing. Its beak resembles closely that of the woodcock, being thin and tube-shaped. The mouth is very small, only large enough for the passage of the worm-like, rough-pointed tongue which can be extended some distance beyond the beak and is used for drawing in food (ants and other insects). No ears are visible, but there are hearing passages which can be opened and closed by folds of skin. The upper part of the body is covered with black, pointed quills, the roots of which are surrounded by short hair, and the head, legs, and other parts of the body are also covered with hair.

This ant-eater lives in mountainous districts and in high, dry woods in South Australia, where he burrows under the roots of the trees. In his hole he makes a nest which he lines with parts of plants. To protect himself from an enemy he rolls himself up like a porcupine.

Famous Irish Regiment and its Commander.

THE NEW YORK SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT JUST BEFORE THE WAR. COURT MARTIAL OF COL. CORCORAN FOR REFUSAL TO PARADE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE are many persons in Boston and vicinity, and no doubt, now, elsewhere, who will recall the occasion of the visit of Col. Michael Corcoran of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York S. N. G. to Boston in 1860–61. One of the '48 exiles, Col. Michael Doheny, was engaged to lecture on an evening that winter in Tremont Temple before the Fenians and Irish Nationalists of Boston. Pending the arrangements for this gathering the Prince of Wales arrived in New York, and as will be distinctly remembered the patriotic and brave Corcoran and his gallant command refused to parade to do honor to this then young scion of the House of the Guelphs and heir to the throne of Great Britain. He represented all that was hateful and repugnant to the Irish race in America. The revolutionary spirit among our people ran high. There was scarcely a man or officer in the New York Regiment that was not ready to form part of a martial legion to strike England, for her terrible wrongs perpetrated on Ireland, at any place or point where that common foe of our people could be advantageously assailed by force of arms.

The comity of nations demanded that royal hospitalities be extended to the son of Victoria, and so our national, State, and municipal governments fell into line with the objects — diplomatic of course— which induced the Downing Street authorities to "permit" the regal scion to visit our Republican shores, and mingle with the American people, "limited" as the fastidious and rich corporations put it.

At this day and after all that has transpired, and in the light of the gravest experience, it is not difficult to realize what an ordeal the high-

souled soldier Corcoran was put to, to do that which was so repugnant to his martial instincts, to refuse that obedience which is the "first duty of a soldier." But he and his noble band of New York's National Guard did refuse to obey the order to parade under arms, in the pomp and circumstance attending the visit of the Prince of Wales and his titled retinue to New York's metropolis, and trail their flag of green in honor before these representatives of Ireland's hereditary enemy.

Of course it was a breach of military discipline which the State authorities could not overlook. Col. Corcoran knew they could not afford to do so. Knew that they would not. He was in spirit and by training too much of a soldier and disciplinarian not to know that he risked dismissal from the service and his regiment's disbandment, in thus openly disobeying the orders of his superior officers to parade with his command. His refusal saved the patriotic Irish national *esprit du corps* of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment, and gladdened the hearts of thousands of Corcoran's fellow-countrymen in America. He knew the result, and when the order for his "arrest," in military parlance, fell upon him he met it like the gallant and soldierly fellow that he was. The occasion was too good to be neglected by the men of Boston to extend to Col. Corcoran, and as many of his command as could come here, an invitation to receive the congratulations of men who honored the memories of the heroes that fought at Bunker Hill, and whose siege guns on Dorchester Heights drove English Tories, and Hessians, and fleet from town and harbor, St. Patrick's Day, 1776.

I have alluded to Colonel Corcoran's strong military instincts. He was a soldier because he was in the first place a patriotic Irishman. When as a young man of twenty-two years of age he arrived in the United States, one of the first things done by him after getting an employment for a living was to join a military company in New York City. His father had been a commissioned officer in the old country, and on the mother's side the blood of the Sarsfields flowed in his veins. She was a lineal descendant of the family to which the hero of Limerick belonged, and young Corcoran before coming to America had had some military training which was of great use to him when he joined a company of the New York S. N. G. His knowledge of military tactics, passion for arms, and soldierly bearing soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and he rapidly ran up through the various grades as a non-commissioned officer until he became the company orderly sergeant. From this he was chosen first lieutenant, and shortly he became captain of the company. The inspector general said of him, so well had he and his company acquitted themselves during what was called the "Quarantine War," on Staten Island: —"What I might say of Captain Corcoran as to his military knowledge would not add to his already known reputation as the best, if not the very best officer of his rank in the First Division." On the death of Colonel James Ryan he was elected in August, 1859, to fill the vacant colonelcy of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment New York S. N. G. He filled this high and honorable post but a little over one year, when the Prince of Wales arrived on these shores, and was making a grand tour

through this country. Much of this adulation sprang from that contemptible and non-American spirit which causes men and women to fawn and crawl before the smallest creature of the English nobility, even to this day. Other causes of it sprang from the hopes of closer commercial relations with the Mother Country, which our business fellow-citizens entertained. But when the war broke out in 1861, how the eyes of thousands of these people must have been opened when they realized the perfidy of England in her machinations to see this union severed.

Col. Corcoran and his patriotic command refused to participate in the adulations of the people of New York to the representative of English royalty, and as stated he was deprived of his command and of the use of his sword as its colonel. In visiting Boston while under this arrest Major Bagley and Quartermaster Joseph B. Tully of the regiment accompanied him. They were accorded a royal ovation at Tremont Temple. The Irish Nationalists everywhere were only too eager to do homage to these men, who showed themselves ready to be socially sacrificed and ostracized for a principle of devotion to Irish justice and emancipation. Col. Corcoran's reply to the enthusiastic welcome at the Temple was terse and soldierly. He was a man of action more than words as his more intimate compatriots in the Empire State well knew. But his quartermaster, Captain Tully, was an eloquent speaker, and ably responded to the patriotic address of respect, love, and welcome tendered to the distinguished visitors. A banquet at the Parker House followed, and for several days, while the guests were at the Revere House, the same place in Boston where the Prince and his suite were housed, they were the recipients of many hospitalities, and on leaving this city for home were conveyed by representative citizens with much ceremony, and under the escort of the famous Columbian Artillery — which after its Know-Nothing disbandment kept up its organization — in command of Capt. Thomas Cass, to the depot. Corcoran and his friends departed amid the warmest manifestations of regard and respect.

On his return to New York it did not seem as if the military authorities were in great haste to try him by court-martial, but steps were being taken in the formation of the court. With true gentlemen holding commissions in the guard of the State, Col. Corcoran's sentiment found considerable weight when he told them that,—

"As an Irishman I could not consistently parade Irish-born citizens in honor of the son of a sovereign under whose rule Ireland was left a desert and her best sons exiled or banished."

A few months only elapsed after this utterance when it was proved that the sentiment was faithful to the best interests of America as well as of devotion to Ireland. England's action showed plainly how glad she would have been to see the downfall of the Republic.

Pending the action of the court-martial the Southern rebellion broke out. Then it became evident that there was other work to be done by its members, far more useful and honorable to the State than in being engaged in the business of trying to dismiss an accomplished and patri-

otic officer. The militia of New York were needed in response to the call of President Lincoln for troops to defend the capital of the country. The following tell-tale promulgation resulted therefrom: —

[Special Order No. 9.]

FIRST DIVISION N. Y. S. M., NEW YORK, April 20, 1861.

In pursuance of Special Orders No. 58 from General Headquarters the court-martial detailed for the trial of Colonel Corcoran of the Sixty-Ninth Regiment is dissolved, and the charges dismissed; and Colonel Corcoran is directed forthwith to resume the command of his regiment.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL CHAS. W. SANDFORD,
GEORGE W. MORELL, *Div. Eng., Acting Div. Inspector.*

Two days later another order was issued to Colonel Corcoran by the same general officer, directing him to embark with his regiment on board the steamer *Adger*, Pier No. 4, North River, at 11 o'clock, April 23. The following sentence occurs in Colonel Corcoran's patriotic order, issued to his regiment and read to each company: —

"The commandant feels proud that his first duty after being relieved from a long arrest is to have the honor of promulgating an order to the regiment to rally to the support of the constitution and laws of the United States."

It was foremost among the troops of the Empire State to rally in promptitude for the integrity of the union and the honor and glory of its proud banner. The regimental line was formed in Great Jones Street, New York City. Here amid great enthusiasm and excitement they were presented with a splendid silk flag of the Stars and Stripes, Judge Daly's wife being the donor. In the reply to the address of presentation the gallant Corcoran begged Judge Daly to assure his lady that her "appropriate gift should never suffer a stain of dishonor while a man of the Sixty-Ninth remained alive to defend it." A description of a subsequent scene in the metropolis says that at "about 3 o'clock the order of march was given. The regiment moved into Broadway amid deafening cheers; flags and banners streamed from the windows and house-tops; ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the balconies, and flung bouquets on the marching columns." With the regular staff were Charles G. Halpine, the famous "Myles O'Reilly," and general afterwards, and John Savage, the poet and '48 exile. Here let us leave the brave regiment and resume in another chapter its heroic story.

STUDENT.

WHEN we are in doubt of not having done our duty, or of having offended God, we must humble ourselves, beg God to forgive us, and start afresh. Pure love of God says to us: "Unfaithful one, humble thyself, rely upon the mercy of God, ask pardon, and after renewed promises of fidelity and love, continue on in the pursuit of thy perfection."— *St. Francis de Sales.*

She Could Drive.

PAT REILLY was taking a ride
On an elegant summer's morning,
And Kathleen sat close by his side,
Bright smiles her face adorning.

And she looked so tidy and neat,
Her figure so plump and trim,
No girl half so pretty and sweet
Had ever appeared to him.

Said Pat: "Your eyes are so blue
And your lips so temptingly red,
They're the purtiest ever I knew,
And belong to the colleen I'd wed.

"Ah, darlin', if it wasn't for this baste
That's pullin' my poor arms apart,
They would tindherly steal round your waist,
And yourself be pressed to my heart.

"For my love is that powerful indeed
Without you I cannot survive."
Then Kathleen blushed, and said:
"Mr. Reilly, perhaps I could drive."

Naming the Baby.

"I THINK," said the fond mother, "that as the baby's name is Brown, it would be better to give him some first name less common than Henry. There are eleven columns of Henry Brown in the directory."

"Thirteen, darling," said Mr. Brown; "I counted them yesterday. What we want for the baby is a unique first name, a name that will be distinct and peculiar, that will make it possible always to identify him. Isn't that it, dearest?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I have prepared a list from which we can pick. Suppose we think over it? Let's begin at the twelve tribes of Israel. Are there any among them that you like?"

"I think not."

"How would Gad do? Gad Brown?"

"That would be novel, anyhow."

"Possibly. The others are all rather common. Does Ivanhoe strike you? I rather like Ivanhoe Brown. Or, if we wanted to give him a middle name we would call him Ivanhoe Alcibiades Brown."

"It is too long, and, besides I am not certain I could always spell Alcibiades correctly in marking his underclothing."

"Plutarch, then?"

"Mr. Brown, that's outrageous!"

"Outrageous, love? Plutarch? Why, what do you mean?"

"No child of mine shall ever be named after the god of the infernal regions!"

Mr. Brown explained the blunder that she had made in mistaking Plutarch for Pluto, and passed on. "What do you say then to Galileo? There is not a single Galileo Brown in the directory."

"Was Galileo an Israelite?"

"No, love."

"I thought from his name perhaps he came from Galilee," said Mrs. Brown thoughtfully.

Mr. Brown was too astonished to explain. He resumed the reading of his list.

"Pelaliah is a Scriptural name. Would you care for Pelaliah? Pelaliah Brown?"

"I think not," said Mrs. Brown. "It sounds like an impeachment of the dear child's veracity. I don't think we ought to start him in life with an insinuation that he will be a story-teller."

"It might not be right. Suppose then we call him Petrarch?"

"Is that a Bible name?"

"No."

"To be sure not; I was thinking of St. Peter. I think, William, I should prefer an American name of some kind, if we could find one."

Mr. Brown concealed his feelings and turned a new leaf on his list.

"I have a few Aztec names," said he, "that belong on this continent and that are marked by strong individuality; Tegozomoc, for instance. He was an Aztec king."

"Was his last name Brown?"

"I think not. No; I am certain it was not, and there was Nezohualcootl; he was a king, too."

"Our child could never put such a name as that on an umbrella handle."

"True," said Mr. Brown. "The king probably had no umbrella. Spotted Tail, however, is a native American name, which"—

"And you would give that name to your child — your own child?"

"I don't know; Spotted Tail Brown might answer for"—

Mrs. Brown suddenly flirted out of the room with a remark intimating that she was going home to her mother's. After she had had a cry, Mr. Brown folded up his list and agreed to call the child Thomas.

THE day has more shadows than the night.— *Lemay.*

Death of a Distinguished Dominican.

PASSION SUNDAY of 1887 (March 27) set a limit to the long, well-filled earthly career of Very Rev. J. T. Jarboe, O. P., the Nestor of the Dominican Order in the United States.

Born June 29, 1806, in Washington County, Ky., the year succeeding the establishment of his order in America, and becoming a partaker of its struggles for existence at a very tender age, his long life of toiling and suffering is then intimately interwoven with the history of the order of which he was an illustrious exponent.

His record — meagre as the present hasty account of it must be — will arrest the serious attention of all who hear that he is now no more, especially the old people in the States of Kentucky, Tennessee, Ohio, and Southern Wisconsin. He was ordained by Bishop Fenwick, bishop of Cincinnati, in St. Rose's Church, near Springfield, Ky., on the 29th of June, 1830, although his health was in a precarious condition — two attendants having to support him at the altar, in order that he might receive the Sacrament. Very few — if indeed any — thought that he would ever see the days of an octogenarian. And yet he outlived the Dominicans of his day by many years. He is the last of his school. Fathers Clarkson, Cubero, O'Brien, Martin, Montgomery, Anderson, Wilson, Young, and Bishop Miles — all left him alone in the midst of other generations of white-robed friars.

Shortly after his ordination we find him as superior of St. Rose's Convent, attending the "first Provincial Chapter of the Dominican Order of St. Joseph's Province," convened at Cincinnati, 1831. Again in 1837 he is legislating for the welfare of the province, as definitor of the Provincial Chapter, held at St. Rose's Convent, when he was appointed prior of the convent.

In the forties the scene of his labors is at St. Joseph's Convent, Ohio, and Zanesville. At a chapter held at St. Joseph's in 1845, it is recorded that Father Jarboe was appointed socius to Very Rev. C. P. Montgomery, then holding the office of definitor of the General Chapter.

Later on we see him at the head of the college at Sinsiniwa, Wis. Surely the old men of to-day who were students then will bear me out in the assertion that a milder, firmer, more sweet tempered, unaffected, guileless man never occupied a college-president's position. We could point to him and say, "Behold the man in whom there is no guile!" But the college declined — through no fault of Father Jarboe — and finally closed. The Dominicans left Sinsiniwa, little thinking, perhaps, that the day would dawn when other cloistered children of the same glorious father would resume the chant and the school-books which they were forced to hush and lay aside.

Back again at St. Joseph's, the never-ceasing, the untiring worker is found, with the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of a large community concentred in him. He loved his Order and was clothed with its spirit as with a garment. He lived out its motto: "*Contemplata*

allis tradere;" he united the sweetness of the contemplative with the often irksome labor of the active servant of God.

The late war forms no mean part of his experience. Man of God as he was, wherever and whenever there was question of saving a soul, there all his efforts bent. Chaplains were wanted for the "Boys in Gray," as well as for our own "Blue-coats." His sympathies were, we believe, with the South. His services were, at any rate, extended to it and warmly acknowledged. As chaplain of a Tennessee Regiment he spent those eventful years. "Shiloh Reviewed," by this zealous worker, gives an insight to things that are not found recorded in the late histories of this bloody field. After the war the active part which Father Jarboe had formerly taken in weighty affairs of the province and in the vineyard of his God began to diminish. Years were beginning to tell. His hearing became defective and soon it failed him entirely. He was, however, still able to take charge of a community of sisters of his own loved Order in Nashville, Tenn., and here we find him in 1880 celebrating the golden jubilee of ordination to the priesthood. [Father Jarboe was vicar-general of the diocese of Nashville during a part of Bishop Feehan's administration in that diocese.] In 1885 his infirmities necessitated entire rest and quiet for the remainder of his days. He came back to his old home at St. Joseph's, old and infirm, still hale and hearty. Last summer, in company with his dear friend, the Rev. A. O. Walker, he revisited the fields of his former labors.

Changed they were, and changed was he. On his return among us, in the fall, his strong frame, his steady, clear voice, his remarkably well-preserved features, gave out the promise of many years of usefulness to come. Morning after morning he ascended the stairs leading to the convent chapel and offered up the Holy Sacrifice. And a grand sight it was, an awe-inspiring, a never-to-be-forgotten one; this white-robed Dominican, with long snowy beard, standing at the altar in the presence of his God, marking the dividing line between time and eternity, communing with his sovereign Lord, as did the great law-giver,—in behalf of his fellow-creatures,—a living warning to living men. But never again on earth will this be his treasured privilege, for God's finger has touched him. On the 9th of March he celebrated his last Mass. His strength gradually left him, and at length, on the evening of the 27th, his pure spirit wafted its flight to another and a better world, whilst his brethren solemnly invoked Her—whose child he glorified in being—in the low, soft strains of the Salve Regina.

Every man has some trait peculiarly his own—"a ruling passion." It has been said that Father Jarboe loved his Order. Truly he did. He worked for it and suffered for it, and became under God the means of leading others to don the white habit to struggle on to nobler heights with. His mantle has fallen on the shoulders of these same indefatigable toilers. To him Fathers Powers, H. F. Lilly, and D. J. Kennedy are indebted for many favors, special among which is their being Dominicans.

The funeral took place at St. Joseph's on the 29th, Solemn High Mass being offered up. The Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., celebrant; Rev. H. J. Leonard, O. P., deacon; and Rev. E. V. Flood, O. P, sub-

deacon. The church was well filled by the parishioners, and many strangers were present notwithstanding the sudden inclemency of the weather.

Priest and Patriot, Rev. Dr. Kavanagh.

THE cause of education in Ireland has lost an energetic and powerful advocate in the late parish priest of Kildare, the Very Rev. James B. Kavanagh, D. D. Dr. Kavanagh was one of the most notable Irish ecclesiastics and one of the first scholars of the day. He was at once a theologian, philosopher, and scientist. In Carlow College — the college within whose walls the famous Dr. James Doyle and the scarcely less celebrated Dr. Cahill shed the lustre of their scholarship and genius — Dr. Kavanagh professed philosophy for more than twenty years; and his death will awaken to-day tender associations of their college days and of their old professor in the minds of many Irish priests. In the chair of philosophy in Carlow Dr. Kavanagh succeeded the present illustrious occupant of the archiepiscopal see of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke. Dr. Kavanagh, whose well-known learning won for him the high honor of being appointed senator of the Royal University of Ireland, took a prominent part in a recent controversy that arose relative to the teaching of philosophy in Catholic schools. He gave his views expression in a short work entitled "The Study of Mental Philosophy," which he dedicated to his predecessor in the chair of philosophy in Carlow, Dr. Croke. The dedication is such an eloquent tribute to the name of the great archbishop, and coming from such a cherished friend doubtless appreciated by him, that we will give it in full: —

"I venture to take the liberty of dedicating to your Grace this little pamphlet on the Education of Catholics in Mental Philosophy. The greater part of my life has been spent in educational work in a college where I had the honor to fill for some years the same chair of mental philosophy on which, not long before, your Grace had shed the lustre of your rare attainments. On this ground alone it will seem natural that I should wish to associate with your Grace's honored name these pages, dealing with a subject in which you had long since shown yourself a master. But I am happy also to take the occasion thus presented to me of giving expression to the feelings of profound respect and admiration with which, from these days of early friendship, I have, at a humble distance, watched your Grace's career as a priest, a prelate, and a patriot,— ever true to Church and country,— until to-day, when the name of the archbishop of Cashel is a word of magic to every Irish heart throughout the world, as t at of the noblest living embodiment of the noblest traditions of our Catholic Irish race."

Readers may take this as a specimen of what that pen, now alas! laid aside, could itself do for "Church and country." Against the assertions of the enemies of the Catholic Church, who proclaim from the house-tops that she is the enemy of scientific progress, and that theirs is the monopoly of scientific talent, Dr. Kavanagh's publicly acknowledged acquirements were an uncomfortable objection. But like all the other calumnies heaped on the Church this latest one is getting

stale and unpalatable day by day. When some years ago Trinity College was conferring honorary degrees on England's most widely talked-of scientists, Sir Charles Lyell and others, Dr. Kavanagh was offered the would-be honor. Dr. Kavanagh, for reasons which may easily be connived at, politely refused to accept the proffered diploma. Indeed we cannot help thinking that he was more within the sphere of his sacred calling, comforting the oppressed heart and smoothing the pillow of the dying, than in making himself the recipient of honors which Trinity College was ready and willing to shower on him. In his celebrated controversy with the famous editor of the *Dublin Review*, the late Dr. W. G. Ward, in a knotty ontological disputation he showed himself to be a ripe scholar, and a match — if not more — in scholastic "thrust and parry" with that eminent philosopher.

As a worthy *Soggarth Aroon* his name will long live treasured in the hearts of his late parishioners. As a patriot no man dare gainsay his integrity. He won the esteem and respect of friend and foe. Though he tore to flitters the assertions in the ephemeral production, "Vaticanism," of the late English Premier, he was, nevertheless, a great admirer of Mr. Gladstone; he attributed the work to a transitory moment of ill-humor; and it was no wonder that the latter should write that he heard of Dr. Kavanagh's death with personal pain.

A well-known and widely-read Irish paper, that certainly need not reckon amongst its shortcomings servility to any man, wrote as follows of Dr. Kavanagh; the extract is so eloquent that I can hardly refrain from giving it in its substantial entirety:—

"It is not too much to say that the tragic and untimely death of the Very Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, P. P., Kildare, is a sore national calamity. With his own immediate flock he was an idol; simple as a child, warm-hearted as a father, the most sagacious of counsellors, the most earnest of priests, the sunniest, kindest, most considerate and true-hearted of friends; the very ideal *Soggarth*, whose memory will be recalled with sobs of pride and grief for generations to come among the people for whom he lived and died, and among their children's children. But Dr. Kavanagh's great heart and splendid abilities were not the possession merely of his parish. They belonged to Ireland in a degree and with a potency which only those acquainted with the inner history of the past half a dozen years can understand. We speak from intimate knowledge when we say that, with the single exception of the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, there is no man in the Irish episcopate or clergy who exercised a more ardent, resolute, and blessed influence upon the memorable politico-ecclesiastical revolution accomplished during that period than he over whose grave the people will be weeping when these lines are read. He was one of those forces, active, unobtrusive, loving, which are the salt and cement of great public movements. Could he have lived to behold the National Independence of his country, he would probably not have asked to fall otherwise than as he has fallen, at the altar with the chalice in his hands and his sacred vestments on his back — 'true to home, and faith, and freedom to the last.' May God be good to him!"

The Irish Church has lost a cultured gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and a holy priest by the death of Dr. Kavanagh.

April, 1887. "VIATOR."

THE teaching of the Church saves society. — *Bishop Ireland.*

The Plague of Drunkenness.

THE WORK OF FATHER MATHEW REVIVED IN BOSTON.

THE following circular will explain the grand movement inaugurated by the vicar-general of the archdiocese of Boston.

6 ALLEN STREET, BOSTON,
December 6, 1886.

Reverend and Dear Sir: Several priests, at my suggestion and with the approbation of the archbishop, have associated themselves for the purpose of giving a Mission for the promotion of Temperance, in any parish of the archdiocese on the invitation of the pastor. They will be prepared, immediately after New Year's Day, to give a series of sermons on Temperance on consecutive nights in the same church.

The matter is divided under the following heads, and each subject will be treated by a different preacher: —

1. *The Virtue of Temperance and the Vice of Intemperance.*
2. *The Evils of Intemperance.*
3. *The Causes of Intemperance.*
4. *The Remedies for Intemperance.*

The clergymen who will be prepared to preach on these subjects under my direction are Rev. Thomas Magennis, Rev. Peter Ronan, Rev. Matthew Harkins, Rev. Theo. A. Metcalf, Rev. John W. McMahon, Rev. Richard J. Barry, Rev P. A. McKenna, Rev. W. P. McQuaid, Rev. John J. McNulty, Rev. Hugh Roe O'Donnell, Rev. Joshua P. Bodfish, and Rev. Richard Neagle.

For the convenience of the preachers the Missions will begin Monday evenings and close on the following Thursday evening. It is suggested that the previous Sunday evening be devoted to public prayer in the church for the success of the Mission, and that on each evening prayers for the increase of Temperance and benediction of the Blessed Sacrament should form a part of the service. Only one subject will be treated each evening, calling for the presence of only one preacher. The pastor, in case he needs help in the confessional, can, no doubt, procure it from the neighboring clergy. It might be well to make the Mission part of a Temperance Novena, so as to impress upon it more strongly the character of a religious work, and thus lead more directly to the reception of the sacraments.

In the matter of administering pledges or assisting in the formation or encouragement of total abstinence societies, the preachers will be entirely guided by the wishes of the pastor in whose church the Mission is given.

In the larger city parishes it may be deemed expedient to invite men only to attend the sermons, or to devote a week to the men and another week to the women.

The evils of Intemperance are so enormous and so well-known to you that I have no doubt you will hail with delight and give your co-operation to any plan that promises, even in the slightest degree, to promote the cause of Temperance, and abate the evils of the "*monstrous vice*" of Intemperance.

Assuming direction of this work, suggested by the last Plenary Council of Baltimore, I take leave to invite you, in case you think it will help you in your labors, to send in your application as soon as convenient, so that I may without delay proceed to assign dates and notify the preachers where and when they will be called upon for their services.

Leaflets containing the decrees of the Council of Baltimore on this subject, and the order of exercises for the Mission, will be furnished for free distribution if desired. Yours truly,

WILLIAM BYRNE, V. G.

ADDRESS OF THE NEW APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

There is a great deal said by friends of the laboring man in favor of more holidays and about labor reform in general, but I hold that labor reform to be effective, or to produce any great result, must be accom-

panied by temperance reform, if, indeed, temperance reform should not actually precede labor reform. The principal object of labor reform agitation is to bring about the amelioration of the condition of the laboring man. It is to reduce the number of those who are sunk in poverty, to place the laboring man in more profitable circumstances, to give him higher wages, shorter hours of labor, the means of educating himself, or recreating or amusing himself during his spare hours. It is to secure for the laboring classes a fair share of the wealth which they are continually producing. Such organizations as this, when properly conducted, and when governed by common sense and reason, and by those who are controlled in their actions by the principles of the Catholic Church, are undoubtedly laudable, and are approved by individuals priests, by bishops, and, I might say, by the whole Catholic Church in this country. If you want proof of that, all you have to do is to read for yourselves the report on the Knights of Labor laid before the Holy See by Cardinal Gibbons some time during the month of February last. I have read it and I find in it one of the most admirable defences of the organization known as the Knights of Labor that, I think, has ever appeared in print. I find the objects, motives, methods, principles, and rules set before

The Holy See and Commended.

I find, however, certain details and certain actions of individual members, and certain speeches of hot-headed members of the organization condemned. The necessity of some such organization among the laboring classes is freely and frankly recognized, because the fact is recognized that there are grievances to be redressed that will yield only to the united action of the wage-earners themselves. It is admitted that in many respects the laboring classes are unfairly treated by their employers, who mercilessly take advantage in an unchristian, not to say inhuman manner, of the cruel law of supply and demand. Economists call this a natural law, I call it an unchristian law. Cardinal Gibbons, in summing up, embraces these grievances under three or four heads, and shows that all thinking men are agreed that such evils exist and call loudly for redress and for new legislation to set the balance even between the laboring classes and their employers.

The complaints which the cardinal recognizes as founded on actually existing evils may be stated as follows: —

1st. That monopolies established by organized capital, and unjustly favored by legislation, enhance unduly the cost of living for the sake of enormous profits.

2d. That corporations in their greed for gain, by heartless measures of administration and by obstructing the union of labor, try to keep the wages of the operatives down to the lowest point consistent with the continued existence of the laboring class in sufficient numbers to suit their purposes.

3d. That many employers of labor, in utter disregard of the claims of Christian charity and our common brotherhood, impelled by heartless

avarice or jealous rivalry in the race for wealth, impose pitiless tasks and harsh conditions upon their operatives, even when these are women and children.

4th. That the wealthy classes, for the most part, show little sympathy for the sufferings of the poor, and have little or no concern for the amelioration of the condition of the laboring classes.

That the above-named causes are fruitful sources of suffering no one will deny. Yet the most prolific source of the evils that the laboring men suffer from is intemperance. This is a fact that labor reformers slur over lightly or ignore altogether. We must never forget to give due credit to those organizations that require their officers to be sober men. Would that the time had come when those trades unions, Knights of Labor, and kindred associations were so strong in themselves, and so thoroughly organized and disciplined, that they could make it a rule, or a law, that no man could remain a member of their trade, guild, union, or profession who was not at least a temperate man.

All who read the newspapers know that there has been a measure passed through the lower house of the legislature, limiting the number of saloons that may be licensed in Boston to one for every five hundred inhabitants; and that recalls the striking fact that we have now one licensed liquor seller for every two hundred and fifty of the population of Boston. And when we add to this the unlicensed places, which are perhaps one-fifth as many as the licensed, the figures tell a most striking tale. And when you analyze them, what does it mean? That the burden of supporting each of these liquor sellers is thrown upon the shoulders of two hundred and fifty wage-earners? Not at all. Leaving out the women and children and that class who do not drink at all, or who only drink at home, how many go to support the saloon? About thirty-eight, at the outside limit, it is said. The custom they have from out-of-town visitors would, perhaps, raise that to fifty,—fifty heads of families, adult males, wage-earners, who earn on an average $1.50 a day. How much must each man contribute to keep this up? The average sales of liquor dealers cannot be less than $5,000 a year each, the profits on which, even if pitched as high as forty per cent., would hardly suffice to enable their families to live in such comfort and style as they do. This $5,000 comes from the pockets of, say fifty customers; that is a per capita tribute of $100 a year voluntarily paid over to the liquor traffic by every laboring man who drinks. It is notorious that some pay far more than this, while some, of course, pay less. This is truly a woful waste, and being wilful, is also sinful. This $100 is equivalent to the rental of a decent city tenement in this country or to £20, and any of you who ever rented a farm in England or Ireland knows that, in spite of rack rents, there are districts there where you could rent ten to twelve acres of fair arable land for £20 a year, and live comfortably. Oh, that we could institute measures in this country by which these more grasping landlords of the saloons would receive less tribute and rack rents! These men

Are Really Like unto "Lords,"

for what is a lord? He is a man who has power and dignity and wealth and influence. He is a man who is looked up to by his clients, and who

can run for office and be elected through his associations and friends, or through liberal expenditure of money.

Are not our liquor sellers in this country lords in this sense to a certain extent? They have social influence and political power; they are believed by many to control the politics of this city to-day, and I, standing at this altar as a Catholic priest, am constrained to warn you against their threatened domination, which I fear is fast coming upon us. They wield the controlling influence among even the Democratic members of the Massachusetts Legislature to-day. This is proved by the fact that when this bill, an eminently just, wise, practicable, and, I think, entirely expedient measure, came up before the House, all the members of the Democratic faith, except about a baker's dozen, voted against it. They vote against nearly every restriction that is sought to be placed upon the liquor traffic, and by their votes, aided by powerful auxiliaries from other political parties, they control, largely, liquor legislation in this state and city. You all know that as well as I do; though perhaps it is left to the freedom of the pulpit to say so. Therefore I say these men are really lords, who are, in a quiet way — not by lash or penalty or torture or dragooning, like the landlords of Ireland, or by eviction, except indirectly — aiming to rule you. They are men of wealth. Where does the wealth come from? Out of the pockets of the laboring classes, for the most part. It is a tax levied on every man who earns wages. You protest, and justly, against the poll-tax of two dollars a year for the privilege of voting, and pay it reluctantly, and very often not at all, but have your candidates pay it, and yet you pay this greater tax voluntarily into the coffers of the saloon keepers, for the gratification of a depraved appetite and the poor privilege of enjoying their friendship, and defending what they call their business interests from fanatics, from legislators, from priests who are too zealous in this temperance movement. What is the result?

Degradation, Misery, and Poverty

for yourselves, your wives, and your children. Their wives and children go about in silks and satins, some of yours in cotton gowns, and those of the drunkard in rags; they live in fine mansions, and you in cramped and sordid tenements. They have their carriages and fast horses to drive out, while you use your own sturdy limbs to carry you whenever you go out to take the air, when you have the opportunity of doing so on Sunday or other holiday. What advantage will the intemperate among the laboring classes derive from a Saturday half-holiday? If the liquor dealers do not show their hands openly in this movement for a half-holiday, Saturday, which I certainly would be in favor of granting if the laboring classes were prepared to use it well, it is because they think it wise not to do so. It would certainly not be over-estimating their business enterprise, or exaggerating their cunning, to say that they are at the bottom of it secretly, because they know it will give them six or seven hours a week more in which to bleed their victims. They are the men who will profit most by the increase of pay and shorter hours of labor, unless labor reform is accompanied or preceded by temperance reform. Let us, therefore, if we are to agitate, as we should, for the redress of the evils that are recognized and visible to all mankind, labor also to remove the cause which will nullify all reform

which may be brought about in the relation between capital and labor,— the vice of intemperance.

To this revised report of some remarks on temperance reform, Father Byrne wishes to add the following cablegram from Rome: —

"The Pope's brief to Bishop Ireland, on the temperance question, has been issued. In it the Pope praises the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, comments on the deplorable nature of the evils caused by intemperance, and urges pastors to increase their efforts to extirpate this plague of drunkenness."

This looks like a providential endorsement of temperance missions.

Missions have been held in Boston and vicinity with the best results. And we learn that they will be continued until the good work will reach every parish in the archdiocese. Long live Father Byrne and his associates!

The Willian Girls: Seven of Them.

SOME persons have a natural enjoyment of tribulation. They take a real pleasure in raising their eyebrows lugubriously, holding their heads on one side with a sorrowful and resigned expression, and looking at the world through blue spectacles. They "always sigh in thanking God," and can find a cloud in the sunniest sky. You can never conquer such people on their own ground. If you have a slight pain in your little finger, they have an excruciating pain in their thumb; if you have caught your dress on a nail, theirs has been rent on a spike; if you have been wet in a shower, they have been soaked in a torrent. These persons have minor voices, make great use of chromatics in speaking, and their affections seem to be situated in the liver.

Mr. Christopher Willian had a taint of this "green and yellow melancholy" in his disposition, and his rapidly increasing family gave full scope for its development.

"If Eva were a boy, now," he sighed, "I could soon have some one to help me in the shop. But — nothing but girls."

"Eva is a treasure!" Mrs. Willian answered stoutly. "I wouldn't exchange her for the best boy in the world."

"But girls are so expensive," the father objected, "and they can't earn anything; that is, mine can't. I don't want a daughter of mine to leave my house till she marries."

"And there is no need of their doing anything, my dear," the mother replied cheerfully. "We own our house, and your business is very good. Then, when the mortgages are paid off on your building the rent of the upper flats will make us quite independent. In three or four years we shall be out of the wood, all our pinching and toiling over."

Mrs. Willian was a thrifty, clear-headed, energetic New-Englander; but, though she would not have owned it, she found the prospect appalling. As she sat there after her husband left her, she glanced out of

the window and saw Dinah, the one servant of the house, putting out the washing, her accusing face looming darkly over the interminable line of wet clothes. Oh, the strings to tie, the buttons to button, the hooks to hook! And here on her knees lay another candidate for such services, an unconscious little affliction of two weeks old! Oh, the rents and rips to mend, the darnings and makings over, the little faces to wash and locks to comb, the faults to chide and teasings to bear, the questions to answer! She had just got a glimpse through the door of Eva with her hair in a snarl, and of Helen with soiled stockings on; she knew that Frances had tumbled downstairs and set her nose bleeding; she could hear Anne crying pathetically for mother to come and rock her to sleep, and she was almost sure that everything was at sixes and sevens in the kitchen.

"But I will not lose my courage!" she exclaimed vehemently, and, in proof that she would not, burst into hysterical weeping.

The fifth girl grew apace, and after her came Josephine, and after Josephine came Jane.

"Mr. Willian is among the blessed," said the priest when this seventh daughter was carried to him for baptism. "*Verily, he shall not be confounded when he shall speak to his enemies in the gate.*"

Others besides the priest had their jest concerning this regiment of girls. Tradesmen smiled when purchases were made for them, people laughed and counted when invitations were to be sent to them, neighbors went to their windows to see the Willian procession start for church. They became proverbial, especially with their father.

But as years passed words of praise began to drop in among the jests. Mothers marvelled to see how early the Willian girls learned to sew and mend, how deftly they could use the broom and duster, what womanly ways the elder had toward the younger. These mothers reproachfully told their shiftless daughters what a dignified and careful maiden Eva was, and how even Anne could put a room to rights after the smaller fry, and sing Jenny to sleep with a voice like a bobolink's. For all these children took to singing as naturally as birds do, and warbled before they could speak.

Nor were their happy hearts less valuable in the house than their helpful hands. Half the mother's load of care melted from her in the brightness of their faces, and the anxious cloud on Mr. Christopher Willian's brow lightened in spite of him whenever some gushing sprite, all laughter and kisses, ran to welcome him home. He was sometimes vexed on recollecting how he had been lured from a good grumble by their baby wiles. Indeed, he was not nearly so dissatisfied as he pretended to be. Such sweet and healthy affections as theirs were, which never having been checked, flowed out in joyous innocence; such pure, unerring instincts, that needed no knowledge of baseness in order to shrink from its contact; such open hands for the poor, such tender hands for the afflicted; and, crowning all, such steadfast, unassuming piety. Among the young ladies who, dressed to attract attention, promenaded the public streets, the Willian girls were never found; their father's house was the place where they made new acquaintances and entertained old ones. And what did they conceal from their

parents? Nothing. Their hopes and plans and fears, their mistakes, their faults– all were freely told. And how pretty they were! Their father secretly made the most flowery comparisons when looking at them. He mentally challenged the dew-washed morning roses and violets to vie with their fresh faces around the breakfast table. When at evening they formed a ring of bloom around the piano, his private opinion was that a choir of angels could not far excel them; and when the circle broke, like a wreath falling into flowers, and each went about some pretty employment, then Mr Willian had not eyes enough with which to watch his seven girls. But once own to any such feeling and there would be an end to his privilege of grumbling. He well knew what a chorus would assail his first grievance: "Why, papa, you said we were—" etc.; or, "Now, do be consistent! With my own ears I have heard you say—" etc. So he wrapped the silver lining of his cloud inward, and showed them only the gray.

But one evening, for a wonder, he came home with a joyful face and no word of fault-finding. When Jenny, the youngest, ran to meet him he gave her a toss nearly to the ceiling; he pulled Fanny's curls in passing her; he presented his wife with a bunch of late flowers; he praised everything on the supper table. Finally, when they gathered in the evening, he told them the cause of his unusual hilarity. He had that day made the last payment on the building in which he had his shop, and now their weary economies were at an end.

"But don't imagine, you young witches, that all this is to go in finery," he said. "The house here needs a little fitting up, and perhaps we will have a new piano. But I must begin now to lay by something. A man with such a load of girls on his shoulders has to think of the future."

They were too much accustomed to remarks like the last to be greatly disturbed by them, but this threw a momentary dampening. Then the silence was broken by Eva's calm and musical voice: "The house needs to be painted and papered and furnished from basement to attic. It is very shabby."

Mr. Willian forgot to exclaim at the dimensions of this proposition when he looked in the fair face of his eldest daughter, and saw the serene grace with which she seated herself beside her mother, and smoothed down the folds of her dress. Eva was now twenty, calm, blonde, and stately.

"Oh, papa!" cried Florence across the fireplace; "do buy a lovely landscape of Weber's we saw to-day. It is just what we want to put over the mantlepiece in the front parlor."

Again the father looked but said nothing. Florence was a girl of artistic tastes, was frail and excitable, and had brilliant violet eyes and an unsteady scarlet in her cheeks.

"Now at last I can have a watch!" cried Frances in a ringing voice. "I've nearly got a curvature of the spine from looking round at the clock to see if I have practised long enough."

"My dear Fanny," interposed her mother, "we need a new set of china much more than you need a watch."

Frances was the romp of the family, a large girl of sixteen, with heaps of brown curls around a *piquante* face.

"I wish I had a little rosewood writing-desk and a pearl penhandle," came in a clear, insinuating voice very high up the scale. Anne sat in a low chair, with her chin in her hand, her elbow on her knee, and her gaze fixed intently on the cornice of the room. But perceiving no notice taken of her remark she lowered her glance, and gave her father a look out of the corners of her eyes, which thereby got the appearance of being nearly all whites. Anne was fourteen years of age, and had a quiet way of doing as she pleased and getting all she wanted without seeming to try.

"Oh, papa!" broke in Georgiana, "can't I have a pair of skates and learn to skate?"

"I want a silver mug!" cried Jane, the youngest, striking in before Josephine.

Josephine sat in the shadow of her father's chair, and had two small wrinkles between her brows.

"Is there anything else any one will have?" asked Mr. Willian with excessive politeness, after having caught breath. "Don't be bashful, I beg! It is a pity there are only seven of you, with your mother making eight. Possibly by putting a mortgage on the house, I may be able to gratify your wishes. Speak up — do!' Ever so slight a cloud settled upon the gentleman's audience as he glanced over them, bowing suavely, and rubbing his hands with an appearance of great cordiality.

"Papa!" came in a little voice out of the shadow. Every one had forgotten Josephine.

A real smile melted the waxen mask of a smile on Mr. Willian's face. "Poor Josie!" he said. She came out of her corner and stood by his side. "Papa, have you got the block insured?" she asked.

Her father colored suddenly as he put his arms about the child and drew her closer to him. "Here, girls," he said, "is one who thinks of the means as well as the end. She never will ruin any one by her extravagance."

"But have you, papa?" she persisted.

"This house is all right, dear; and I'm going to insure the store to-morrow." He spoke carelessly, but there was a slight stir of uneasiness perceptible beneath.

His wife looked at him with surprise. "Why, father, how happened you to let it run out?"

"I was so busy to-day I forgot all about it," he said almost pettishly. "The policy expired only yesterday. I'll see to it the first thing in the morning. Go and sing something, girls."

All but Josie gathered about the piano, and sang one of William Blake's songs:—

"Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow filled?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No, no, never can it be;
Never, never can it be!

And can He, who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,

And not sit beside the nest.
Pouring pity in their breast?
And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?

Oh, no, never can it be;
Never, never can it be!

He doth give his joy to all;
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow too."

In the midst of the last soft strain Eva's hands paused on the keys, her sisters ceased singing, and her father and mother lifted their faces to listen; for a loud gamut of bells outside had run up the first stroke of the fire-alarm. At the last stroke Mr. Willian started up. Not a word was said as he went out; but the girls gathered about their mother, and stood with the breath just hovering on their lips, counting the alarm over and over, hoping against hope. But, no; they had counted rightly at first. The loud, clear strokes through that silence left no room for doubt. The girls drew nearer their mother, their faces losing color.

"I can't bear the suspense, Eva," she said. "Get your bonnet and we will go down town. Don't cry, Josie! You, children, all stay here and say the rosary while we are gone. We will soon be back, and perhaps we shall bring good news."

Florence took her beads from her pocket, put her arm around the weeping Josie, and drew her down to her knees before their mother's chair. Mrs. Willian glanced back as the others knelt too, then shut the door, breathing a blessing on them. "If it should be God's will to spare us now," she said, "I shall be the happiest mother in the world."

It was not God's will to spare them, she soon found. As they turned the last corner and came in sight of Mr. Willian's building, they saw it the centre of a vast crowd, firemen, volunteer workers, and lookers-on. There was no appearance of fire in the lower stories, but smoke was gushing through all the interstices of the upper windows. Mrs. Willian wrung her hands and turned away. "There go the savings and toil of a lifetime!" she said.

It was impossible for the firemen to work well at that height, and the flames were creeping to the air. In a few moments the smoke reddened, a little tongue of flame crept through a crevice, broadened, and the fire burst forth. No effort could stay it. Leisurely descending from floor to floor it carried all before it. A thread of smoke in a corner of the ceiling, a tiny flame, and soon the whole room would be an intolerable brightness with masses of falling, flaming timbers.

At midnight the family were all at home again; Mr. Willian lying half senseless upon a sofa, his wife and children ministering to him. In his frantic efforts to save something from the burning building one of his arms had been broken by the falling bricks.

Those were sorrowful days that followed, verifying the proverb that it never rains but it pours. Josephine was taken ill the week after the fire; but she was sure to be well soon, they said. She was not very ill. There was a little cough, a little fever, and a great weakness. The girls thought not much of it. They were too much engaged, indeed, attending to their father, and doing an immense deal of mysterious business.

"If Eva were only a boy!" sighed the father weakly. "A boy of twenty could earn a good salary."

"Father," Eva began very decidedly, "a girl of twenty can earn a good salary. Let me tell you what your good-for-nothing daughters are going to do. We haven't been idle the fortnight past. I am to take immediate charge of a class in the school, with a salary of five hundred dollars to begin with, and a yearly advance. I shall stay at home, by your leave, and nearly all my money will go toward the housekeeping expenses. Besides that, I have a music class of four. So much for me. I doubt if that wonderful son would spare you more out of his earnings. Florence is to take a few more lessons in Indian ink from Mr. Rudolf, and he says that in four or five weeks she will be able to earn ten dollars a week painting photographs. Frances has got tatting and crochet-work to do for Blake Brothers, and they promise to pay her well. She does such work beautifully. Anne is to cut out paper bordering for Mr. Sales, who is building blocks upon blocks of houses. He says he will keep her busy three months. Georgiana is to help mother about the house, and Dinah is going away. So now, father, you can lie on your sofa and rest, and your troublesome daughters will not let you starve."

Eva ended with her cheeks very red, and her head very high in the air. But her pride softened immediately when she saw her father's quivering lips, that vainly attemped to speak.

"It is our turn now, dear papa," she said, kissing him; "and we are quite proud and eager to begin. You have cast your bread upon the waters in former times; now you must lie still and see it float back to you."

"What can I do?" asked a weak little voice from the arm-chair where Josie reclined.

"You can see which will get well the most quickly, you or papa," Mrs. Willian said, bending to caress the child. In this careful little one she saw embodied all the unconfessed sadness and anxiety of the one despondent period of her life. Poor Josie was the scapegoat on whose frail shoulders had been laid her mother's doubts and fears, and her father's selfish complaining.

Success almost always attends brave and cheerful effort, and the Willian girls succeeded. Besides, they were heroines in their way, and every one was sympathizing and helpful to them. But for their father's depression they would have been happier than ever before. At last they were of use, and not only of use but necessary. They were no longer a burden tenderly but complainingly borne, but they bore the family cares and labors on their own young shoulders. What wonderful consultations they held, what plans they laid, what economies they practised! What latent administrative powers were developed at the hour of need, and what superlative managers they proved themselves to be! How elastic a little money could be made when smoothed out by such coaxing taper fingers, and shone upon by such bright and careful eyes! Besides, they could not see but that they lived as well as ever. Their breakfasts and dinners and suppers were as good, and their home was the same.

"Half the pleasure of wealth is in the consciousness of possessing it," said Florence philosophically. "Was it John Jacob Astor who said that all he had from his riches was food and lodging? Well, we have that. Of course it is a pity that papa's arm is still bad, though it gives him time to develop his capacity for novels. What! ascetical works are they? Yes; but I have seen novels too, papa. And here's a new one for you. Just lie there and make believe that you have become so rich that you have retired from business. Oh, what blocks of houses you have! What ships, what lands, what bank-stock! Isn't it weary to think what heaps of money you have to spend and give away? Don't let's think about it."

"I came past the ruins of the fire to-day, papa," Eva said, seating herself by his sofa, and looking at him with her calm, sweet eyes. "At first I was so foolish as to shrink and turn my head away, but the next moment I looked. And I thought, papa, that maybe what has seemed to us a calamity may turn out a great blessing. We had built a good many hopes into that brick and mortar, and instead of the fire destroying perhaps it has only purified them." Seeing that tears came into his eyes, she added hastily, "Fanny was with me, and, of course, took a grotesque view of the affair. She said that row of tall buildings, with ours gone, looked like somebody who had lost a front tooth."

Mr. Willian smiled faintly, but could answer nothing to their cheerful talk. Even while it comforted him it made him feel bitterly ashamed of himself. Besides, he was very anxious about Josie.

It came upon them like a thunderbolt; Josie was dying! They could scarcely believe the doctor, or the evidence of their own senses. They hoped against hope. There was no definable disease; but the child was dying merely because, instead of having had a healthy, careless childhood, and time to learn gradually that life is not all joy and sunshine, her infant eyes had looked too early upon the cross of pain, and she had seen the shadow and felt the weight of it before she could understand its consolation.

"That'll make one less, papa," she said, faintly, looking up with faded eyes as he bent over her.

"One less what, my dear?"

"One less girl to support," says Josie.

The father's face sank to the pillow. Oh! what a bitter punishment for his selfish complainings, when his own child, in dying out of his arms, thought only that she was ridding him of a burden! He could scarcely find words in which to sob out his love, his regrets, his entreaties that her tender spirit might be spared at least long enough to witness his expiation. But even while he prayed it escaped him. He clasped only a frail, waxen form that answered no kiss, uttered no more any childish, plaintive word.

"God forgive me!" he said. "Now I know what real loss is; and I deserve it."

How they missed the careful, pathetic little face! How often they became suddenly speechless when, in laying their plans, they found that they had unconsciously included Josie! But they worked on bravely in spite of pain — worked the better for it, indeed. And when in after

years, all happy and prosperous and with homes of their own, they talked over the past, and Mr. Willian told of the wonderful time when his daughters had made caryatides of themselves to support the edifice of his fallen fortunes, Josie was gratefully mentioned as the noblest helper there. "For it was by her means that the corner-stone of our new home was laid in heaven," he said.

M. A. TINCKER, in *Merry England.*

Parnell on the Forged Letter.

THE following is the forged letter published in the *London Times* in fac-simile, and purporting to be written by Mr. Parnell soon after the Phœnix Park murders. It is said to have been addressed to Patrick Egan.

Dear Sir,—I am not surprised at your friend's anger, but he and you should know that to denounce the murders was the only course open to us. To do that promptly was plainly our best policy. But you can tell him and all others concerned that, though I regret the accident of Lord F. Cavendish's death, I cannot refuse to admit that Burke got no more than his deserts. You are at liberty to show him this and others whom you can trust also. But let not my address be known. He can write to House of Commons.

Mr. Parnell spoke of the letter in the House of Commons as follows: He said that Balfour, with characteristic unfairness, refused him at a time when his words would have reached the outside world, the ten minutes he craved to refer to the vile, barefaced forgery [cheers from the Irish members] printed in the *Times*, obviously for no other purpose than to influence the division. He thought he was entitled to have an opportunity to expose this deliberate attempt to blacken his character in time to reach the outside world. There was no chance now. In addition to passing this coercion act the dice had to be loaded. The great organs of public opinion were to be permitted to pay miserable creatures to produce these calumnies, and would be safe under such circumstances. When he heard of the concoction in the *Times* he supposed that some autograph of his had fallen into the hands of a person for whom it was not intended, but when he saw the letter he saw plainly that the signature was an audacious, unblushing fabrication. He failed to understand how the conductors of what used to be a respectable journal could have been hoaxed and bamboozled into publishing the letter as his. [Cheers.] Members who compared the forgery with his signature would see that only two letters of the forged signature bore any resemblance to his autograph, and the *Times* could have seen the same. He never heard of nor saw any such letter until it appeared in the *Times*. [Parnellite cheers.] Its phraseology was absurd, and its purport preposterous, and every part of it bore evidence of absolute and irrefragable want of genuineness. He had never known the late Mr. Foster's life to be in danger or that there was any conspiracy against

him. He did not know anything of the conspiracy of the Invincibles, and nobody was more surprised than himself when the blow fell upon their victims. If he had been in Phœnix Park that day he would gladly have stood between Lord Cavendish and the dagger of the assassin, or between the daggers and Burke. [Irish cheers.] He suffered more than any other man from that terrible deed and Ireland had suffered more than any other nation. It was absolutely untrue that the National League had any communication whatever, direct or indirect, with the Fenian organization in America. He never had any dealings with anybody in America in respect to the doings or proceedings of any societies. All his sayings and doings in connection with Irish public life had been open and above board. [Cheers.]

What Gladstone has to Say.

It has transpired that Mr. Gladstone, in his speech at the dinner given by labor members of Parliament, night of the 16th of April, declared his entire disbelief in the accusation made against the Irish leaders. Mr. Gladstone said that in May, 1882, immediately after the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Under Secretary Burke in Phœnix Park, Mr. Parnell wrote him a letter with reference to that crime. The contents of the letter, which had obviously been written under great mental distress, threw considerable light upon the topic of the present hour and were strong evidence in favor of the contention that the *Times'* letter was a base and malicious forgery.

Mr. Parnell, apparently foreseeing that in the public mind he would be associated with the crime, offered to place himself, without reserve, in Mr. Gladstone's hands. He wrote that he regarded the murders with the utmost abhorrence, and he offered to resign the leadership of the Irish party and retire altogether from political life if Mr. Gladstone considered such a step advisable in the interests of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone said he would refrain from saying what reply he made, adding that it was only a short time since he obtained Mr. Parnell's assent to his mentioning the matter.

Alluding to the advice tendered Mr. Parnell from certain quarters that he bring an action against the *Times*, Mr. Gladstone said that many years ago, when he was commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the *Times* bitterly attacked him, accusing him of treason. On returning to England he consulted a famous lawyer, Mr. Freshfield, with a view of bringing an action, but was dissuaded from taking legal steps, the lawyer expressing the conviction that even if Mr. Gladstone proved his case no jury in the then state of the public mind would be likely to convict the *Times*.

Mr. Gladstone's statement has caused an absorbing sensation in the clubs, but has not yet appeared in the press. The conservatives talk of challenging the production of the letters.

PREJUDICE cannot be taken by assault. — *Charles Gavan Duffy.*

Pope Leo to Bishop Ireland:

HIS HOLINESS WRITES IN PRAISE OF TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

THE following is a translation of the important papal brief, in favor of the total abstinence movement, addressed to Rt. Rev. Dr. Ireland, bishop of St. Paul, Minn.:—

"To our Venerable Brother, John Ireland, bishop of St. Paul, Minn., Leo XIII., Pope. Venerable Brother, Health and Apostolic Benediction: The admirable works of piety and charity, by which our faithful children in the United States labor to promote not only their own temporal and eternal welfare, but also that of their fellow-citizens, and which you have recently related to us, give to us exceeding great consolation. And above all, we have rejoiced to learn with what energy and zeal, by means of various excellent associations, and especially through the Catholic Total Abstinence Union, you combat the destructive vice of intemperance. For it is well known to us how ruinous, how deplorable, is the injury both to faith and morals that is to be feared from intemperance in drink. Nor can we sufficiently praise the prelates of the United States who recently, in the Plenary Council of Baltimore, with weightiest words, condemned this abuse, declaring it to be a perpetual incentive to sin and a fruitful root of all evils, plunging the families of the intemperate into direst ruin and lasting perdition; declaring, moreover, that the faithful who yield to intemperance become thereby a scandal to non-Catholics and a great hindrance to the propagation of the true religion.

"Hence, we esteem worthy of all commendation the noble resolve of your pious associations, by which they pledge themselves to abstain totally from every kind of intoxicating drink. Nor can it be doubted that this determination is the proper and the truly efficacious remedy for this very great evil; and that so much the more strongly will all be induced to put this bridle upon appetite, by how much the greater are the dignity and influence of those who give the example. But greater than all in this matter should be the zeal of priests, who, as they are called to instruct the people in the word of life, and to mould them by Christian morality, should also and above all walk before them in the practice of virtue. Let pastors, therefore, do their best to drive the plague of intemperance from the fold of Christ by assiduous preaching and exhortation, and to shine before all as models of abstinence, that so the many calamities with which this vice threatens both Church and State, may, by their strenuous endeavors, be averted.

"And we most earnestly beseech Almighty God that, in this important matter, he may graciously favor your desires, direct your counsels, and assist your endeavors, and as a pledge of the divine protection, and a testimony of our paternal affection, we most lovingly bestow upon you, venerable brother, and upon all your associates in this holy league, the apostolic benediction.

"Given at Rome, from St. Peter's, this 27th day of March, in the year 1887, the tenth year of our pontificate.

"LEO XIII., Pope."

IT is notorious that the Pope never requires acts of civil vassalage or subjection from bishops residing beyond the Roman States, who, on the contrary, with his knowledge and express approval, swear allegiance to the respective governments under which they live. — *Archbishop Kenrick.*

Our Cardinal's Titular Church.

DESCRIPTIVE NOTES ABOUT A VENERABLE ROMAN EDIFICE.

NOT far from the northern side of the Janiculum, upon which stands the Church of St. Peter of Montorio, where repose the remains of the Baron of Dungannon, Hugh O'Neill, and Roderick O'Donnell, Earl of Tyrconnell, is the titular church of Cardinal James Gibbons, archbishop of Baltimore, United States — Sante Maria in Trastevere. This ancient edifice is beyond the Tiber, in the strip of land environed by the Aurelian and the swift flowing river. It is supposed to be the first church publicly consecrated to divine worship under the invocation of the Virgin, the Mother of God. It is known as a minor basilica, and has given a cardinal's title long before America was discovered. It was founded as an oratory in the third century by St. Calixtus, 224 — a thousand years before the titular church of the late Cardinal McCloskey was built, upon the site of which stood, at the time Calixtus built his oratory, the temple of Minerva, dedicated by Pompey after his victories in Asia. A hospital for old soldiers formerly stood where the church stands, and was known to the Romans as Tabena Meritoria. A well of petroleum is said to have sprung up there in the year of the birth of our Saviour, from which the church was called fonsolei in some early ecclesiastical writings. As it now stands it was almost entirely erected in 1139 by Innocent II. The tribune, altar, and the mosaics are of this period. The statues above the exterior balustrade are those of SS. Calixtus, Cornelius, and Calepodius. Nicholas V. reduced it to its present form on the plan of Barnadino Rosellini. The mosaics of the façade represent the Virgin and Child bearing offerings. They were begun in the twelfth century under Eugenius III., and completed in the fourteenth century by Pietro Cavallini. There were several ancient inscriptions on the walls under the portico, chiefly early Christian, most of which have been removed to the museum of St. John Lateran, but they are replaced by copies. Of the paintings which decorated this portico only two remain, both representing the Annunciation in a good style of the fifteenth century.

Entering the church one is confronted with twenty-two splendid granite columns, which divide the nave from the aisles, and were evidently taken from edifices of classical times. They are of different styles some with Corinthian capitals, the major part with Ionic. Many of the latter have, either in the volutes or the flowers, small heads of Isis, Serapis, and Harpocrates. These columns support a cornice, also ancient. Domenichino designed the gorgeous roof and painted the Assumption of the Virgin in the centre of it. He also designed the chapel of the Madonna di Strada Capa, on the right of the high altar, and began the graceful figure in fresco of a child scattering flowers in one of the vaultings of the latter. This chapel was restored by the late Cardinal York, the last of the Stuarts, who gave kings and queens

to Scotland, and kings to England for almost one thousand years. This explains why the arms of England are over the entrance. The high altar is over the confession. The tabernacle is supported by four columns of red porphyry. The "confession" contains the remains of SS. Calixtus, Cornelius, Quirini, Calepodius, and a great variety of religious insignia. The church once had a floor of opus Alexandrinum, but it was removed to make place for white marble slabs about twenty years ago.

Among the celebrated persons buried in this famous church and who have monuments therein may be mentioned Lanfranco and Ciro Ferri, the painters, and Giovanni Bottari, the learned librarian of the Vatican. Among the monuments one notices most particularly those of Innocent II., Cardinals Silva, Altemps, Altergate, and L. Condulmer, and of Cardinal Stefaneschs, by Paolo, the celebrated Roman sculptor of the fifteenth century. The Gothic altar, dedicated to SS. Philip and James, between these tombs, was erected by Cardinal d'Alencon. The portrait on the right is supposed to be the cardinal himself. Near the arch of the tribune there are two singular relics — a slab of marble on which may be discovered a drop of St. Dorothea's blood, and the weight which was hung around the neck of St. Calixtus, when he was precipitated into the well at his martyrdom. Set into the opposite pier is a fragment of ancient mosaic, representing fishermen in boats with draw nets, and groups of wild fowl. In the passage leading to the sacristy is a handsomely sculptured ciborium in marble by Nino de Fiesole, and over the altar a picture of the Virgin and saints, attributed to Perugino. The jambs of the side doors toward the cimenterio have some rude Christian tracings in relief, which belonged to the primitive church. During the recent repairs the sepulchral urn, in which were enclosed the remains of the two Cardinals Campeggio was discovered, and has been removed to the portico of the church. One of these, Alexander, was legate from Leo X. to Henry VIII. of England, and played an important part in the reign of that haughty king. He was the titular of St. Maria in Trastevere, and died at Rome at the age of 67 years in 1528.

He is Risen.

THE beautiful belief of childhood that the Easter sun rises in dancing joy seemed to have become a realism on Easter morn.

The day — so fresh, so sweet, so fair — was the ideal Easter of youth and memory, when the radiant sky stoops to kiss the swelling heart of earth, and the rejoicing Church clasps to her breast the redeemed souls of men.

Oh, grief and joy! Oh, joy and grief! How you chase each other, like sun and shadow upon the heart's deep dial, along the allotted years. From waving palms to the uplifted Cross; from the Cross to the Alleluias; and the tears upon the passion flower are dried by the sun that glows on the lilies of the Resurrection.

"He is risen as He said. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." For nigh nineteen centuries the great miracle-fact, thus proclaimed by the Angel of the Resurrection to the weeping women, has glowed and burned the central Sun in the Christian system. For nineteen hundred years Christianity with triumphant brow has pointed to this fact as the irrefragable proof of her divinity. Could the wrath of hell succeed in destroying this miracle-fact, it could prove Christianity a lie. It would quench the light of its central Sun forever. The Christian world would crumble into chaos.

Behold, therefore, the source of the Church's joy when the east reddens on Easter morning.

The Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Holy Face Among the People of Judea.

In the course of His public life our Lord went among the people of Judea, everywhere preaching the glad tidings of the Gospel, healing the sick and the infirm, giving sight to the blind, cleansing the leper, and pouring the balm of comfort and consolation into stricken hearts. As we are accustomed to rivet our gaze on any human preacher endowed with eloquence, so we may well suppose that those who had the happiness of listening to the Divine Teacher must have been held spell-bound by the sublimity of His language, the melting tenderness of His voice, and the fascinating power of His Holy Face.

Unlike Moses who concealed his face behind a veil, our Lord discovered His features to His hearers and charmed them by their unearthly sweetness and beauty. His Face was truly the mirror of His soul, and upon it was reflected the ineffable love of His adorable heart for mankind.

One day our Lord, in passing by, called upon a publican to follow Him, and the man obeyed and became the first Evangelist. Here again was a manifestation of the power of the Holy Face in melting the hearts of men. Commenting on this circumstance, St. Jerome says that "at the same time that Matthew heard the voice of Jesus, he observed upon His Face the radiance of the Divine Majesty, which illuminated his soul and stirred it to its inmost depths." Do we not sometimes hear the voice of Jesus speaking to our hearts and bidding us follow Him in doing good, and in saving souls by our prayers and good example? When these happy inspirations come to us let us not turn a deaf ear, but let us, like St. Matthew, hearken to our Lord and follow Him.

The Holy Face attracted the love and won the confidence of children who flocked around Him wherever He preached. On one occasion Jesus used these sweet and touching words in reference to children: "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." On another occasion the Holy Face was turned in mercy and compassion towards the repentant Magdalen, while these words issued from its adorable lips, "Go in peace and sin no more."

When the multitude were famished in the desert the Holy Face lifted its eyes towards heaven and prayed, and immediately the miraculous increase of the loaves and fishes took place which is recorded in the Gospel.

Thus the Holy Face went about through the high-ways and by-ways of Judea, on its errand of mercy and compassion, and blessing the earth with its life-giving presence. Now that the Holy Face is gloriously enthroned in heaven we must not imagine that it has lost its power or desire to hear and grant the requests that may be presented to it by mortal men. We may confidently invoke it with the assurance that our faith will be rewarded.

T. A. B., in N. O. *Morning Star.*

St. Mary of Victory,

THE TITULAR CHURCH OF CARDINAL TASCHEREAU OF QUEBEC.

THE stranger from the distant west, as the pilgrim from the north, when he arrives at Rome is not far from St. Maria della Vittoria, the titular church of Cardinal Taschereau. It is situate upon the Via Resta Pia, and within a stone's throw of the famous baths of Diocletian and the Church of St. Mary degli Angoli. It takes its title from a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose intercession obtained many victories over the Turks. It was built in its present style in 1605 by Pope Paul V. The façade was added from the designs of Giovanni Battista Soria at the expense of Cardinal Borghese, in return for the statue of the Hermaphrodite found in the gardens of the adjoining Carmelite convent, and now in the Museum of the Louvre. The interior is by Carlo Maderno. Many of the flags suspended from the roof were captured from the Turks at the battle of Lepanto in 1571, under the command of Don John of Austria, and when they were compelled to raise the siege of Vienna in 1683.

The Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Francis in the second chapel on the right and the two paintings on the side walls are by Domenichino. The chapel of St. Teresa in the right transept contains the statue of the saint in ecstasy, with the angel of death descending to transfix her with his dart, by Bernini. The group of St. Joseph and the angel in the opposite transept is by D. Guidi. The portrait figures on each side of this chapel represent members of the Venetian family of Comer. The third chapel on the right contains the Trinity, by Guercino, over the altar; the small painting of the Crucifixion is a copy of that by Guido now in the gallery of the English duke of Northumberland. The portrait of Cardinal Comaro is also by Guido.

As a modern church it is one of the most magnificent in the Eternal City, and is always visited by strangers, especially those of the military profession, who love to contemplate the banners captured by the great admiral and the heroic Sobieski from "the lustful Turk."

R. F. FARRELL.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

TO MY GUARDIAN ANGEL.

My oldest friend, mine from the hour
When first I drew my breath,
My faithful friend, that shall be mine
Unfailing, till my death.

Thou hast been ever at my side;
My Maker to thy trust
Consign'd my soul, what time He framed
The infant child of dust.

No beating heart in holy prayer,
No faith, informed aright,
Gave me to Joseph's tutelage,
Or Michael's conquering might;

Nor patron saint, nor Mary's love,
The dearest and the best,
Have known my being, as thou hast known,
And blest, as thou hast blest.

Thou wast my sponsor at the font;
And thou, each budding year,
Didst whisper elements of truth
Into my childish ear.

And when, ere boyhood yet was gone,
My rebel spirit fell,
Ah! thou didst see, and shudder too,
Yet bear each deed of hell.

And then, in turn, when judgments came,
And scared me back again,
Thy quick soft breath was near, to soothe
And hallow every pain.

Oh! who of all thy toils and cares
Can tell the tale complete,
To place me under Mary's smile,
And Peter's royal feet!

And thou wilt hang about my bed,
When life is ebbing low;
Of doubt, impatience, and of gloom
The jealous, sleepless foe.

Mine, when I stand before the Judge;
And mine, if spared to stay
Within the golden furnace, till
My sin is burned away.

And mine, O Brother of my soul,
When my release shall come;
Thy gentle arms shall lift me then,
Thy wings shall waft me home!

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THE PRUDENT RABBIT.

AMONG the roots of an old oak tree in a wide forest there was a rabbit's hole of great antiquity. It had lately come into the possession of a younger branch of the family, who, it is said, inherited all the wisdom of the old proprietor. The forest was infested by their enemies, and much discretion and forbearance were needful not only to live peaceably, but to live at all. This constant watchfulness was tiresome to many rabbits, and the question was often asked by the young ones, "Why were they born in a forest so full of dangers?" Rather than be always on their guard they would run the risk and go where they pleased, and take the consequences; and the consequences were that many a rash young rabbit was served up for supper in the holes of the foxes.

"The fact is," the old Rabbit used sagely to remark, "the lord of the forest put us here, and we must make up our minds to do the best we can. Evils there are, we know, but watchfulness and caution will certainly secure to us safe and happy lives." And he himself was an example of it; for what animal in all the forest, big or strong, was ever more respected or comfortable than he? And he died at a good old age in his snug little burrow, leaving it to its present occupant. All the neighbors felt for the little rabbit at the old one's death.

"He is young, and so exposed," they said.

"Come," chirped Robin, lighting on a sprig over his hole, "leave this ugly forest, and go to winter quarters with us in the sunny south."

"Thank you," said Rabbit; "you see I can't afford wings and breath for such a journey: besides, I am well contented where I am."

"I wish you had my paws," said the Tiger, in a friendly tone, stretching out his frightful claws, "they would be such a protection to you."

Rabbit looked at his own little forefeet and meekly said that "in his case he supposed 'discretion was the better part of valor.'"

The Lion also stalked up and asked if he should not lend him his roar, for he was sure he needed something to frighten off his enemies.

Rabbit thanked the king of beasts for his generous offer, but he thought the less noise he made in the world the better. He felt glad to find so many friends in the forest, but his grandfather had always told him that friends can help very little if one cannot help one's self, and this he determined to do.

One morning a neighboring fox was early astir, for he was very hungry, and his mouth watered for a breakfast of fat rabbit-steak. "And I'll have one," said the old fox, going straight to the rabbit's burrow. He slyly crept over the old stump and took a position above the mouth of the hole, and kept a sharp lookout, ready to pounce upon his unwary prey. Meanwhile Rabbit, though not hearing the noise, woke up, and prepared to go forth and nibble his morning meal. But he did not rashly venture out before remembering the dying advice of his aged relative, which was something to this effect, and is as good for boys and girls as it is for rabbits: "Be watchful, and evil shall not overcome you." He stopped, and first snuffed the fresh air, and he snuffed also the scent of danger; he was now all on the alert, and looked cautiously about the premises on either side, embracing in his field of vision dry sticks, fresh grass, and lo! the tip of his enemy's tail.

"No, no, Mr. Fox," says the little rabbit, drawing back, "you cannot tempt me out when ruin is on my track; the tail of danger is not far from the jaws of death;" and he sat at the mouth of his hole in patience, quietly biding his time, well pleased to look at those things which he could not immediately possess. He did not know, I suppose, that he was acting according to the words of the wise King Solomon, who said, "A prudent man forseeth the evil and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

HOPE'S wing is strongest plumed for Heaven. — *De Jean.*

THE TEMPERATE MOUSE.

A MOUSE fell into a vat of beer. The poor little animal struggled, sputtered and was choking and drowning, when a cat came prowling by.

"Oh, Mrs. Puss, *do* lend me a claw to get me out of this nasty stuff!"

"Well," said the cat, "if I do will you promise to come to me at supper-time?"

"Anything, to be saved from this beer!"

So the cat put in her paw, and pulled out the mouse; and the mouse ran into its hole as quickly as it could.

At supper-time, back came Puss.

"Now, little mouse, for your promise!"

"Aha," said the mouse, with its nose just out of the hole; "don't you wish I may be so silly?"

"Didn't you promise?" said the cat, reproachfully.

"Well, yes; but then — remember, *I was in liquor at the time!*"

PUSSY AND THE CRAB.

"TELL me a story, please, dear mamma; I'd like so much to hear one. Tell me about cats or dogs, or some animal."

"When I was a little girl, I had a pretty black-and-white pussy. She played with a ball, she jumped over my hands, and followed me everywhere, and was my darling pet. At times, however, she was very mischievous. Aunty took great pride in her white, soft bed; Puss, too, took a fancy to it, and thought it was just the thing for her; so she quietly got on the bed, and worked herself in between the two mattresses, and there went to sleep. Aunty, not knowing she had a bed-fellow, went to bed. She soon felt something stir. What could it be? She turned over and then she heard Puss mew! mew!

"'Where is that cat?' she exclaimed; she looked and looked, but could not find her. Again something stirred, and then aunty got up and pulled the bed to pieces, and there was Miss Puss, looking demure, and quite pleased with her warm quarters. But she was turned out, and sent flying downstairs.

"The next day she was in mischief again. Peter brought in some crabs for dinner, and Puss, with her usual curiosity, peeped about the kitchen, and soon saw one of the crabs crawling slowly on the floor. Puss started and looked; and thinking it was something she must dispose of, went near to it. The crab moved on; Puss hit it with her paw; the crab closed its claws; Pussy's tail went up in the air at once, and she made another attempt to catch her strange visitor. This time the crab, feeling something touch him, was too quick for her; he caught her paw in his claw, and there she was in a trap!

"What a mewing there was then! She tried to get free, but the crab held her fast; the more she pulled, the tighter grew the clasp of

the crab. Puss ran about the kitchen with the crab hanging to her paw. My dear pet! how sorry I felt for her, and how vexed I was with Peter for laughing. But when he saw my distress he went to Pussy's relief, and, after some trouble, succeeded in getting the crab off. Puss was very quiet for one day, and had as much as she could do to attend to her wounded paw.

"Whenever she saw a crab after that, her tail and hair stood on end, and I noticed that she took care not to go near any strange-looking visitors again, and settled down into an active old mouser."

TOM, THE BEAR.

A STORY OF ONE SYLLABLE.

Tom was a bad boy. The girls did say he was a bear. He was a sad, rude boy. He did love his ma, but if he did hug her, she had to say, "Poor Tom, that was a bear's hug," he was so rude.

One day they did go to the "zoo."

The girls did say, "Must Tom go? He is so bad and rude."

But his ma did say, "Yes, Tom must go; it is his due."

At the "zoo" many folks did walk to and fro, and see the lions, apes, and bears. Tom did like the bears. He was at home with them. He did look at them so long he did lose his ma and the girls, and it grew dark, and yet he did look. It was odd to see him. He did go down on all fours to look. His coat did turn to dark fur. His hands did turn to paws. Soon he did get up on the rail, and get over the wall, and go down to the bears. They did not bite him. They knew him well. Now he was a bear, and did live with bears.

Each day his poor ma did come forth to seek him at the "zoo." He did try to call to her. She did not hear. He was so sad to see his poor ma weep in the "zoo," for all the folks but her were glad to see the sun, and walk to and fro. One day he did get on the top of a high pole to see his ma draw near. He did cry and call, and the folks did say, "Hear that bear: he is a bad bear." He saw her come. He did try to say, "Ma, here is Tom," but she did not hear. He did try so hard to call that he did fall from the pole. Then he did wake. It was a dream. He was in his own bed. He did run to his ma, and ask her to help him to be a good boy, and not be rude. She did say yes, and he did cry for joy to be a boy now, and not a bear.

Then he was not rude. He did say "sir" and "ma'am," and the girls did say, "Tom is a dear, good boy."

MORAL.

That does not fit a boy
Which well does fit a bear;
No peril must a good boy fear,
No rude act must he dare.

WHAT "WHAT-WE-EAT" HAD TO SAY.

ONCE upon a time, when everything talked, there was great chattering in the store-room.

The good fairy Plenty being there, listened, kept a record of the talk, and here it is.

You must remember that some of the talkers were naturally *spicy*, others were *strong*, and they grew a little hot in their discussions, but still there was some truth in all they said.

Mrs. Indian Corn, whose maiden name was Maize, was bragging to her neighbor, Java Coffee, that she was the oldest and most useful article in the house. "Am I not," said she, "a descendant of the natives of Mexico? Did not my ancestors wave their silken locks in the southern breeze when Columbus first saw the shores of America?"

"That may be very true, dear madam," replied Col. Coffee, "but I think I have the advantage of you in many ways. My home is in far Arabia, that beautiful land of spices, so celebrated in the songs of our best poets. Am I not a welcome visitor in every clime — a luxury in the East, a necessity in the West? I travel thousands of miles, and my fragrant odor penetrates alike the castle and the cabin, whereas you form but a part of the essential wants of mankind. If I remember rightly you are so bountiful of your gifts that in the West the swine are turned into your fields to feed at their leisure. A fine fate that, indeed!"

"Tut, tut!" cried out a solid-hearted old Potato, "where in this wide world are you two more serviceable than my family? So generally am I known that few realize the fact that I am really a South American. In my native state I am small and bitter, but cultivation has improved me, and much travelling has made me agreeable to all classes. I advise some of my neighbors to try what a little culture will do towards improving their manners."

"Just hear that mealy old vegetable," exclaimed Green Tea. "She does not mention how often she gets in a *stew*, how she is roasted, and oftener well beaten, before she is presentable. Not content with one pair of eyes, she must have them all over her body, as if they were necessary to a creature whose early life is spent under the ground. For my part, I prefer to be a rarer plant, only found in China or Japan, where I grow in beautiful gardens, and am raised with the greatest tenderness, carefully dried and packed, and sent in ships to every known city and town. Like friend Coffee, I grace the tables of thousands, and over a cup of my amber liquid are spent many social hours, and my strengthening properties console alike the student and laborer."

Covered with the blush of true modesty, the Peach arose and begged to be heard. "I have," said she, "a word to say about the benefit of culture. When I was living in Persia I grew bitter, with much poison in my heart, but a kind traveller took me to his home, planted me in a better soil, and cherished me until I ripened into sweetness with a flavor that made me the favorite I am."

"Ah, you lovely, perishable child, you are right as far as you go,"

said the insinuating old Tobacco. "Look at *me!* See how *I* flourish! I am a native American, and am proud of the fact. If *you* are a favorite, what am *I?* The great Sir Walter Raleigh introduced me in the highest society in England. I am everywhere. Ask any man you meet as to my character."

"Ho! ho!" laughed a saucy young Cabbage from Holland, "what a humbug you are! More than half your life is spent in *smoke*, and you are only a *weed*, after all. There is poison enough in your nature to kill all the vermin in Christendom, and yet you insinuate yourself into the favor of both young and old, and, alas! I've seen boys who ought to have good food spend their earnings to obtain you, and puff away the health they needed to make strong and active men." With that the Cabbage rolled over and went to sleep.

The discussion growing lively, an Onion shook her perfumed locks and smilingly said, "There is nothing like giving a good flavor in life. I am both from Asia and Africa, and yet I am sought for by all nations; I am at once recognized, wherever I go."

"No doubt of that," said a little Horseradish from China. "With all your self-assertion you cause many a tear to flow, if you are touched ever so carefully."

"Come, come!" said a grain of Wheat, "if you had been ground in the mill of life, as I have been, you would be a little more humble. Why, I can date back to the early age of the world, and although Tartary and Siberia claim me as their own, I am to be found wherever the hungry need me. One of my ancestors was hidden away in the folds of a mummy for hundreds of years, and when discovered was planted, and sprang forth in beautiful abundance."

As the Wheat grew silent a Cocoanut made himself heard. "Dear friends," said he, "let us have peace. I am filled with the milk of human kindness, and it is my duty to provide food, clothing, and even shelter for my southern friends, and I beg of you to join me in the desire to be useful, and drop all useless discussion. Each one of us has a duty to perform quite distinct from the other."

"In other words, let us be loving and sweet," said a nimble Chinese Sugar-cane.

Then the disputants all clapped their hands and cried out, "Hurrah! hurrah for Brown Sugar!"

When the fairy Plenty heard this, she said, "It is all right now, and I'll go for an airing, and leave my card at some poor neighbor's door."

A LITTLE boy, visiting a lady, was handed the hot bread, but he refused it. "Don't you like it?" inquired the lady. "Yes, ma'am; I like it very much, but my mamma does not like me to eat it."—"But she will never know it," said the lady. "No, ma'am, but I don't want to disobey my parents, even if they never know it. I would know it, and that would make me unhappy." Do you think this little boy's example is worthy of imitation? We are taught, you remember, to "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

CUNNING CROWS.

THE shrewdness of crows is proverbial, as, indeed, is that of the entire family to which they belong, including, as it does, ravens and rooks, magpies and jays. The following amusing anecdotes prove that the birds of Japan are not a whit behind their Yankee cousins in this regard. Such wily adaptations of means to ends seems to imply something more than what is commonly meant by instinct. At all events, the dogs were fairly outgeneralled. The crows are a feature of Yezo, and one which the colonists would willingly dispense with. There are millions of them, and in many places they break the silence of the silent land with a babel of noisy discords. They are everywhere, and have attained a degree of most unpardonable impertinence, mingled with a cunning and sagacity which almost put them on a level with man in some circumstances. Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the river. In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds. They evidently said a great deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat way from him, which he resented. At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated, and after much earnest speech they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth, when he immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second. On this two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all devoured it, the deceived dog looking vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them inanely. A gentleman told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him; and after a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a bite sharp enough to make him turn around with a squeak, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three feasted triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall.

LITTLE NELLIE.

IT was only a barefooted little girl that ran, shivering, over the cold pavement, by the side of Mr. Goodkind, one cold winter morning; still, it made him uncomfortable to look at her, particularly when he glanced down at his own well-protected feet. He, a great, stout man, with warm, thick clothing, felt a little chilly on that bitter morning, and for a moment he was on the point of running after the little girl and getting some clothing for her; but then he thought, "Why, I could find fifty just such children in this neighborhood, and besides, there are many

chances that if I provide shoes and stockings for her, her drunken mother or father would sell them for drink; *there are so many of them* that it is not worth while to do anything for one." And so he passed on to his office, where a cheerful fire awaited him, and tried to forget all about the poor little barefooted girl.

But there are some things we cannot easily forget; and many times through the day Mr. Goodkind found himself thinking of the little girl, and wondering if she were very cold and hungry.

When he returned in the evening to his happy home, and saw his own children so comfortable, he made up his mind that he would not let the excuse of there being so many of them prevent him from looking after this one. He took his little Jennie on his knee, and told her the story of little barefoot. She was much interested, and her heart was full of pity. She said she could easily spare some shoes and stockings and other clothing, and so quite a large bundle was made ready for Mr. Goodkind when he started for his office in the morning.

It did not take him long to find the poor little girl, and instead of the drunken father and mother that he thought he might find, he saw a thin, sickly woman in the greatest destitution, with two other children besides the little, barefooted Nellie.

Mr. Goodkind waited to see the little ones put on the warm clothing, and giving them some money, he ran away to avoid the thanks and blessings that were freely bestowed on him.

He went about his business that day feeling very happy; and at night, when he told his little Jennie about his visit to Nellie and her mother, he could not help thinking, as he looked around his own home, how much pleasanter it seemed than usual, and how much happier he had been all day. Could it have come from that simple deed of charity? Yes! he had followed the divine commandment, and already he was receiving his reward!

BARE FEET BUT CLEAN HANDS.

THERE was once a poor shepherd who kept a flock of sheep on the banks of the beautiful river Rhine. So poor was he that he often had not enough money to keep him in shoes. Once when it was cold and icy, and his feet were stiff and almost frozen, a robber came out of the woods to the poor shepherd, and said: "Why do you not leave your vocation and follow mine, which pays so much better? If you will enter into my service you will have to work less, and you will have no longer to go barefooted in the cold and mud."—"God forbid it!" said the shepherd. "I would rather go barefooted and be an honest man, than procure shoes by dishonest means. Better have the feet covered with mud than the hands soiled by crime!"

If and *but*, life's great impediments.—*Eugénie de Guerin.*

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE, 1887.

NOTES ON CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Rev. Wm. P. McQuaid, late rector of St. Bridget's, Abington, Mass., who succeeds the Rt. Rev. Matthew Harkins as rector of St. James' Church, Boston, is a graduate of Holy Cross College, Worcester. He made his theological studies at All Hallows' College, near Dublin, Ireland. Father McQuaid is about eighteen years in the priesthood. He was for some years assistant at the Church of St. Francis de Sales, Roxbury. For the past ten years he has had pastoral charge of Abington. Under his care the parish grew and prospered so that it had to be divided. He built churches at Rockland and South Abington (now Whitman). The former is now a separate mission. Father McQuaid is much esteemed by both the Catholics and non-Catholics of Abington, and his departure is deeply regretted. He is an eminent temperance worker.

GEN. SHIELDS.— We publish elsewhere an article which was sent to the *Century Magazine* by William J. Onahan, Esq., city collector of Chicago, but was declined. We have great pleasure in giving it to our readers, and hope that the writer may be long spared to vindicate the record of the slandered brave.

JOHN A. ROCHE, an Irish-American Republican, was elected Mayor of Chicago on April 5, receivin gtwenty eight thousand majority over Nelson, the candidate of the United Labor party. We hope the gentleman is not like his namesake, the ship-builder, a nominal Catholic, who was buried lately by the Methodists.

EXAMINE the date on the wrapper of your MAGAZINE and should you find yourself in arrears, draw your check for the amount, or procure an express or post-office order, enclose it with your address, and forward to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass. tf.

FATHER BECKX, the late head of the Jesuits, the Empress Eugenie, and the evergreen M. de Lesseps, had a common ancestor, Grevigny, a prosperous Belgian grocer at Bruges, who traded with Malaga, and established a business house there which was a great one early in the century. Father Beckx was 92 years old. He had a delicate looking, wan face, which plainly showed that he fully lived up to the austerities enjoined by his church. He was of middle height, with regular features and an amiable expression of countenance. His forehead was high and broad, surmounting small, piercing eyes; his nose was long and prominent; his lips showed decision and energy. So powerful in life, the generals of the Jesuits receive no more honors in death than the humblest of their order, and Father Beckx lies in the company's vault in Rome among the other Jesuits, and only an iron plate with his initials is fixed on his grave to distinguish it.

THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.— Amongst the many suggestions for the due honoring of the Queen's Jubilee which the occasion has brought forth, Hudson, the soap man, has proposed that all the statues in the United Kingdom — which, he alleges, have got into a most disgracefully dirty state — should be washed with his extract of soap! It would not be safe to predict what the students of Trinity College would say to such an operation being performed on the Dutchman of College-green, for their predecessors once upon a time tarred the worthy king for turning his horse's tail toward the front entrance

of the venerable institution. Be that as it may, however, Hudson wants the monuments cleaned with Hudson's soap. And it appears that this would accomplish two things, namely, improve the appearance of the statues and — prove that "there is nothing in the world to equal this famous extract."

Rome and the Knights.

ARCHBISHOPRIC OF QUEBEC,
April 5, 1887.

IN September, 1884, the Holy See, consulted by me on the Society of the Knights of Labor, condemned it as a grievous sin, and charged the bishops to deter their diocesans therefrom, as I did in my circular letter (No. 131) of the 2d of February, 1885. After representations made by their lordships the bishops of the United States, the Holy See has suspended, until further orders, the effect of that sentence. In consequence I authorize confessors of the diocese to absolve Knights of Labor on the following conditions, which it is your bounden duty to explain to them, and make them observe.

First — That they confess, and sincerely repent of the grievous sin which they committed by not obeying the Decree of September, 1884.

Second — That they be ready to abandon this society as soon as the Holy See shall ordain it.

Third — That they sincerely and explicitly promise absolutely to avoid all that may either favor Masonic and other condemned societies, or violate laws either of justice, charity, or of State.

Fourth — That they abstain from every promise and from every oath by which they would bind themselves either to obey blindly all orders of the directors of the society, or to keep absolute secrecy, even toward lawful authorities. (See "Discipline," page 217.)

In behalf of these penitents only, and by virtue of an Indult, I prolong the time of Paschal Communion until the feast of the Ascension.

Please accept, sir, assurance of my sincere attachment,

E. A. CARDINAL TASCHEREAU,
Archbishop of Quebec.

Catholic Rights in Rhode Island.

WITH the advent of Rt. Rev. Bishop Harkins, the state board of charities and corrections have granted privilege to any Protestant or Catholic clergymen to hold services in all of the state penal institutions on every Sunday desired. A bill to this effect is dead in the present legislation, and the board has taken the responsibility of granting the privilege. Since 1885 the privilege has been afforded in the house of correction and workhouse, but not in the other departments, which include the boys' and girls' school, state prison, and insane department.

Ashamed of "O'Brien."

Buffalo Catholic Union and Times: It appears that John T. Raymond, who has laughed his last laugh upon the boards, whereon he made both fame and fortune, was a Buffalo boy who once rejoiced in the grand old Irish name of O'Brien. He enjoyed the proud heritage of having sprung from a family that in red '98 gave three bold brothers to the scaffold for Ireland's cause. The actor's grandfather, Dennis O'Brien, was sentenced to be executed with his three brothers; but owing to the intercession of a noble English lady his life was spared. The first use he made of his freedom was to challenge to mortal combat the British officer who had betrayed his brothers and himself; and having slain the traitor on Wexford bridge, O'Brien left Ireland forever before the breaking of another morning. We have no respect for those who change their names. "John O'Brien" was altogether too Irish for the aspiring comic star. "Raymond" had a far more romantic sound. So the "O" was dropped and with it the creed of the Cross — for we read that his funeral was held in the Little Church Around the Corner.

FIRE-PROOF MATERIAL.— We refer to the advertisement of the Magneso Calcite Fire-proof Co., on 14th advertising page.

"THE OFFICE OF CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS," 14 Barclay Street, N. Y., is desirous of establishing a representative for their House in every parish or diocese. This is a good opportunity for lucrative employment to any Catholic of intelligence and ambition. A student, scholar, teacher, or business person seeking business or a change of business, would do well to make application to the above address at once.

Work and Wages.

As a striking illustration of the universality of the two great social problems — that of work and wages, and that of the land question — the Lenten Pastoral of his Grace Dr. Lynch, archbishop of Toronto, may be fittingly cited. In a new country like Canada, where the pressure of population is less keenly felt, the difficulties involved in these problems are not so obvious as in older communities. But they exist, and develop in the sight of all observers with a rapidity that must suggest anxious doubts as to the future. "Our modern civilization," says his Grace, "the outcome of discoveries in the arts and sciences, has resulted in procuring for the rich and the well-to-do every worldly comfort at a minimum of cost, whence the poor and the working people are too often imposed on and treated as slaves to supply these comforts to the rich." Strikes, and the progress of theories which favor that wildest form of anarchy, miscalled socialism, are the result. That the honest workingman should be enabled to live and thrive by his labor is the principle which the archbishop lays down as fixing the minimum of what his wages should be. Let the capitalist have his profit, but to him does his Grace apply the warning of the inspired preacher — "Despise not the hungry soul, and provoke not the poor in his want." Adverting to the land question, the Pastoral instances the case of Ireland, and boldly states the truth, that private property in land becomes just and lawful only in the same way as does a system of government, originally based upon injustice, when it is exercised for the good of the country, and by the consent of the people.

C. T. A. U. — The eleventh annual convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of the archdiocese of Boston will be held in Marlboro' on Memorial Day, May 30. Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro', at 9 A. M. The Rev. T. J. Conaty, vice-president of the Union of America, will preach the sermon. Immediately after Mass the delegates will beescorted to the Town Hall, when the convention will be called to order. The Rev. P. A. McKenna, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Marlboro', is arranging for a grand reception of the delegates on the occasion of the convention.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO DENOUNCES EXTRAVAGANT FUNERALS. — Archbishop Lynch has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy of the archdiocese, warning Catholics against extravagance at funerals in the shape of magnificent coffins, and heaps of flowers shaped into ludicrous and unseemly designs. It says: "The Church permits a crown of flowers, as the sign of heavenly joy, upon the heads of children only who have not attained the age of reason. A simple pall is all she allows on the coffin at the funeral of those who have reached the age of reason. You are hereby enjoined to see that these rules of the Church be for the future religiously and strictly carried out."

THE great cathedral in Florence, Italy is just about being finished, and its completion will be celebrated with great pomp and ceremony in the Tuscan capital. The foundation stone of the edifice was laid in 1294. One Arnolfo, the son of Cambio, was the architect.

Gymnastic Exhibition.

THE Catholic Young Men's Gymnasium of Cambridgeport held its first annual spring tournament at the association building on Prospect Street, on the night of April 27. The prizes were won as follows: One-mile run, T. H. Sinnott, in 6m. 28s.; one-mile walk, J. L. Power, in 7m. 51s.; pole vaulting, J. O'Mahony, 7ft. 6in.; rope climbing, W. O'Connor, 33ft. 2in.; putting the shot, E. Skahan, 31ft. 11in.; horizontal bar, E. Flynn, 47 points; parallel bars, C. H. Benard; sparring, light-weight, J. Brogan; heavy-weight, J. O'Mahony; tug-of-war, team No. 2 by 8 inches. The gold medal for general excellence was awarded to C. H. Benard, D. J. Sexton taking the second. The sports were witnessed by a large crowd, and were not finished until nearly midnight. The judges were Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, Mr. E. F. O'Sullivan of Lawrence, and Mr. Eberhard of the Turnverein Association of Boston. Gold medals were awarded the winners.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Williams sailed from New York on the 23d of April on a visit to Rome, on the steamer *La Bourgoyne*. During his absence, the Very Rev. Wm. Byrne, V. G., will administer the affairs of the diocese.

OUR MAY ISSUE.—Two of the principal articles in our last number have been copied by leading Catholic papers. The New York *Freeman's Journal* gives its readers Mr. L. W. Reilly's article on "The Conscience of Catholics," and the Baltimore *Catholic Mirror* copies that of Rev. Fr. Treacy, "Some Irish Authors of the Penal Days."

Charitable Bequests.

BY the will of the late Denis H. Tully, of Boston, Catholic churches and institutions in this city and Worcester are enriched by the sum of $90,000. To the archbishop of Boston $10,000 is bequeathed to be applied by him toward reducing the debt on the Cathedral of the Holy Cross and for the benefit and improvement of the church; $10,000 is also bequeathed to the archbishop for the improvement and advancement of the Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary.

The president of Boston College receives $8,000 for the improvement of the college; and an additional $2,000 to be kept separate from the general fund, the income to be devoted to a prize to be offered at the annual commencement exercises.

The pastor of St. Mary's Church receives $10,000, to be devoted to reducing the church debt and for the support of the parish.

The association for the care of destitute Catholic children gets $10,000; the Little Sisters of the Poor, $10,000; Carney Hospital, $5,000; the House of the Good Shepherd, $5,000; Holy Cross College, Worcester, $5,000; the new Infant Asylum on Dudley Street, formed from St. Mary's Infant Asylum, $2,000; the House of the Angel Guardian, $2,000. This most thoughtful friend of the poor further bequeathes to his executrixes and executors the sum of $10,000, to be devoted to the deserving poor and destitute of the city and to be expended through the instrumentality of the several parochial conferences of St. Vincent de Paul. This bequest is given with special reference to the parish poor of St. Mary's, St. Stephen's, St. James', St. Francis de Sales, St. Joseph's, and St. Mary's in the Charlestown district, St. Patrick's and to the Conference of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. Tully appointed his sisters, Cecilia Tully and Margaret M. Tully, to be executrixes and Edward A. Kinney and Wm. S. Pelletier to be executors. They are exempt from surety. Holyhood Cemetery is bequeathed $1,000, the income to maintain the burial lot in good condition. The house on East Newton Street is bequeathed to the sisters and they also receive $50,000 each. After a number of private bequests in addition to the charities above mentioned, the balance of the estate is bequeathed to the sisters of the deceased.

Father Mundy Honored.

A GRAND farewell reception was given Rev. Father John F. Mundy of St. Mary's Catholic Church, in Aquinas Hall, Cambridgeport, on the evening of April 29. Father Mundy has been connected with St. Mary's Church for more than fourteen years, and now leaves to take charge of parishes at Abington and Whitman in this State, and has commenced his labors at Abington. In consideration of his earnest efforts with the parish and its schools, Father Mundy was presented with a purse of about $1500.

Rev. Father Thomas Scully related in affecting language many incidents illustrating the labors of Father Mundy in behalf of his parishioners, and affirmed that all the great works which had been so successfully carried on in St. Mary's Parish and in Cambridge, would not have been possible without his invaluable assistance.

The response of Rev. Father Mundy, expressing his love and regard for the people of his beloved parish, and of his regret at parting with them, was deeply affecting.

The Pope's Jubilee.

MUCH doubt has been felt abroad by the donors of gifts on occasion of the Jubilee of Leo XIII., whether the numerous presents about to be sent to the Vatican would be allowed to enter Italy without paying duty at the frontier. The Italian Government has not as yet given any reply to inquiries on this point. But it appears that the law on this subject is clear enough. Anything sent from outside Italy to the Sovereign Pontiff, to be used for ecclesiastical purposes or to enhance the splendor of the Holy See, is exempt from duty. This exemption can only be accorded by the custom house at Rome. Objects entering Italy at other places will be sent under seal by the authorities to Rome for examination there. Among the presents to be sent to Leo XIII. for his Jubilee, France will send a splendid tiara. The land, whence

came Charles the Great and Pepin, La Moriciere and Pimodan, donors and defenders of the temporal dominions of the Holy See, has a just claim to offer a triple crown to the Pope. The well-known Paris jeweller, M. Froment-Meurice, has designed the work in Italian sixteenth century style, and his skilled artists are already at work upon it.

Our Holy Father on Temperance.

WE give elsewhere the Brief on Total Abstinence addressed by the Holy Father to Bishop Ireland. The Pope had already years ago granted Indulgences to Total Abstinence and Temperance Societies, so that Catholics were indirectly assured of the Holy Father's approval of these societies; but a formal Brief of approbation, and even of recommendation to the clergy to promote their growth and work by all means in their power had never been issued till the other day. Intemperance is at the bottom of many of our social evils, and the Holy See has now placed itself at the head of the great Christian and Catholic crusade against drunkenness, and has authoritatively and formally approved and blessed teetotalism.

BOSTON DAILY GLOBE. — The editor and manager of *The Globe* opened its doors for the reception of the press and others on Sunday afternoon, May 1, from four to seven o'clock, P. M., to view its premises. The crowds were more than surprised at the extent and arrangements of the new building. It is, with few exceptions, the most complete newspaper establishment in the country. A bountiful collation was furnished the crowd who assembled on the occasion. Col. Taylor was in his glory and stood manfully to be shaken up. The issue of *The Globe* May 2 was a wonderful success. 294,330 copies were printed of that issue. The colonel brought about this great result by placing at the head of its first page a card or coupon, which, by cutting off, entitled the holder to a ride in any and every horse-car in the city and suburbs. The car people charged the full price, thus realizing from the sale of *The Globe* on that day some seven or eight thousand dollars. Not more than half of the buyers of the paper of that issue made use of the coupons. Col. Taylor cannot be outdone in newspaper enterprise! Long may he wave!

Patrick Denvir's Bequests.

THE will of Patrick Denvir, late of Charlestown, contains the following bequests: To the Most Rev. J. J. Williams, archbishop of Boston, $500, for the Cathedral of the Holy Cross; to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, $500; to the pastor of St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, to aid in establishing a Catholic school, $300; to the Home for Destitute Roman Catholic Children, $500; to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, $300; to the Little Sisters of the Poor, $300; to St. Mary's Infant Asylum, $300. The residue and remainder of the estate, after some specific bequests, is given to Archbishop Williams.

A DOMESTIC TYPE WRITER.—A very simple, convenient, durable, and ingenious device for lettering show cards, tickets, labels, directing envelopes, and a hundred other purposes. It is very durable, will last a lifetime, and is the most useful and attractive toy ever invented. Price $1.00 each. Howard S. Ingersoll, 46 Cortlandt Street, New York.

MR. T. D. SULLIVAN, lord mayor of Dublin, and nationalist member of parliament for that city, has written a letter to the *Times* on behalf of the *Nation* and the *Weekly News* of Dublin, in reply to an accusation of a correspondent of the *Times*, who charged the nationalist papers with having refused the government advertisement offering a reward for the arrest of the Phœnix Park assassins. Mr. Sullivan in his letter says, that although the nationalist papers declined to receive the castle official's money, they announced the reward in their news columns in leaded type gratis.

WE regret to learn that Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, of Springfield, Mass., met with an accident by being thrown from his carriage. A gentleman who witnessed the accident said he cannot understand how Bishop O'Reilly escaped serious if not fatal injuries, as the fall was apparently a forcible one. We are glad to learn that the bishop is gradually recovering.

REMEMBER THE POOR! — It would not be a bad thing if more of our wealthy Catholics emulated the generous and public spirit displayed so very often by wealthy non-Catholics in contributing

large sums to charitable, educational, and religious purposes. We scarcely have got beyond that stage now where it was necessary to struggle along in an existence from hand to mouth. Our poor give more generously, as a class, according to their means, than our rich.

Right, *Catholic Review* of New York. The best will we have seen in our day in Boston is that of the late Mr. Tully. God rest his soul!

ASSISTING IRISH INDUSTRY.

TIME and again our MAGAZINE has called the attention of Irish-Americans to a very practical way of aiding Ireland, viz., by assisting in the development of her manufacturing industries. This can be effectually done, as we have pointed out before, and do so now, by purchasing textile goods manufactured in Ireland. Aside from patriotic feeling in the matter is the materially important fact that Irish fabrics are unsurpassed and rarely equalled by any other for intrinsic excellence in point of durability and of finish.

Among the Irish industries which have commenced within the last few years to make substantial headway against the fierce competition of long-established British manufacturers, the woollen trade stands out prominently.

The measure of success which it has already achieved has been owing, in the first place, to the natural advantage of having the best wool in the world at the very factory door, with unlimited water power to drive machinery, and secondly, to a new generation of Irish manufacturers, men of genuine grit and enterprise, backed up by a profoundly stirred national sentiment. The fierceness of the competition with English manufacturers may be judged from this fact, that the English-made, shoddy-filled cloths of precisely the same patterns as the Irish goods, which they placed on the market at a lower price, of course, than the genuine, necessitated the adoption by every Irish manufacturer a few years ago of a special trade mark, which is stamped at intervals of three yards on the reverse side of the cloth. Without this stamp, the forging of which is a very grave crime, no Irish woollen cloth is genuine. It is hardly necessary to say that no Irish woollen manufacturer uses either cotton or shoddy in his goods.

Up to a short time ago whatever Irish woollens were imported into this country came under the general head of British, and were usually sold as Scotch goods. But a new departure in this regard was made last fall by Messrs. A. Shuman & Co., corner of Washington and Summer Sts., Boston, one among the leading clothing manufacturing firms of this city, by importing in large quantities directly from the principal woollen mills in Ireland. They made into garments for men and boys Irish tweeds, serges, cheviots, and friezes in the most thorough and artistic manner, advertised them as Irish, sold them as Irish, guaranteed their superior excellence as Irish, and we are proud to know they reaped the decided success which they deserve from their enterprise. Their largely increased importations of the same manufacture for the spring trade are now on their counters. The visitor to their establishment who desires to see the large and varied product of Irish looms which they exhibit will be surprised and well remunerated.

PRESENTS TO BISHOP HARKINS.— The priests of the archdiocese of Boston presented to Bishop Harkins on the day of his consecration, as a testimonial of their regard, a purse of $3,500. The testimonial of his late parishioners of St. James' Church, Boston, was $3,000 presented on Easter Sunday.

Solemn Requiem Mass.

A SOLEMN Requiem Mass was said on the morning of the 20th of April at the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, South Boston, the occasion being the "month's mind," in connection with the recent death of Mother Catherine Euphemia, late superior of the Sisters of Charity, of Emmitsburg, Md. She entered the order in 1830 at the age of fifteen, and remained in it nearly fifty-seven years, dying at the age of 71. The deceased lady had been mother for about twenty-five years. Among those present were Sisters of Charity from various local institutions, as well as Sisters of Notre Dame in South Boston and their pupils, and a number of clergymen including Rev. Father William Blenkinsop, pastor of the Church of SS. Peter and Paul, and Father Peter Blenkinsop, S. J., of Philadelphia, the two brothers of the deceased. The sermon was preached by Bishop Healy of Portland, Me.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Let the adornments of home be chaste and holy pictures, and, still more, sound, interesting, and profitable books."—*Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.*

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS, with reflections for every day in the year, compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources. To which are added Lives of the American Saints recently placed on the calender for the United States by special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. And also the Lives of the Saints Canonized in 1881 by his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Edited by John Gilmary Shea, LL D. Large 8vo. 538 pages, red ink and gold side, with nearly 400 illustrations. Price, $2.00.

A good book is a mine yielding inexhaustible treasure. And in our day, when debased and demoralizing books are spread broadcast throughout the land, poisoning the hearts of both young and old, it is the duty of every one to help as far as possible in circulating a pure, ennobling literature. And what more elevating than the Lives of the Saints, which the great Bishop Fenelon has so aptly styled the "Gospel in Example"? Here may be found the most devoted self-sacrifice, the most exalted heroism: the delicate virgin, strong in her faith, facing death with more than one soldier's courage; a St. Patrick, made prisoner and converting his captors; a St. Louis, seated on the throne, zealous for the glory of God and the happiness of his people; St. Zita, a servant, edifying all by her modesty and virtue; and St. Servulus, a beggar, praising God in the midst of poverty and pain. All conditions of life are here represented, teaching that, however humble or exalted our station may be, we can reach the golden goal if we but strive for it with the proper dispositions. The Lives of the Saints cannot be too highly recommended to Christian families as the best reading for the home circle; for if, as we learn, the constant reflection on these lives was the means of leading to sanctity such saints as Teresa, Ignatius of Loyola, and many others, may we not hope that, with the help of God's grace, they may at least tend to strengthen us in virtue and lead us to be truly Christian men and women? The present volume offers in a compendious form the lives of many eminent servants of God, forming, as it were, a book of daily meditations. Apart from the text, which, in itself, is sufficient to make the volume valuable in the eyes of every Catholic, no pains have been spared to render this the most attractive book now published.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

HENRY GEORGE AND HIS LAND THEORIES. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.

The article contained in this pamphlet appeared in the March number of *The Catholic World.* An appendix is added giving the teaching of St. Thomas, Suarez, and the Fathers on the justice of private property in land. The price is only ten cents. Buy it by all means and pass it round to the disciples of George and his followers.

IS THERE A GOD WHO CARES FOR US? Translated from the French of Mgr. Segur.

Mgr. Segur is one of the most practical and learned of Catholic writers. This little book is among his best.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ONE of the literary sensations of the day is M. Taine's brilliant article on Napoleon Bonaparte, in the *Deux Mondes.* It is a long time since that review has published an article which has made such an impression. M. Taine's picture comes to this: Bonaparte was not a Frenchman, but a mediæval Italian grafted upon a Corsican "sauvageon." Moreover, Napoleon was a being apart from the rest of mankind. In the words of Madame de Staël: "A being, having no being like him, could neither feel nor inspire sympathy. He was either more or less than a man."

THE "Lives of the English Martyrs Declared Blessed by Pope Leo XIII. on December 29th, 1886," by Fathers of the Congregation of the London oratory, with an introduction by the Rev. Edward S. Keogh, priest of the same congregation (Burns and Oates), will be published shortly.

"LEGENDS OF IRELAND."—A new book by Lady Wilde ("Speranza") is announced by Ticknor & Co., Boston. Its title is "Ancient Legends of Ireland," and no living writer could better handle

such a subject than Lady Wilde. We learn from leading reviews in England and Ireland, where the book has already appeared, that this is a most notable volume. "Lady Wilde's latest work," says one critic, "is also her greatest and best." Here is a chance for those who not only admire but sympathize with a great Irishwoman to express both sentiments at once. Owing to the land-war in Ireland, Lady Wilde has of late been reduced to almost a condition of want. The estate purchased by Sir William Wilde, whose work for Irish antiquities can never be forgotten, has ceased to be a means of support for his patriotic and distinguished widow. Let her books take the place of her acres. A re-publication of all her works ought to be undertaken. The work now announced is in two volumes. The first volume contains tales and legends told by the peasants in the Irish vernacular, opening with a mythical story, translated from the Irish, and believed to be a thousand years old. The "Horned Woman," illustrating a breach of old Irish hospitality, has its scene laid on the historic slopes of Slievenamon. Ancient and modern fairy tales, principally relating to the western islands of Ireland, are full of amusement or pathos, and will be read with intense interest.

There are "Traditions of the Dead" from the days of the Tuatha De Danaans to the present time. Tales are given relating to the four great Irish festivals, of which that in May was the most distinguished, being the feast of "Bel," or the sun; the next in order being St. John's Feast in Midsummer; the day of ancient Druidic worship having been converted into a Christian commemoration. The ancient mysteries of our Celtic forefathers are described with historic knowledge and graphic power. The holy wells and antique monuments of Ireland are identified and described. There are stories of the banshees, popular notions concerning the Sidhe (fairy) race, fairy music, and allusions to Irish national airs. Perhaps, however, the most interesting parts of these volumes will be found to be the legends which relate to animals and medical superstitions and ancient charms, and to the cures popularly known and practised chiefly in the west of Ireland, comprising, amongst others, some curious particulars regarding the "Mysteries of Fairy Power."

In the chapter on the "Ancient Capital of Ireland" the origin and history of the inhabitants of Dublin at various periods are fully and clearly traced. Reference is made to archæology, ancient manuscripts, and the manufactures of Ireland, and the national spirit of the author pervades the work.

HERE is an interesting offer of $300 in prizes for naming the authors in a volume of literary selections. The book has two hundred and forty pages of prize selections from eminent writers, edited by Mr. C. W. Moulton, editor of *Queries;* and the publishers, Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, make this offer:—

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

I. Nineteen prizes will be declared. First prizes, $100; second prize, $50; third prize, $30; fourth prize, $20; fifth to ninth prizes, $10 each; tenth to nineteenth prizes, $5 each.

II. Every purchaser of the book is entitled to compete.

III. Answers should be arranged and numbered, written legibly in ink, on one side of note-paper only, and signed by the full address of the competitor.

IV. The poem from which the selection is made, as well as the author of the quotation, is required. The competitor who answers the greatest number of authors will be awarded first prize, etc.

V. Clubs and reading circles are allowed to compete as one individual, but not more than one member of the same club will be awarded a prize. Each winner will be required to furnish a statement that he has neither assisted, nor received assistance from, any other prize winner.

VI. In case of a tie in totals the combined prizes will be divided *pro rata.*

VII. Prizes will be declared March 15, 1888, and all answers should be received by the publishers on or before that date.

VIII. All answers and inquiries concerning them should be addressed, with postage fully prepaid, to the editor of "Prize Selections," in care of D. Lothrop & Co., publishers, Boston, Mass.

EX-PRESIDENT EGAN, of the Irish-National League, denies that Mr. Parnell ever wrote him a letter in 1882 apologizing for having denounced the Phœnix Park murderers. Ex-President Egan cabled the following to Mr. Labouchere, M. P., "Saunderson's statements in reference to me are unmitigated and wilful slanders. Parnell never wrote me any such letter as that quoted in the London *Times.* The whole thing is a base fabrication."

OBITUARY.

—"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

RT. REV. MONSEIGNEUR QUINN, V. G., of the archdiocese of New York, died at Paris on the 15th of April, on his way home. He was born in the parish of Donoughmore, county Donegal, Ireland, on April 21, 1821. Coming to this country when a child, he manifested a strong inclination for the priesthood as he grew toward manhood. He was educated at Fordham College, and was ordained a priest in 1844. He was first stationed at St. Joseph's Church, in Sixth Avenue, and next at Rondout. St. Peter's Church, in Barclay Street, was then heavily in debt and in a bad way. He was made its pastor in 1849, and completely restored its fortunes, and gave the parish the strength which it has ever since retained. He remained there until 1875, when he was made vicar general of the archdiocese, and rector of the old cathedral on Mott Street. There his great work was done. Cardinal McCloskey's health had begun to be feeble, and the vast labor of building the magnificent new cathedral of St. Patrick devolved almost wholly on Father Quinn. He saw to all the details — from supervising and approving the architect's plans to looking after the most insignificant piece of furniture for the priests' house. He raised the money and audited the bills. When it was completed he felt that the crowning work of his life had been done. He became the rector of the new cathedral, as he had been of the old. In 1879 the Pope made him one of his domestic prelates, which office conferred upon him the title of Monseigneur. While he was building the cathedral, as well as afterward, until his health broke down, he transacted the onerous duties of vicar general. His great financial ability, which was highly appreciated by the bankers, and the heads of the great money-lending corporations of this city, caused the duty of borrowing and paying the money for the great number of churches, schools, and charitable institutions that the archdiocese has erected during the past decade, to fall upon him. His sagacity saved the church many thousands of dollars, which would have been expended by less prudent men in securing the same results that he secured. Naturally of a delicate constitution, consumption, the seeds of which were always in his constitution, at length manifested itself. Last June he reluctantly relinquished his labors, and accompanied by Father O'Farrell, of St. Teresa's, who had been his assistant at Peter's for nine years, and who seemed like a son to him, he crossed the ocean. After visiting his native place in Ireland he went to England, and thence to the Continent. Last winter he spent at Nice, where the balmy air had a good effect upon him. The fatal blow was struck by the earthquake, which gave his feeble frame a great shock. He journeyed to Paris, but was unable to go further. While at the Hotel St. Petersburgh, where he was boarding, death seized him. He was aware that his end had come, and he faced it with Christian resignation. The last rites of the Church having been administered, he calmly breathed his last.

ON March 30th passed away the pioneer of the speech-making land struggle, a man whose name was once a household word, and whose form was known from north to south in Ireland, Father Tom O'Shea, the Callan curate, who with his colleague, Father Matthew Keeffe, founded the first Tenants' Defence Association. Father O'Shea was the uncle of the well-known citizen of New York, Mr. Patrick O'Shea, the publisher, of 45 Warren Street.

REV. FATHER WILLIAM J. BOURKE, of St. John the Baptist Church, Syracuse, N. Y., died in that city at the age of thirty-nine. Bishop Ludden, who was recently appointed for the new Syracuse diocese, was his guest at the time. He had been very zealous in his work, and was well known in the State.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. DENIS H. TULLY, who was so well known as one of the most extensive produce and wine merchants in Boston, died at his residence on West Newton

Street, on Sunday, April 10th. Mr. Tully was born in Ireland, and came to America in 1854, and entered the counting-room of a large wholesale house. Having practised civil engineering for some time in his native land, this early training proved of great advantage in his future career as a successful merchant. In 1857 he became connected with the late John S. Blake, of Central Wharf, Boston, in a short time rising to be that gentleman's chief assistant, and managing his extensive Mediterranean business. Upon Mr. Blake's death, in 1873, Mr. Tully became his successor as proprietor and owner of the establishment, and continued in active business until the time of his death. He was also treasurer of the Boston Beer Company, a corporation whose charter dated from 1828. From too close application to business Mr. Tully's health gave way, and two years ago he had a severe attack, from which he recovered sufficiently to allow of his visiting Ireland for a few months, from which he derived much benefit. Mr. Tully was a devout Catholic, being a member of the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception and a benefactor of that church and of Boston College, and also of many other worthy charitable institutions of Boston.

COL. MICHAEL CASSIDY. — Another great Irish-American soldier has passed away. Col. Michael Cassidy of Albany, N. Y., died April 6th, 1887, at his family residence 89 Dollins Street in that city. The army record of the distinguished deceased was an excellent one. When the war commenced he joined the Second New York Volunteers as captain, and subsequently was commissioned in the Sixth New York Volunteers, known as "Wilson's Zouaves," as lieutenant-colonel. It is a well-known fact that that regiment was in a state of demoralization when Cassidy assumed command of it, but before six months had passed he succeeded in making it one of the best disciplined organizations in the army. His funeral was attended by the Grand Army of the Republic, the Irish Societies of Albany, and conspicuous military men of the State.

MISS ANNIE MCCORMICK, daughter of Mr. James McCormick, died at her home, 39 East Concord Street, on Friday, April 8. Her age was seventeen years. The funeral services were held on Monday, Requiem Mass being celebrated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception by Rev. Father Boursaud, S. J., the rector. Messrs. Robert E. Maguire, Geo. F. Doherty, Henry A. Doherty, and J. Edward Dowling were the pall bearers. The interment was at Calvary Cemetery. By a remarkable coincidence the deceased young lady's birthday was the feast of Christmas and the day of her death, Good Friday.

Farewell, beloved! we will not weep; 'tis but a little while;
When the snow is gone I shall return again with spring's returning smile.
Where sunlight falls with shade and rain from hanging clouds that sweep,
With naught betwixt me and the sky, there lay me down to sleep.
The place is known to you and me, nor needs more should know,
So raise no stone at head nor feet, but let the wild flowers grow.

MAJOR JAMES F. RYAN. — In a runaway accident, Major James F. Ryan, of McKeesport, Pa., was thrown from a wagon and almost instantly killed. Major Ryan was a brother of Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and one of the wealthiest citizens of McKeesport.

PHILIP O'BRIEN, who recently died in Chicago, was one hundred and three years old. He was born in Ireland in 1784, and came to this country fifty-three years ago.

MRS. KEILEY, the mother of A. M. Keiley, ex-Minister to Austria, died on April 26, at her home in Richmond. She was seventy-five years of age. Her death was unexpected.

PATRICK HURLEY died near Athens, Pa., on April 23. He celebrated his one hundred and third birthday on March 2, having been born in county Cork, Ireland, in 1784. He came to this country seventy-five years ago with his wife, who survives him at the age of ninety-five. He lived over fifty years on the farm where he died.

THE death of Jonas A. Casey, which occurred in Hingham April 7, caused profound regret to a very large circle of friends by whom, on account of his many sterling qualities, he was highly esteemed. He was born in the town of Mallow, county Cork, Ireland, July 11, 1824, and was the son of Michael and Catherine Burke Casey. He came to this country about thirty-five years ago, and was engaged in rope-making for a while in Roxbury, where on the 6th of February, 1852, he was married by Rev. J. O'Beirnes to Mary Ann Casey, who though of the same name was not related to him. Shortly

after he removed to Hingham, and for several years was engaged in the business of rope-making, but abandoned that about nine years since to go into the junk business, which he made su cesful by his urbanity and strict integrity, commanding the respect of all with whom he had dealings. He collected in the course of his business a good many books and other articles which were valuable, and he was shrewd enough to put such aside; and as he took a great deal of pride to always have his shop neat and orderly, many ladies and gentlemen visited his place to see what he had collected that was rare or curious. Mr. and Mrs. Casey have had several children, four boys and three girls, of whom all but one, a girl, with their mother, are living. The funeral occurred on the Saturday afternoon after his death from St. Paul's Church, Rev. Father Gerald Fagan officiating, and was very largely attended. He was buried in the Catholic cemetery in Hingham. He was a devoted husband and father, a kind neighbor, a good citizen, a true man. For upwards of thirty years he was a subscriber to and constant reader of *The Pilot*, and has taken DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE from the beginning.

MR. PATRICK DENVIR, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Charlestown District, Boston, died at his home in that district on the afternoon of April 28th. Mr. Denvir was born in the county Down, Ireland, in 1800, thus being at the time of his decease eighty-seven years of age. He left Ireland in 1823, and first settled in St. Andrews, in the British Provinces, but remained there only one year. In 1830 he married Mary Dunne, the ceremony taking place in the old cathedral, Boston. Four children were born unto them, three of whom, however, died in infancy; the fourth, a son, William, grew to manhood and entered the priesthood; but after a brief and useful career in the Church, he died in September, 1885, at the age of forty-one, while pastor of the Star of the Sea Church at Beverly, Mass. Fifty-six years ago Mr. Denvir was appointed sexton at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Charlestown, Mass., a position which he held until eight years ago. In 1850 he began business as an undertaker. He was the oldest living member of the Charitable Irish Society of Boston, having joined that organization on March 17, 1826. At the meeting of the society in 1886 Mr. Denvir was presented a magnificent floral harp, Hon. John E. Fitzgerald making the presentation speech. He was one of the committee of five of the society appointed to tender President Jackson a public dinner on the occasion of his visit to Boston. His wife died about twelve years ago.

Mr. Denvir leaves many sorrowing friends in Charlestown and Boston, where he was greatly beloved and respected by all. His death was caused simply by old age, he never having a serious disease through life. He was attended in his last moments by the Rev. Fathers McMahon and Powers, of St. Mary's, and the Rev. Leo Boland of the Cathedral.

The funeral services took place on Saturday morning from St. Mary's Church, Charlestown. The church was well filled by old residents and delegations from the Charitable Irish Society, St. Vincent de Paul's Society, and kindred organizations. Solemn High Mass was celebrated, Rev. Fr. McMahon, pastor of the church, acting as celebrant, Rev. Leo Boland of the Cathedral as deacon of the Mass, Rev. William G. Powers as subdeacon, Rev. Thomas L. Magennis of Jamaica Plain as eulogist, and Rev. Father Hugh Roe O'Donnell of East Boston as master of ceremonies. There were also present Vicar-General Byrne, Rev. Fathers J. N. Supple, Keyes, Millerick, O'Donnell, Duncan and Scanlan, S. J., and Bodfish. Rev. Fr. Magennis, in his eulogy of the deceased, paid a high tribute to his steadfastness in the faith of the church during the troublesome times in the history of Catholicism in Charlestown, alluded to his sixty-one years' connection with the Charitable Irish Society and kindred organizations, his fifty years', service as sexton of St. Mary's Church, and his connection with the old Montgomery Guards when it was stoned by a fanatical mob on Boston Common. The Charitable Irish Society contributed a handsome floral emblem. On a cushion of English ivy, knotted with roses and lilies, rested a closed floral book, on which was inscribed "C. I. S. Finis. P. D. 1887." Mr. Thomes Dee sent a large cross on a base of English ivy. The remaims were removed to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, the following gentlemen being the pall-bearers: For the Charitable Irish Society, President Moran, Vice-President John A. Daley, Secretary J. Fogarty, Patrick Donahoe (the oldest living member), and for the citizens of Charlestown Philip J. Doherty, James K. Lombard, William Curry, Jeremiah Duncan, Thomas B. F. Bolan, and John Conlan.

JOSEPH GEGAN, a well-known music teacher of Baltimore, Md., died at the age of eighty-two years. He was a native of Ireland.

CAPT. JOSEPH T. RYAN died at his residence in the Highlands on the 29th ult. He was a well-known citizen of Boston and was born in the old town of Roxbury in 1838. His demise is greatly regretted by the citizens of that section of the city.

CHARLES FAGAN, the first Irish Catholic settler in New Haven, Conn., died in that city April 21, aged 86 years.

MRS. SARAH ROGERS, mother of the Rev. J. F. Rogers, rector of St. Mary's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., is dead at the age of 95 years.

MRS. MARGARET O'DONNELL, widow of the late Daniel O'Donnell, of Salem, Mass., died while on a visit to her granddaughter, Mrs. Denis Horgan, at Lynn. Deceased was an estimable old lady, and was the mother of Mr. Stephen P. O'Donnell, a former proprietor of the Roxbury *Gazette*, and of Mr. James O'Donnell, one of the founders of the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*, now both deceased. She was 87 years of age.

IN MEMORY OF K. C.

They brought her flowers, pale beautiful flowers,
And laid them down at her head and feet;
They watched beside her for long, long hours,
But she heeded not their homage sweet.

She answered not though they called her name,
Silent and calm on her couch she lay,
She wakened not when the morning came
But slumbered on through the bright spring day.

Nothing on earth was fairer than she,
Rosebud or lily of waxen mould,
Delicate blossoms, that tenderly
Lay on her breast in her fingers fold.

Fair queen was she of a realm sublime,
With kiss of a king on lips and brow,
A king far greater than life and time;
All mortals low in his presence bow.

He walks o'er earth and on whom he will
He sets the seal of his sovereignty,
Forever then will the heart be still,
And life's employments forgotten be.

O king, called Death, though we dread to see
Your icy sceptre touch those we love,
We know that their souls by you set free,
Find rest and a home with Christ above.

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN.

Madison, Wis.

J. C. WADMAN, stoves, ranges, and furnace repairs, 24 Union Park Street, Boston, Mass. Any of our friends residing at the South End will find it to their advantage to call on Mr. Wadman. His place is central for all residing in that portion of the city.

JOHN CONLON, a veteran in his business, advertises ALTAR WINES in our MAGAZINE. Mr. C. will do as he says in his advertisement.

Mr. O'Brien Embarks.

QUEENSTOWN, MAY 1.— Wm. O'Brien, editor of *United Ireland*, and Mr. Kilbride, one of the tenants evicted from the Lansdowne estates, sailed hence for New York to-day in the steamer Umbria.

The Mayor and the Municipal Council of Queenstown and various other bodies presented Mr. O'Brien with addresses, a crowd of several thousand persons gathered to bid him farewell, and he was called upon for a speech.

In the course of his remarks, Mr. O'Brien said that he carried with him the full approval of the Irish people. He felt that when the liberty-loving Canadians heard a true account of Lord Lansdowne's cruelty to his tenants they would not tolerate being governed by such a man.

THE St. Louis *Catholic World* says: Mr. Powderly has repudiated the boycott. Let this be done practically and the Knights of Labor will thrive. No boycott, no strike, but arbitration, is the practical wisdom of the labor movement summed up in *little*, and in *big*, also thinks DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

GOV. HILL, of New York, vetoed the high license bill for that State. The petition sent to him to pass the bill was signed by sixty thousand Catholics.

LORD SALISBURY having remarked that "Irish affairs are like a perpetual nightmare," Gladstone retorts: "When you suffer from nightmare what is the way to escape from it? The way to escape from it is to wake out of your slumbers."

THERE seems to be a concerted movement throughout the West to put an end to the demoralizing exhibitions of the Sullivan combination stripe, the mayors of Pittsburg and Allegheny City, Pa., and Springfield, Ohio, having refused to grant a license to the company of prize-fighters headed by the Boston bruiser.

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